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THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE
OF THE SUNSET
PROVINCES

EDITED · BY ·
HERBERT ·
VANDERHOOF

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF
WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

Vol. II. No. 1.

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From an unpublished photograph by Matzene

FORREST CRISSEY

THE
CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE
of the SUNSET
PROVINCES

VOLUME II.
NUMBER 1

Getting Back to the Soil

By Forrest Crissey

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

For years the American people seem to have been possessed by a city madness. From the farms and villages a tide of youth has poured steadily into the centers of population until it seemed as if the cities were bound to sap the country of its best blood.

But the tide has turned and to-day there is an undeniable movement running counter to this current—a movement which is recognized by thoughtful and far-sighted men as one of the wholesomest developments of the age.

No longer can the broad assertion be truthfully made that the country boy or girl with energy or ambition above the ordinary is bound to seek the city as the only place of adequate opportunity. It can even be said that there is a genuine movement from the cities to the country. Men who have had a taste of the sordid drudgery of labor at the desk, the counter and the lathe are looking with longing eyes toward the country and are "saving up to get a little place" where life will hold some promise beyond a mere treadmill existence. There are tens of thousands of these men who have made a long and weary fight for a foothold in the big city. Some of them have failed to realize the standard of prosperity which they set for themselves when they entered the whirl and grind of the city struggle and others have come to earn all they had originally hoped for but have learned that the greater expense of city living has left them far less of comfort and satisfaction as a net result of their toil than they could have in the country. Experience has taught them that living in the cramped quarters of a small city flat, in a congested district, is mere existence and devoid

This is the fourth of our series of "Little Sermons to Young Men." The first was by William Whyte, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the second by James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway; and William McKenzie, President of the Canadian Northern Railway, was the author of the third.

of those wholesome comforts and finer pleasures which really make life worth living.

And these observations do not apply alone to the men in comparatively humble positions—to the laborers, the clerks in stores, the book-keepers in offices and counting rooms, the men in shops and factories and the whole army of workers who know the exactions of the "time clock" to which they carry keys. The same sentiment prevails to a very wide extent among those who are higher up in salary scale—those who are fairly prosperous and pay from $30 to $75 a month rent and whose other living expenses are on a corresponding scale. The man of this class is asking himself, "What am I getting out of this grind in exchange for the best years of my life? What will the grind leave me when I am no longer young and when my earning capacity begins to strike the down grade? Will my riper experience and judgment count for their full value as against my declining nimbleness of limb, my wavering physical stamina? Is there not a life for me that will yield a far richer net return as I go along, that will take less of my vitality in the wear-and-tear of the daily grind, that will make me last longer and will leave me in a position of comparative independence when the down-grade of life is reached—a position where experience and judgment will count for full face value and make those years the best and most productive of all?"

On this point let me speak from personal experience. I have heard scores of men holding good positions paying several thousand dollars a year ask these questions and answer them by statements substantially like this: "The game in the city doesn't pay for the candle. It is too strenuous. It eats up vitality too fast and does not yield a net return of comfort and satisfaction commensurate with the cost of the struggle. Consequently I'm putting my savings into farm property. I have looked into the matter carefully and consulted with shrewd capitalists and there is but one conclusion to be drawn from the facts developed by that investigation: Farm property selected with fair common sense anywhere on the American continent is bound to increase substantially in value in the next ten years, besides yielding a good return, from year to year, if managed with anything like good judgment."

Of the soundness of these views I have no doubt. The rate at which population is increasing on this continent makes this fact about as firmly assured as anything in the future can well be assured. I have talked with many men of large fortunes and long experience in dealing with future values and every one of them has held emphatically to this forecast.

"Agriculture," they have told me, "is the real basis of wealth and the tremendous rate at which the population of the Western world is increasing amounts to a steady decrease of the total acreage of productive land. That means higher prices for land and higher prices for the things which the land produces."

A straw will often indicate the course of a current as accurately as a beam, and one of the straws which shows this movement of population from the cities to the country is the chicken business. One of the first things which the city dweller of small means turns to as a calling by which he can "get a start in the country" is the raising of poultry. Thousands of men and women have left positions in city stores and business houses to go into poultry ventures. Perhaps it is not too much to say that a majority of the recent recruits to the ranks of commercial poultry raisers come from this class.

Only a few days since the management of the largest poultry supply house in Chicago made the statement to the writer that the business had quadrupled over last year and that it was impossible for incubator manufacturers to meet the demand or even to do so approximately.

But there is no need to lay special emphasis on the shifting of population from cities to the country. Rather let us recognize the more important fact that the proportion of country-raised young men who are sticking to the country is increasing steadily. Agriculture is everywhere being recognized as "the coming industry," the field which offers opportunities for the abilities of the younger generation greater than those of many and probably most other industries. Young men are everywhere awakening to the fact that there is not only money but big money in farming; that it is a dignified industry in which there is just as "wide a play" for administrative and executive talents as in merchandizing, manufacturing or any other commercial pursuit. The old notion that to be a real farmer means to do the hard and rough work of a hired hand and that the man who works with his intellect more than with his muscles is not a real farmer but only an imitation, is fast being relegated to the background. A new type of farmer is fast coming into the foreground—the man who knows both the science and the practice of farming and who "works with his head" while hiring others to work with their hands. This kind of farmer has been consistently sneered at and caricatured in the comic papers, but he is the man who is found at the head of big farms and whose acres pay him thousands where others are reaping hundreds only.

The agricultural colleges are training men of this kind by the hundreds and they are the ones who are to the industry of agriculture what Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and William Whyte are to the railroad industry—the great constructive forces which keep that industry in step with the progress of the age. They are doing the thinking and the building which lift the work above a rule-of-thumb practice and into a great and dignified industry. More than this they are the great wealth-producers of the country who give the real backbone to the property of the nation.

One of the most significant incidents I have lately encountered came to my attention in the routine of editorial work—as I was calling upon perhaps the foremost crop expert of the United States, in search of information in his special field. Incidentally he mentioned the fact that he and "a friend" had bought several thousand acres of land in Western Canada and were placing just as much of it as possible under cultivation. The friend associated with him in this big farming enterprise proved to be the editor of one of the leading agricultural papers in America—a man rooted and grounded in the real science of farming.

Here were two men equipped with an expert knowledge of crop production, both receiving large incomes because of their standing as "authorities," who were placing hundreds of acres under active cultivation and doing it on a big scale—buying work horses by the car-load and other equipment in like proportion. They are successful and if their income from the practical application of their scientific knowledge does not now overtop their professional income from the sale of their theoretical knowledge, it certainly will soon do so at the rate their enterprise is now panning out.

And this same thing is to be found in every branch of production from the soil. The chief judge of fruits at the great St. Louis Exposition has a great fruit plant in another section of Western Canada where the growing of fruits is conducted on the same splendid scale as that on which the scientific wheat farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are operating their big industry. These men are genuine captains of industry and are demonstrating that the reward of highly specialized training and large executive capacity are as rich in the field of agriculture as in merchandizing, manufacturing, construction or finance. It is no longer safe to remark that farming is too small a field for the genius and activities of a really "big" man.

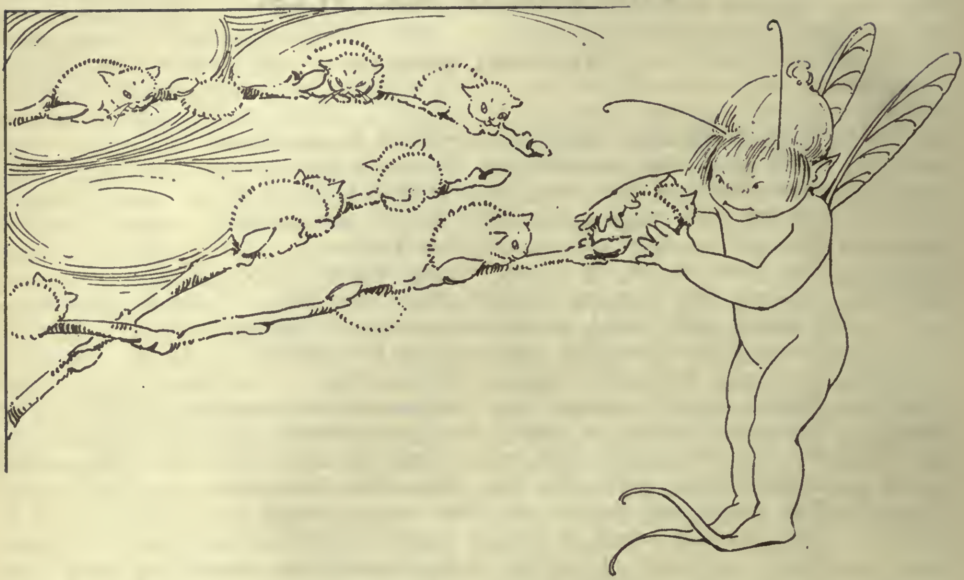
But what about the "little" man, the one who must start in on a small scale, without any scientific knowledge and with only the "rule-of-thumb" to guide him? His opportunities were never better than to-day—never so good, I believe. There are still millions of acres in the great Northwest which are to be had at a cheap price. The equipment for working his land is developed to a degree of which the pioneers of an earlier day did not dream. This means a *quick* start—and also a very much surer start than with the old equipment. Facility often spells the difference between failure and success in the production of crops, for it means taking quick advantage of favorable and seasonable weather conditions both in putting in his crops and in harvesting them. Then the owner of a small farm who is unskilled in the science of his calling to-day has the advantage of observing the methods of his scientific neighbor who farms on a big scale. The object lesson is at his hand ready to be improved and in thousands of cases it is being improved by the men who have never seen an agricultural school or an experiment station. It is a case of the big brother helping the little brother in true family fashion.

In connection with this movement back to the soil there is one element which no patriotic citizen should overlook—its influence upon good citizenship. Take the poor emigrant from a foreign country and settle him upon the soil in which he has a proprietory interest and you have planted a good citizen, one who will naturally and inevitably lean to the side of law, order and progress. Put the same emigrant in the tenement district of a big city, and if he does not speedily grow into a menace to all that is orderly and in the line of good citizenship he will be a rare exception to the general rule. On the soil—his own soil—he has the steadying and developing power of an independent owner with property rights in common with his neighbors; he stands on his own legs and is a man among his fellows. In the tenement district of a big city he is surrounded with debasing influences, ready for the corrupt manipulation of the agitator and the political demagogue who moves men en masse—or in mob—and handles them to his own ends. Herding human beings in congested quarters seldom fails to bring out the worst that is in them and is the most productive source of bad citizenship known to civilization. It is equally true, on the other hand, that the wholesome influences of the life of the soil—with its perpetual object lesson of growth, construction, of law, order and progress — breed good citizenship with all the certainty of seed-time and harvest. Plant an emigrant on a patch of soil which he has the right to call his own and you have germinated a new seed of good citizenship which the blight of the agitator and the demagogue cannot touch!

The Call of the West

By Isabel Sinclair

With beckoning hands outstretched to lands a[illegible]
With eyes that saw beyond the sea's blue curve,
With heart of pity, and with pride of power,
On her own rugged mountain height she stood,
The mystic Spirit of the mighty West—
Her form in all its strong young beauty lined
Against the glowing western sky, her face
Illumed with light prophetic, eastward turned.
Beneath her feet the treasures of the earth,
For long, long ages held in fee for those
Whose worthy names were written on her scroll,—
Boundless extent of fertile fields unscarred
By plow lay all around, while from her lips
Went ringing forth the long, clear call—the call
The world had waited for thro' weary years.
The nations heard it and a great unrest
Came on them. Crowded cities, wondering, paused
In their mad rush to listen. Hamlets rude
And peaceful villages gave ear. The Slav,
Oppressed for ages, heard the magic note
Of Freedom in the cry. Where Hecla's fires
Burn fierce beneath her snows, by Norrland's fiords,
In English homes and even to far Cathay,
The call was echoed and re-echoed, "Come,
Ye people, come where sunny skies look down
On happy homes, where healthful breezes sweep
Flower-laden fields, where honest toil gives wealth,
Where laws protect, and lawless get their due,
Where each in his own way may worship God
And none shall say him nay. Where youth may find
A field for enterprise, and failing age
A peaceful resting-place. Ye people come
And find a welcome in the great, wide West."
And they have come, yea, many thousands strong,
Seeing the "vision splendid" far ahead,
Following the beckoning hand, the loud, clear call,
The mystic lure that drew with unseen cords
O'er tossing sea, broad river, lake and plain
Till each had found his own appointed place
In populous city streets, or farm, or mine.
Decades on decades come and swiftly go,
And still upon her mountain height she stands,
Still calls and beckons, welcomes with glad hand
And golden store the weary multitudes
That come, responsive to this great Last West.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

While Billiken Slept

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

One spring morning when the brook had just yawned and taken off his white night-gown of ice, when the little green grasses were just beginning to think of coming up, and the sap to run in the trees, the Nasturtium Girl woke up very early and felt lonesome.

Billiken was having a morning nap, and only grunted when she whistled down his hollow tree, so she went to ask the squirrel to play with her. But she found Chippie tucked up in a round ball, with his long tail curled round his nose, and not even a black eye showing.

She went to find the field-mouse, but he was so far away in his burrow that she grew tired of walking so long in the dark.

And she went to see the big white owl, but he was hidden in some hollow stump and she couldn't even catch a glimpse of him.

Then she tried the brook, but he was so light-headed with waking up that he gurgled and tumbled over himself, and wouldn't pay any attention to her.

So she said aloud, "Isn't there *anybody* to play with me?"

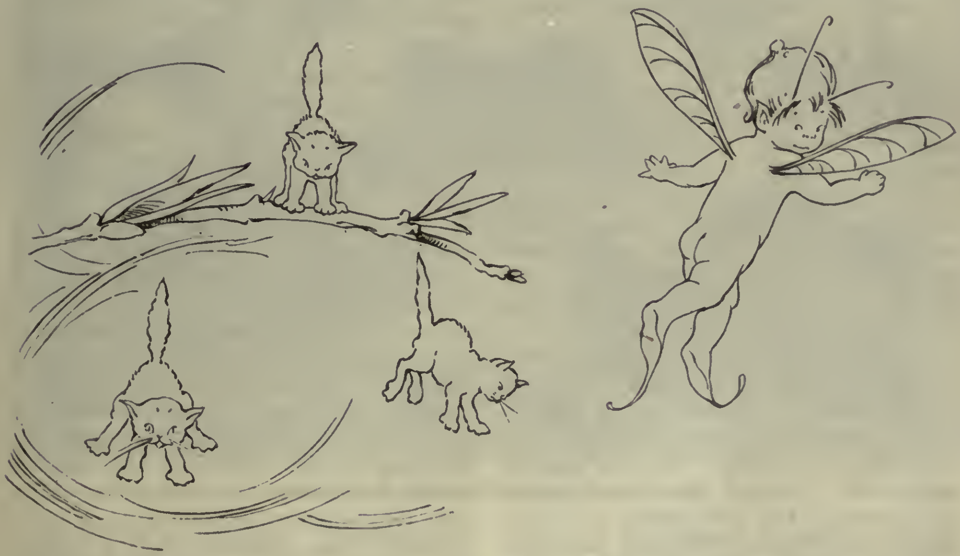
And a little voice said, "Mew!"

"Puss! puss! puss!" she called, and the little voice said "Mew-w!" a little louder.

And there were all the little kittens coming out on the pussy-willows to play with her, in their little gray coats.

So they played and they played and they played, and had such a good time that you can't think how happy they were. They never remembered how late it was getting until the south wind came laughing by.

Then—puff! all the little gray kittens grew up into yellow cats, and the Nasturtium Girl flew away.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

A City of the New West

By E. L. Richardson

Secretary of the Calgary Board of Trade

"Sunny Southern Alberta" is a name that means something. With an altitude of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet, almost continuous sunshine, cool summer nights, no oppressive Eastern heat during the day, a delightful fall, and a moderate winter, Calgary has become famous as one of the most healthful cities in Canada.

Our winter weather is largely dependent upon the warm "Chinook" blowing from the region formerly inhabited by the Chinook Indians, on the banks of the lower Columbia River. Snow rapidly melts under these warm, dry winds. A gale from the north may blow for a day or two, accompanied by powdered snow, and settlers from the east immediately think winter has come in earnest. Then the north wind lulls, a western breeze arises, and but a few hours suffice for the disappearance of the snow and a complete change of weather. Wheels are used during the entire year; sleighs only in occasional seasons for brief periods. In January and early February there are short periods of cold, sharp weather. Winter generally breaks up in March, with a warm wind from the west, the beginning of spring. May is usually warm and bright; June and earlier July, rains; the remainder of July, August, September, October, and generally November, warm and dry. The summer, July to September, is characterized by hot days relieved by a neverfailing breeze, and cool nights, but the warm, golden days of autumn, often lasting well into December, are the glory of the year.

The average daily temperature for the last eight years was 37.4, and the average yearly rainfall for the same period was 20.21 inches.

According to Dominion Government statistics, the average temperature between the months of November to March, inclusive, from 1898 to 1904, was 16.1 at Edmonton, and only a shade under 20 degrees at Calgary.

Cheap land, productive land, and an almost unlimited supply, a favorable climate, and an intelligent and energetic class of settlers, are important factors in the agricultural possibilities of the Calgary district. From an agricultural standpoint, the country surrounding our city cannot be surpassed in Alberta, and the unprecedented rush for Alberta lands is an evidence of their quality.

The fairest method of demonstrating the agricultural possibilities of the district is by making use of the "Crop Bulletin" published by the Alberta Department of Agriculture. Each thresher operating in the province of Alberta is required by law to make a return to the Government at the end of each year, showing the number of bushels, as well as the average yield per acre of the various crops threshed at each farm. He must also give the location of the farm and the acreage under cultivation to the various crops. The Government supply the books for making these returns, keep a careful list of all threshing machine operators, distribute premiums to those who comply with the regulations, and enforce the penalties against those who do not. These crop bulletins, therefore, show accurate returns, not estimates. Now for the figures:

In 1905, within a radius of 50 or 60 miles of Calgary, commonly called the Calgary district, the average yields were: Spring wheat 28.95; winter wheat, 31.12; oats, 44.16; and barley, 30.52.

Alfalfa, one of the most valuable foods for all classes of live stock, grows well in this locality. While it is not yet grown in large quantities, it will doubtless be in a very short time. The writer last fall drove out to the east side of the city and brought home a buggy-full which he found growing on the prairie without irrigation, or even cultivation, as the seed had only been dropped on the prairie. Timothy and brome grass also produce good crops here.

R W R HULL
Res. T A HATFIELD
R P. BURNS
Res. I. S. G. VANWART
Res. W. McLEAN

CALGARY IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

The growing of sugar beets has proved very successful in southern Alberta, where there is a million dollar sugar beet factory in operation. The saccharin contents of southern Alberta grown beets is from fifteen to eighteen per cent., and a strong Michigan firm is now figuring on building a large sugar factory either at Calgary or to the east of the city. Vegetables and small fruits also do well in the Calgary district.

It will be evident to the casual reader that the agricultural possibilities of the Calgary district are extremely bright, and yet the subject has not been by any means exhausted. For instance, the yields referred to are from threshers' measure, and not by weight. Alberta grains invariably weigh considerably over the standard, thus giving our larger yield an additional advantage, as the grain is sold by weight. The crops in this district were all grown without irrigation and the average rainfall for the past ten years has been 19.75 inches, only one inch less than the largest rainfall at any one point in Alberta, not including Banff, which is in the Rocky Mountains. If this district produces the largest yields of grain of any place on the American continent without irrigation, how much greater our yields will be on the completion of the gigantic Canadian

Pacific Railway Irrigation project?

This irrigation scheme is the largest on the continent. It includes a block of three million acres of land. The cost of the undertaking will be approximately $5,000,000. The western section of the project, comprising about 350,000 acres, is now ready. It contains seventeen miles of main canals, 150 miles of secondary canals and 800 miles of distributing ditches. The water is supplied from the famous Bow River, which is tapped just to the east of the Calgary city limits, and which has a flow of from ten to forty thousand second cubic feet during the irrigation season. One cubic foot per second is supplied for each 150 acres, from the first of May to the first of October, and this supply is regulated by the Dominion Government. The rate charged for water is fifty cents per acre for the irrigated portions, and the land sells at from twelve to twenty-five dollars per acre, which is the range of prices for land in other portions of our district.

The Calgary district is not only famous for grain growing. The valuable properties of the natural grasses on the prairies are preserved by rapid drying under the hot sun, and thus what appears brown and uninviting in the autumn may be most fit for winter grazing, and with a light covering of dry snow will produce a good, fat beef. Unless crusted, snow is no detriment to the feeding of stock. Most grasses on the dry plains, with the exception of those which have running root stocks, may be said to be "bunch" grasses. The great herds of horses, cattle and sheep that range on the plains of central Alberta subsist during the winter as well as summer on these nutritious, naturally cured grasses, and in ordinary years come out of winter quarters, having had no artificial shelter of any kind, in first class breeding condition. Of course, the prudent farmer will always take the precaution to cut a quantity of hay upon which to feed young and weak stock, should the winter be particularly severe. Rough sheds are sometimes provided for the nights, and the stock fed in the open prairie upon prairie hay, straw or green feed (oats, wheat or barley cut green and cured the same as hay). It is generally admitted that horses do quite as well ranging out during the winter as if they were fed, and the practice is, therefore, to feed only the young colts during the first winter.

The live stock associations for Alberta are located at Calgary, where the annual sales and shows are held, thus providing the rancher a ready cash market for purebred stock at his door. The association sales of purebred cattle during the past six years were 1,255 head, which brought $123,746.50.

With twenty-five manufacturers already established, Calgary has a long lead as the manufacturing center of the West. Other things being equal, or nearly equal, proximity to the consuming population is a vital consideration in successful manufacturing. That the bulk of Canada's consuming population will within a few years be located west of Lake Superior may be regarded as an inevitable result of the present enormous influx of settlers and capital into the West, and Calgary has the advantage of being a natural distributing center to a country of which almost every acre is tillable.

Extensive coal beds surround this city on all sides, and coals are available ranging in quality from the soft lignites to the true anthracites. The Canadian Northern Railway is now hauling coal for its locomotives from the rich fields adjoining the city and the Grand Trunk Pacific will also depend for its fuel upon these deposits. Many Calgary industries are now using steam coal at a cost of $2.50 per ton. The Canadian Pacific Railway have large anthracite mines at Bankhead, only eighty miles west of the city, which insure a constant supply of hard coal. Soft coal is also mined at Blackfoot, Fish Creek, Sheep Creek and Knee Hills, all in the vicinity of Calgary. A railway to the latter point is projected. The Knee Hill is an excellent domestic and steam coal, and will no doubt be placed on the Calgary market at a very low price.

There is a municipal electric plant as well as a private company here.

Light costs from fourteen to sixteen cents per watt hour, according to amounts used, with fifteen per cent. discount for cash. The base price for power is twelve cents per kilowatt hour, with discounts from ten to fifty per cent., the fifty per cent. discount being reached when the power used costs over $200 per month. Owing to the success of the municipal plant the cost of light and power will shortly be reduced.

Within two years Calgary will be entered by the Great Northern, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific railways. It is a general divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the lines for Edmonton and Macleod start from here. The annual payroll of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary is considerably over a million dollars, and fully a thousand are employed—representing in itself a town of four or five thousand people.

On the completion of the Panama canal it will be cheaper to ship all freight west of Swift Current to Great Britain via Vancouver than via Fort William. Vancouver port is always open, whereas Fort William port is only open about two hundred days in a year. There are only seventeen miles of adverse grades for westbound freight to Vancouver. Good steam coal lies in unlimited quantities at convenient distances along this route and it has an advantage of about forty per cent. in cost of operation in winter over the eastern route, which means a marked saving in cost of transport. The seventeen mile adverse grade on the Canadian Pacific main line is about a two per cent. grade. This can and no doubt will soon be reduced to a one per cent. grade.

With these facts before us, and the coming of three more railways in the

CATHEDRAL Anglican
ST MARY'S, R. C.
GENERAL HOSPITAL
HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL
FIRST BAPTIST
CENTRAL METHODIST
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN

HOMES OF SEVERAL DENOMINATIONS IN CALGARY.

near future, it is surely not presumption to state that Calgary is and will continue to be the most important railway center between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast.

Our population has grown with phenomenal rapidity. Only twenty-one years ago Calgary's school children numbered twenty-five. To-day there are nearly 2,000 names on the rolls—and yet the men responsible for our educational institutions have kept pace with the magnitude of their task. During the past year the number of teachers and scholars has increased twenty-five per cent. The greatest improvements in the way of new buildings have taken place in the past three years, during which time Mr. R. J. Hutchings has been chairman of the school board. Our new Central school, which was opened on May 24th, 1905 (cost about $70,000), the South Ward school (to cost about $30,000), and the East Ward school (to cost about $30,000), the latter two of which are now being completed, are built of solid Calgary sandstone, and would look well beside the best schools in our largest Canadian or American cities. There are twelve public schools, a high school, a normal school, the Western Canada College for boys, St. Hilda's College for girls, and lastly the Convent with its 235 pupils.

However dense the population of Western Canada may become, cities—big cities—will not be plentiful. Railway construction is preceding settlement and the commanding geographical position of the embryo distributing center is clearly indicated. Here in Calgary wholesale houses and industries find they can most economically and efficiently serve the greatest possible area and population. Distributing centers every hundred miles or so, such as were established in the East through force of necessity, prior to the advent of railways, will not be a feature of Western development.

With the readjustment of freight rates out of Calgary in 1902, the erection of wholesale warehouses commenced, with the result that to-day we have at least eighty wholesale firms doing business here.

To use the words of the editor of the *Monetary Times* in a recent issue, "the banking returns of a city are the surest thermometer of its commercial wealth. The establishment of a clearing house is the last proof that a city has finally passed from infancy to sturdy adolescence." Calgary passed that stage in April last, when her first week's clearing house returns were $722,379. The percentage increase between an average week in May and an average week in November was eighty-seven and a half per cent. In the light of this increase the following statement taken from Bradstreet's, showing clearing house returns for the four weeks ending November 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th, 1906, will be interesting:

Name of City	Est'm'd Pop.	Clearing House Returns
Quebec	69,000	8,592,650
Springfield, Mass	74,000	8,113,487
Syracuse, N. Y.	118,000	7,874,627
Dayton, Ohio	93,000	7,417,229
Hamilton, Ont.	59,000	7,302,890
CALGARY, ALTA.	17,000	6,420,276
St. John, N. B.	41,000	5,130,880
Jacksonville, Fla.	44,000	4,999,355
London, Ont.	43,000	4,983,366
Lincoln, Neb.	46,000	4,708,763
Davenport, Ia.	49,000	4,073,521
Topeka, Kan.	39,000	3,936,927
Kalamazoo, Mich.	30,000	3,935,170
Victoria, B. C.	25,000	3,757,639
Edmonton, Alta.	12,000	3,432,334
Springfield, Ill.	42,000	3,008,523
Rockford, Ill.	31,000	2,441,757

In the face of the foregoing facts it is reasonable to say that we are going to have a city of 100,000 population within a few years. Perhaps you who read this article may have a desire to see this city. Perhaps you have half decided to come here to live. In setting the date of your visit, there is one point to be remembered; it is this,—there is only one "Last West." If you postpone your trip, thousands of others will not.

Science—and Thirst

The Story of a Martyr to Original Research

By Cy Warman

Author of "Frontier Stories"

We never know how hungry we are until we see the trainmen pull the pin on the dinner.

We never realize how wide the world is until we stroll down to the sea, and view the ocean that rolls between us and our native land. The mad crowd at Monte Carlo serves to show us that all men, and most women, are gamblers. One must meet and mingle with the unspoiled heathen to learn how far we have strayed from God.

All this, and more, you may have known, but you can never know how a man thirsts until you meet him where a wilderness lies between him and the rummery.

A summer's sojourn in the far Northwest has taught me much that I did not know about thirst, and the various remedies by which it can be killed.

All men kill the thing they love,
  Some with a flattering word,
The coward kills it with a kiss,
  The brave man with a sword.

The Indians slay thirst with snake root, boiled in somebody's safe cure, to which they add a pinch of pepper cayenne. The Swedes drink red ink, and vote for Prohibition. The rumsellers say they are sincere in voting the dry ticket. If there are no saloons the Swede does not need to apologize to his family for drinking alcoholic substitutes for the plain firewater that is sold in all civilized communities. French halfbreeds prefer painkiller to whiskey blanche. Good strong XXX Jamaica ginger will satisfy the halfbreed whose pious pere fed on Scotch.

The Irish, do not discriminate. It is all good to the Irish only some brands are stronger than others.

If you meet a Mexican or one of his offspring in this cold country, don't ask him what he'll have. Just pass over the fire-extinguisher that you carried away from the last sleeping car you slept in, and he'll bite the neck off, drink it down and be your slave for life.

Like the Irish, the Yankees, that is the old timers, are not particular. The tenderfoot, especially if he have a weakness for the aesthetic, pleads for Blank's cure.

The other day I heard a Yankee and a Scotchman at the Manitoba Club discussing fish bait. "I'll take good old Scotch," said the Scot, "every time Good Scotch for lake fishing, plenty of Scotch and an open boat with a pillow and pipe, and I dinna care a d—n if the fish or the mosquitoes bite. Why d'ye ken, mon, I've got Scotch in my room so strenuous if you put three drops on a jack rabbit's nose he'll spat in a bulldog's face."

"Will he?" said the Yankee, removing his boots from the sofa pillow. "Well, you take three drinks of Blank's cure, and if you don't go home and lick your wife you're not fit to be the head of a family."

Ultimately they settled it out of court and agreed to take a gallon of each.

Probably the most desperate demonstration of thirst ever made in the Northwest was made at the cabin of old Jack Macquestian on the Yukon. I had the tale from a railroad pathfinder, fresh from the Klondike.

Macquestian and his cabin have been known since the discovery of the mighty river that tells its troubles to the sea at Nome, and no man has ever been heard to deny his hospitality. It is proverbial.

One day there came to the pioneer cabin three Arizona prospectors. Jack gave them food, shaking the empty jug apologetically.

For a year and a half they had not known the taste of liquid joy. For eighteen months—since they left the last Hudson's Bay post on the Mackenzie — they had gone dry. They had wintered in the Arctic Circle, hoping to follow a small river that seemed to head in the highlands that divided them from the Yukon country, which they hoped ultimately to reach via the Bell and Porcupine. Unfortunately for the travelers, scarcely any snow fell on the far northern slopes that winter. Consequently when spring came, there was no snow to melt and no water to float the good boat they had built, whipped from the forest and seasoned by the camp fire. The record kept by the prospectors at the camp in '97-98 showed but three bitter cold days, the coldest going to 50 below. They were obliged to dig a channel through which they dragged their boat to the summit.

A portage of only one and a half miles brought them to the headwaters of the Porcupine, down which it was easy—often too easy—going to the Yukon. To the Yukon and Dawson where there were human ants, ships from the outside, red liquor and yellow gold! They had known prosperity, these prospectors. They had known the joy of a long sack and life in 'Frisco. As they glided down the Porcupine they talked of those brave days when they dined at the Poodle Dog, and drank things, the mere mention of which made them suffer.

It was after thirty days of down streaming, talking by day and dreaming by night, of all sorts of drinks from champagne to Arizona ditch water, that they landed on Macquestian, with eighteen months of accumulated thirst, multiplied by three.

It was Macquestian's melancholy countenance, and the dead, dry, gurgleless jug that jarred them nigh unto death. An up-river pilgrim, who had just tasted Macquestian's fare, seeing his embarrassment produced a small bottle of painkiller, passing it in silence to the host. Jack split it in three and set it in front of the three travelers, who were now seated at the slab table. That painkiller passed as swiftly and unceremoniously as three cottontails might pass to the interior of three hungry coyotes. To be sure this would not go far against eighteen months of thirst, multiplied by three, but it showed Jack's good intentions, self-denial and hospitality, and put the visitors easy.

That night about the slab table the host and his guests sat playing cards by the dim light of a tallow dip. One of the prospectors sat on a wooden box that contained a tin can that might have held coal oil.

Once, when the miner hitched his seat, he heard it gurgle. The others heard it also and shot sharp glances at each other and at Macquestian. The miner jostled it, and it gurgled again. Macquestian explained that it was alcohol, but poison. "She's arsinicated" said Jack, "sent here from the Smithsonian Institution to test minerals and pickle mosquitoes. I writ back to the pint that I want no bug-hunter, advisin' 'em to take the truck away. The Government answered, saying, 'Keep it, but don't drink it, for it's deadly.'"

The miner got up, tipped the box at one side,and read the dread sentence, "Arsenic," and saw the skull and cross bones printed thereon. He jostled it gently and it gurgled softly, like the low, sweet ripple of a running brook. It was torture to the pilgrims to hear it gurgle so. The game lost interest from that on. Presently one of the trio of travelers slammed his hand down and shoved back.

It's worth the effort," he said, staring in front of him at nothing in particular.

"No, let me," said the man who sat on the poison. "I made the strike and I'm willing to chance it. It would be worth a life to know that was good medicine, and if it should pan out bad, well, it's my prospect and no one's to blame."

Jack looked troubled. He began to argue with the would-be martyr, but the miner was willing to offer himself up for the sake of Science—and thirst.

They removed the top cover from the box and lifted the can from its resting place. Sandy who had been sitting on the poison, now seated himself on a slab bench, his back to the wall, and his elbows on the table.

One of his companions poured a goodly dose of the drug into a tin cup, and set it before the martyr. Macquestian put a pencil and a scrap of paper in front of the man, saying as as he did so, "Thought you might want to make your tistiment in case the pison showed a disposition to do you up."

Sandy accepted these favors as a matter of course, and picked up the pint cup.

The four men watched him in silence as he drank it down.

What way ar-re ye feelin', Sandy?"

"All right," said Sandy.

Ten minutes later they gave him the second dose.

Breathlessly they watched Sandy. When they inquired as to his condition he answered "better."

They let him rest only five minutes between the second and third treatment. After that Sandy helped himself.

"How ar-re ye now?" asked the man who had been pouring the poison.

"Bully," said Sandy.

"Thin begorry here's to the hereafter," said the doctor, and he began to pour the poison.

Now the others set a watch over the two brave boys who were blowing in the muzzle of this deadly thing in the name of Science—and thirst. Sandy began to smile. The Irishman took another drink, staring stolidly into the future. Sandy laughed out loud, and the Irishman started a come-all-ye song.

One by one the others took up the tin and tempted the Reaper.

The up-river pilgrim hesitated, but by this time the Arizonians were whooping it up and he fell.

Only old Jack gazing mutely upon the skull and cross bones box, held out. "Come," said Sandy, passing the can and the cup to the host. "Drink ye cravin coward," cried the Irishman, "Or-r we'll dhrench ye," and Macquestian reached for the cup.

Half an hour later they were all glorious.

"Behold," said the Irishman lifting the tight can, "the pison is all gone an' the gover'mint at Washington sthil lives."

Godspeed

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

The train pulls out across the dusk,
The winking tail-lights die,
Across the yards the whistles call,
"Who comes? Who stays? Good-bye!"
The sun sets red above the town,
The smoke hangs thick and gray,
And you must go across the world
Before the close of day.
And you must go, sweetheart, sweetheart,
The days go trailing by,
For you must go and I must stay,—
God keep you, dear. Good-bye!

Victoria, the Picture-Book City

By Edward G. Lowry

Washington Correspondent of the Evening Post, New York

It is one of the copy-book rules of achievement that to attain success one must begin at the bottom and work upward. This does not apply to digging a well, nor to the city of Victoria.

As a City Beautiful, Victoria began at the top. From the beginning it has been a place of pleasant gardens and of entrancing homes bowered in roses. Nothing crude or raw or hideous has been permitted to intrude its ugly head. In the south of England there are villages that have attained the same effect after centuries of permanence and quiet living. Victoria has achieved an English atmosphere. She is very proud of it. Victorians call their town "a bit of old England set on the shores of the Pacific." Their claim for pre-eminence is that they have the most beautiful city and the pleasantest to live in on the American continent. No one who has visited the place and enjoyed its hospitality will dispute the assertion.

The pleasant inhabitants of this picture-book town put the joys of clean, sweet living and neighborliness before business. The residence streets are more like English lanes than the thoroughfares of a modern community. They are narrow and wander about aimlessly, lined with hawthorns and flowering hedges or with vine-covered walls. There is a curious story about the walls. When the indefatigable tourist began to find out about the charms of Victoria and visit it in numbers, it awakened in the citizens the instincts of hospitality. They felt it incumbent upon them to do something for the visitors to make them enjoy their stay. The men formed an association and called upon the ladies to aid them in their plans.

It was proposed that when visitors with proper credentials came to town they should be received at the homes of the people and shown the pleasant, secluded gardens, the lawns, and the flowers. The men had arranged a program of some six or eight propositions, all but one of which were acceded to by the women of the town. That was that they should tear away their walls so that the visitor walking along the streets could see the beauties that are now hidden. At this proposal the women revolted. They would not lose the privacy so dear to the English heart, and, besides, who ever heard of a garden that was not surrounded by a wall? Properly enough, they refused to listen to the suggestion.

Now the casual visitor to Victoria is conveyed through the town on the top of a high four-in-hand coach, from which point of vantage he may easily peer over the obstructing walls and see the little groups at tea or playing tennis or bowls on their lawns. The experience makes one feel like an eavesdropper, but the glimpses and scenes revealed are undeniably charming.

The climate of Victoria comes as near being ideal as is given to any spot on the habitable globe. It is warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and all the year round the atmospheric conditions are equable and mild. Roses bloom outdoors in February. The rainfall is slight and infrequent. What moisture is needed comes from the warm Japan current, yet they will tell you there is never a wilting humidity.

With such conditions it is inevitable that the population should live out of doors and all of them, man woman and child, engage in some form of sport. Ashore they play cricket, baseball, tennis, and golf. The sheltered waters make bathing, sailing, and canoeing possible every month in the year. Every afternoon one sees youths in flannels, and groups of girls on the way to and from the playing fields or the pleasant reaches of the protected waters of Oak Bay. The late afternoon brings tea and delicious little cakes and cigarettes, and charming lazy little parties, which later slowly disperse to dress for dinner, taken at this time of the year under the awnings on broad verandas in the long, soft twilights.

At the back door of Victoria is an unexplored wilderness. The city is situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the mainland. This island has not only never been completely surveyed, but a large part of it has never been explored or traversed by any white man. For the most part it is impenetrable bush and heavily wooded. Some Victorians have camps in the accessible parts of the island, and bears and deer are killed every year. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and the Government buildings rank with the handsomest in America. From Beacon Hill Park one sees across the strait the beautiful Olympic Mountains, and far away to the east the white, snow-capped cone of Mount Baker is conspicuous.

The trip from Victoria up to Vancouver is conceded to be one of the notable inland water trips of the world. The steamers are fast and modern. The scenery of mountain and wood and water fills the eye with delight. Nearly all the way there are a succession of snow-capped peaks and ranges. The distance is only eighty-four miles, and yet Vancouver is as different from Victoria as it is possible for one city to be from another. Vancouver is the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is all for business. The town is called the "Liverpool of the Pacific," and its citizens are doing their best to live up to the name.

Until May, 1886, the present site was a virgin forest. Then the railroad came in, and from May to July of that year the growth of the town was phenomenal. Then came a disaster. In July, a fire spreading from the surrounding forest burned away every vestige of the town with the exception of one house. The people set to work to build a new town on the ashes of the old. They have builded admirably. Vancouver is to-day solid and well made. There is nothing shabby about it; the streets are well paved and are kept clean. Architecturally, the town is modern and comparable to any of the new first-class American cities. It is altogether one of the most prosperous looking towns in the West.

There is a good harbor. The city fronts on Burrard Inlet, and extends across a strip of land to English Bay, along the shore of which it is now reaching out. The wharfage facilities are constantly being increased, and there are enough capacious warehouses to care for the traffic. The city has many miles of asphalt streets, cement sidewalks, an electric street railway system, and is lighted both by gas and by electricity.

Vancouver as a port is yearly becoming very important. At present there is a regular steamship service to Victoria, Nanaimo, and San Francisco, to China and Japan, to Sydney, New South Wales, via Honolulu, Suva, Fiji, and Brisbane, and to Puget Sound and Alaskan ports. This is one of the principal points of departure on the coast for the Yukon and other northern gold fields, and an outfitting headquarters for miners and prospectors. The country to the southward, towards the Fraser, is one of fine farms and is adapted for fruit growing. There is an electric railway from Vancouver to Steveston, intersecting this district and giving access to the salmon canneries at the foot of the Fraser River. The coal supply for the city and the steamers comes from Nanaimo, directly across the Straits of Georgia, and almost within sight. The back-country offers almost endless opportunities for sport and big-game shooting.

No more attractive places than these two cities of Victoria and Vancouver are to be found on the American continent.

A BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE IN CALGARY

See Page 30]

THE FURNACE

By Philip Payne

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

CHAPTER SIX.

ELEVATED DIALOGUES.

"How nice of you to come back so soon," said Mrs. Worth, who prudently had avoided the night airs.

"Oh, I'd ten times rather listen in here than to the raptures outside about the view," Wytcherly none too pleasantly replied.

"But I knew you were such a thoughtful man," she persisted in her construction of his act. "And now we'll have a cosey little talk all to ourselves. Do tell me, you are so clever, what do you think of her?"

"Of Mrs. Eccleston you mean?"

"Of course. You agree with everyone of course that she is very stylish and distinguished. But don't you think she is a little bit too old? Very *chic*, but verging on *passe*, is the way I describe her to myself. My own inclination is much more for Patrice, and you will agree with me, I know, since you are so clever, Mr. Wytcherly."

"But I don't think I do," the impossible man announced. Perversity, not policy, was ever the director of his tongue. And he vigourously derided the comparison of an unformed girl with an accomplished woman. "A girl's too simple," he concluded, "like words in a spelling book—all there, but ungrouped. While a woman such as Mrs. Eccleston, is as complete as poetry. The very years and their griefs have contributed a tone."

Mrs. Worth was praise-worthily shocked. "You will not admit that you are actually too depraved to admire the wholesome innocence of our girls, I trust."

Wytcherly gasped. Such a construction of his paradox had not occurred to him.

"Besides I know you can't think disappointment makes a woman beautiful, whatever you say," triumphantly she added.

"Is she disappointed?" he questioned skeptically.

"If she isn't, pray tell me what you'd call it," she retorted with sarcasm. "Though I tell Mr. Worth that her unhappiness exists in her own imagination, three-fourths of it."

"But Mr. Worth admires her. All the way up on the yacht he kept telling me that she was this and she was that."

"Just like him; Romaine has him hypnotized. The dear good man really can't turn round, unless she tells him how. It's gotten so whatever comes into the Castle must be marked with her O.K. He feels he gets his money's worth, because she's warranted a gentlewoman, and he's not having a spurious article palmed off on him. To be sure she is precisely what he needs, I tell them both, considering his early disadvantages and his total lack of culture."

Wytcherly, to change the theme, remarked that he had once or twice met Mr. Eccleston at the factory.

"You liked him?" Mrs. Worth inquired. "Everybody does."

"Yes, in a manner," he admitted.

"She does herself. She can't help it —Mark is the kindest man to her."

"Then there isn't really any trouble?

"The trouble is herself, as I tell Mr. Worth."

"She doesn't look the woman who causelessly complains."

"She doesn't. She knows a trick worth two of that, endures mutely her weight of woe, stalks around in grand tragedy. All you men pity her."

"I? I haven't."

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"You will. As if her husband wasn't as good as the things most women have for husbands! Mr. Worth says of course she can't respect him. Stuff! she'd respect him fast enough, if Mark Eccleston were as rich as he once was. I tell Mr. Worth she hates like sixty to be poor, and that's the whole secret of her terrible affliction. To be sure, with the natural hypocrisy of our sex everything she finds disagreeable she blames upon the spiritual and intellectual shortcomings of poor Mark. Positively I haven't any patience with Romaine!"

. . . .

If Miss Powell indulged a captious humor, her suitor did a sullen. Since dinner she had not expressed a word of admiration for himself, and he had sulked for lack of the customary cheer.

She seated herself with a bump on a bench within the colonnade, and there was no room for another at her side, as she purposely very much enlarged her skirts. Disconsolately he stood beside her, his posture a mute protest.

She struck the pavement sharp clicks with her impatient heels. "So you couldn't interest Romaine a little bit with Mr Wytcherly around." The truth was she was mortified.

"When a woman is seeking frivolous distraction, she turns to her inferiors, does she not?" he loftily excused his failure.

."Romaine never stoops, I'll have you know." She challenged instantly. "Which explains, no doubt, why she wouldn't so much as notice you."

"But," excepted the professor, "by your own account she must have stooped, when she married as she did." He had the better in mere argument.

"Pooh!" Patrice disdained the logic. "Romaine isn't the only woman who has married the wrong man. Sometime when I feel like it, I may do that very thing myself, and it scares me stiff to think I may be just such a fool."

Professor Byram winced; but unselfishly took advantage of the opening to moralize a little for her benefit. "You will not be in danger, unless you choose deliberately to ignore the admonition of your serious character, which, enlightened by culture—"

"Oh, shoot your culture!" she outrageously exclaimed.

"No, it will not answer to shoot culture," he persisted solemnly. "I use your own inelegance of diction. One's culture, as one's conscience, must be reckoned with. So much so that if a young woman indiscreetly permits herself to become infatuated with a man perhaps of adventitious brilliance or of social eminence, whose quality nevertheless may be associated with defective breeding or an intellectual dearth, she either will, as does your friend, bitterly repent of her imprudence, or must insensibly decline to the low level of her mate."

"What, pray, would you prescribe to counteract the danger, particularly if the symptoms of the degrading tendency appeared in a Chicago girl?" mocked Patrice, impatient of the homily. "I know—don't tell me I don't know! Let her marry a professor, to be sure, University of the West preferred. Linked to him, she can't sink down—his superiority will act to drag her up, whether she's willing or unwilling."

Professor Byram grieved. "You wilfully confound my individual aspirations with my duty to the abstract truth. My presentation of the latter was prompted exclusively by a disinterested concern for your own best happiness.

"Give my happiness a rest, will you?" The young woman was very much disgruntled. "Your remembering it in your prayers will neither make nor mar it—put that in your pipe."

"Oh, you do not understand," he lamentously complained. "And I fancied you so different from any other woman."

"You bet I'm not," she vigorously repudiated the slighting imputation. "I am just as unreliable as the best of them. But let me get up—I'm tired sitting still and hearing you preach."

. . . .

Mr. Worth with Mrs Eccleston upon his arm walked the circuit of the battlements.

He congratulated her upon what he styled "the success" of the Tower, executed by the architect after her design. "And now that we have it on our hands, what shall we do with it?" he asked. "How am I to employ it? I can't be satisfied with letting it lie idle—everything about me must be doing something, or I don't sleep at night."

She was amused as she had often been by these indications of what she styled the persistent passion of the money-making mind to keep the wheels revolving everywhere. "Why not give a dinner, Mr. Worth?" she proposed. "Not an ordinary dinner, but one—to—to—make the hair curl"—she laughed—"as you Americans sometimes say."

"Now that might just about fit the bill," he considered slowly.—"The most expensive dinner ever given in the West—that would foot up fine." A doubt occurred to him. "But you would have to promise to help out—I couldn't think of handling it alone, and you know about how much I could depend on Mrs. Worth, even if she were able physically—"

"Naturally I will do anything I can," she hastened to say. "Since I was guilty of suggesting it, I ought to promise so much, had I not?—What a prospect in the daytime you must have from here!"

"All the works of Nature," he enthusiastically responded,—"See, there's the lighthouse opposite your place." He stopped.—"But some boat's at anchor in the channel.—There, Romaine!"

"Yes, it is the Sea Fox," he was told. "I saw her coming in on my way up to dinner."

"But she was not to arrive until next week," he began. "Of course Mark's aboard," he added in another tone.

"He is at Idlenesse," Mark's wife said.

"Well, never mind!" he bade her reassuredly, at the same time leading her away.—"Come over on the west side and watch the ships.—That's an ore boat, that moving light, conveying iron to the South Chicago furnaces. Those rows of lights yonder belong to a big liner bound for the resorts."

"The procession, I call it," she accepted the diversion. "I watch it go past Idlenesse night after night. One light at least is always passing, and I get out of bed to see them, to sit in the window as they go gliding by. Strange, to be oneself within the wilderness and yet just over the fence from a main-traveled road!" She laughed at her forced conceit, but her voice broke at the end miserably.

"See here,"—Mr. Worth's business habit was to come to the point—"let me do something. I can't see you suffering like this. I haven't any daughter of my own; but I know how I should feel, if a daughter of mine stood in your place tonight."

Was it surprising that the harassed woman involuntarily gave her friend a look of gratitude?

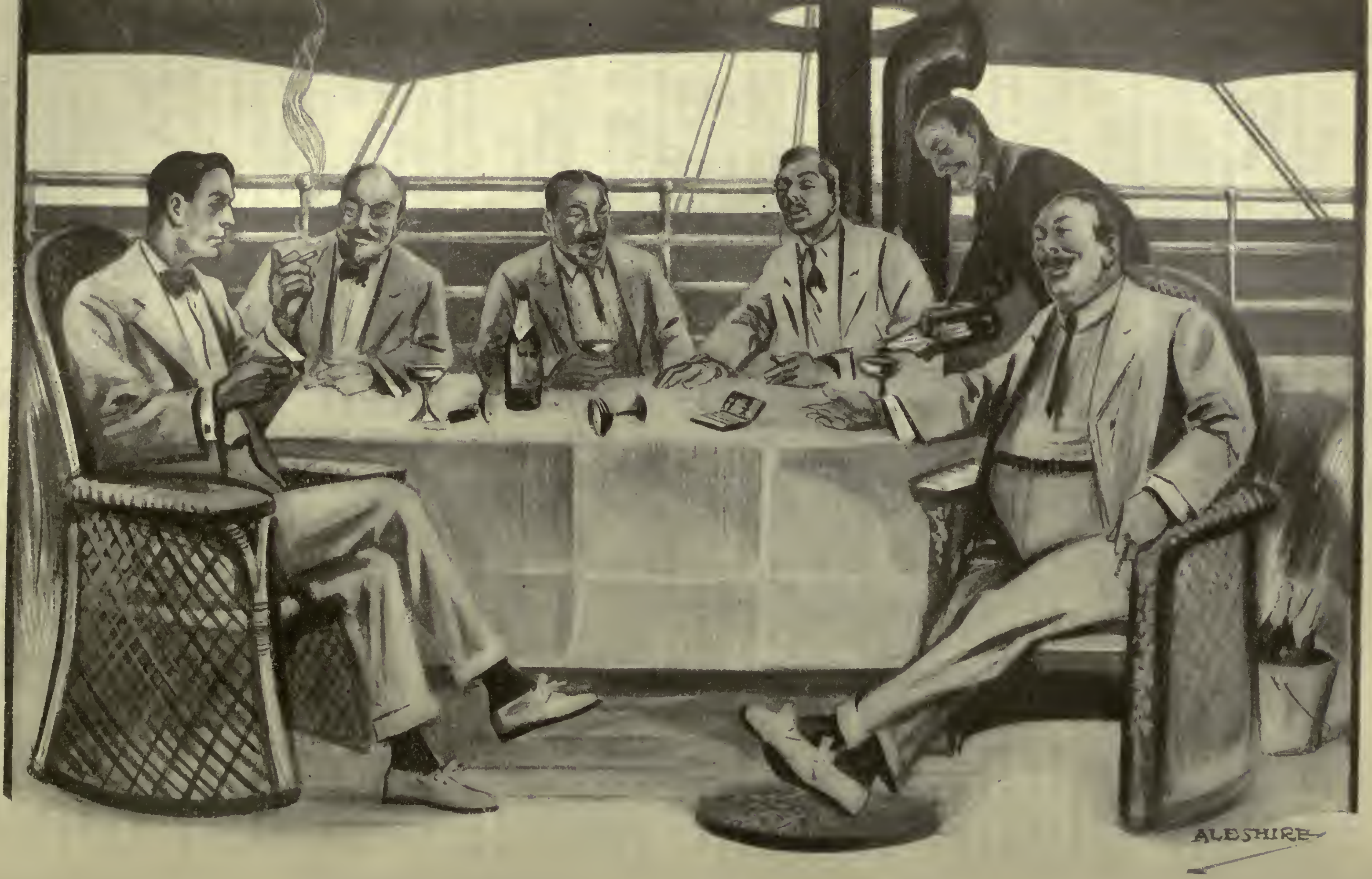
"Let me do something," he continued. "In this world something always can be done. Let me see. I'll tell you what I'll do: when the Sea Fox finishes her cruise I'll pack Mark off to Europe, make him catch the next steamer, and he can put in his time creating a demand for breakfast food among those behind-the-times nations. I'll warrant it will take him quite a while."

Her patron's "tradesman's humor" provoked her faintest smile. "Will Mark consent?" she asked.

"Mark will not mind." The positiveness was comforting. "Mark, in fact, will like traveling and charging his expense account to Worth and Ware. And if Europe refuses to be converted, he can go on to Japan. If the Japs can thrive on rice, they ought to welcome my stuff."

Unhappily her smiling ceased before it fairly was begun. Realization of her exigency struck her heart cold. "But he is here—tonight—at home," in desperation she exclaimed.

"Don't suppose for a moment that we will allow you to return at this late hour, Romaine." Mr. Worth rose cheerfully to the emergency. "Not to be thought of I do assure you. Mrs. Worth, I'm confident, wouldn't hear of it—neither would Patrice. Then tomorrow the first thing I'll see Marriott, the owner of the yacht. He



"JACK HERE'S A POET," HE ANNOUNCED. "AND WE FOUR, JACK, ARE A BOGUS POETICAL QUARTETTE."

is a little under obligation to me, as it happens, and he'll decide he wants to leave for Lake Superior specially at six in the evening by the clock. No lingering in these waters. Now just leave everything to me—I'll settle it."

CHAPTER SEVEN.

INTIMATE SCENES.

Patrice Powell, with her brown hair loosed upon her neck, and her round smooth arms exposed, slipped into the bedroom of her friend. Mrs Eccleston had not started to undress; she was seated in a low rocking chair, staring at nothing.

The girl, shod in slippers, stole silently across, and seized the dreamer's head between her palms. "Who am I?" she cried.

Peeping down into the other's eyes, "Mooning, are you?" she smilingly accused. Seriously: "Do you know what I think? Romaine, I suspect you are tremendously impressed by that advertising chap of Uncle Worth's—you, you, Romaine, and all you are."

"Sit down," the lady said, "and be sane."

The girl with supple ease dropped into the familiar place at the other's feet, from which posture she looked up. "You're tired, Romaine, and blue—I know the signs. Lie down now and let me cuddle you up. I was expressly made for cuddling and it will cheer you up."

An amused perception prompted the response: "I quite believe you, child. For marrying, in other words—you were designed by nature for a wife."

Patrice flushed to the tops of her pretty ears. She bridled: "Oh, you needn't feel superior, because you aren't. To be designed to be that, isn't disrespectable, is it?"

"Tut, tut, I am foreseeing what a wife you'll be," replied her friend. "Those velvet arms, Patrice, those roseleaf lips! Indeed, he'll be in luck, the man."

The girl shivered delightedly in her shift.

Mrs. Eccleston cupped the small chin with her palm. "Lift up your eyes to mine, deceitful Sugarplums! Confess, you may as well, you have contracted for your owner."

"No, no, no!" with giggling and with fury Patrice disclaimed. Then in a rapture she embraced her own warm body. I haven't. I postponed him on the Tower tonight, when he grew suddenly too pressing. He's simply got to foot up to the mark in your opinion first, that young man has."

The appointed judge declined the dubious honor. "It cannot matter what I think, when finally you must decide of and by and for yourself."

"Yes, I know I am the people," laughed the girl. "But you matter a great deal as he will find out."

"But I wash my hands," protested Mrs. Eccleston. "Catch me interposing between you and your dear. Heigh-ho you'd prove a perfect little tiger-cat, Patrice."

"But are you not my closest, truest, sweetest friend?" the latter cooed, stroking that friend's hand with her own satin-textured cheek. "And wasn't he invited to the island purposely for you to see?"

"But I've troubles of my own," said Mrs Eccleston with a humorous grimace. "I am not out looking for more."

"Don't you like him?" The question was a charge. "You don't like him." The indictment was direct.

"Dear me, I've scarcely seen the man," the guilty one demurred. "And, come to think of it, do you like him yourself?"

Patrice with sudden gravity ruffled her fair brows. "Well, Romaine, you know, I think he's safe."

This conservative deliverance evoked Mrs. Eccleston's contempt. "Patrice, are you politic, or a plain case of a fool?"

"Well, a girl must marry some time, mustn't she?" The pleading was by way of axiomatic truth. "And he is a professor in the university, you know, and professors all have culture, or they wouldn't be professors for a minute, I suppose. Besides professors can't be fast—they're not allowed."

"Yes, a professor is a paragon," the lady scoffed. "Also an intellectual missionary in Chicago, I am told."

"But I am serious, Romaine,"

declared Patrice. "This is the way I reason it out: A professor, although he's sure not to be fast, yet you can't exactly accuse of being slow. What I mean is, you wouldn't be ashamed of him, as if he were a genuine goody-good, you know."

"In this connection may I not inquire after George?" Mrs. Eccleston was sly. "I haven't heard that he is fast, and yet you cannot set him down for slow."

The girl's eyes shot defiance, before her whole expression turned demure. "And if he isn't, is it his fault, poor boy? He has nothing, positively nothing, to hinder him from acting devilish—no mother,and no sisters that he likes, and twenty times more money than is good for him.'

"Instead of waxing lachrymose about his sad estate, if I were you, I'd marry George, and spend his money for him, and keep him from the dogs," the confessor very properly advised.

"But could I get along without a bit of culture, or any intellectual sympathy?" Patrice was almost plaintive. "You know, Romaine, in what an atmosphere of advanced ideas I was brought up—I've told you what advanced ideas poor papa had."

Mrs. Eccleston turned her head to smile. "If your professor makes you happy, child, there's nothing else can matter."

Departing, Patrice both revenged herself for the irrelevant mention of George, and discharged what she conceived to be her duty toward her friend. She looked back from the aperture of her own door: "I am uneasy in my mind Romaine—that is what I really came to say. You don't intend, I hope, to get too enthusiastic about that—clerk of Uncle Worth's. You know you let yourself be carried away sometimes, dear, you know you do."

. . . .

"Mr. Worth informs me that you have been a newspaper man the major portion of your life." said Professor Byram, addressing Wytcherly.

He had halted in his progress from the bedroom to the bathroom. He was enveloped in his bathrobe, and towels hung upon his arm. That another shared his sitting-room exacted the courtesy of recognition from him.

"Yes," answered Wytcherly, barely looking up from the Chicago morning newspaper. "And you've been a school-master?"

"I have taught in colleges." The correction was precise. "I occupy a chair in the University of the West."

"You don't say," said Wytcherly.

"And I shouldn't mind having some brief talk with you of newspapers and newspaper life," graciously continued the professor. "Your craft must demand, I fancy, a mental dexterity, such as my profession does not call into play."

"Fortunately for you," smiled Wytcherly.

The point eluded the professor. "However that may be, nothing, I assure you, is now considered foreign to our scholarship. The critical scrutiny of modern culture is brought to bear on the whole range of social activity. Therefore I am enabled to assert that I will be delighted to learn of the newspaper from you."

"Well, you can learn," said Wytcherly, as the pedagogue disappeared in the direction of the bathroom, whence soon issued a noise of water stirred.

"An academic fish!" reflected the unelect Philistine, "who imagines that his splash makes the world sit up and listen, as it does his university."

On the way back from his ablutions Professor Byram again was affable. "Interesting house-party, don't you find it?"

"If that is what you call it," Wytcherly replied.

"Women who are worth while," stated the professor. "Or, perhaps, you scarcely consider yourself qualified to judge."

"I don't," said Wytcherly. "They are out of my class."

"I understand, I understand," in kindly comprehension Professor Byram nodded. "Your particular world, I dare say does not include many women—ahem—of the patrician caste?"

"I should say not," Wytcherly emphatically confirmed the truth of the surmise.

"Then Mrs. Eccleston will indeed

constitute a richly remunerative experience for you," the authority announced. "I envy you the freshness of the impression you will receive."

"She seems to know enough to know about how to handle you, I observed," said Wytcherly.

The professor gasped, but he resumed: "And Miss Powell? You find her equally unfamiliar, I venture to assume. For you would not be likely to come in contact with the high-bred, thoroughly cultivated, fashionable girl of today, while pursuing your avocation as a newspaper man."

"Not much," laughed Wytcherly.

"This visit then of yours to Castle Caribou may be considered as an event in your life—am I not right, Wytcherly?"

"Your divination, my dear sir, is as exact as it is surprising."

Such cordial tribute pleased Professor Byram. Unconsciously he posed in the attitude of one positively assured of another's admiration.

His fair skin glowed rosily from the bath; his chestnut hair, divided in the middle, was patted very smoothly down on either side. Some comeliness of arrangement and delicacy of modeling characterized the smallish features, the mouth being bowed and the expression sensitive. But the chin was indecisive and the eyes a little vague, despite the intellectual ardors with which by their owner's purpose they were forced to glow.

"Yes, you may deem yourself fortunate, Wytcherly," he declared. "Distinguished associations to anyone whose social opportunities have been small, operate as in the nature of an education in elegance, I should say."

"Indeed, I appreciate, I assure you, my unusual advantages," said Wytcherly, "of which I count not the least my intercourse with you, Professor Byram. In fact, I don't remember having met anybody like yourself before."

There stood a mirror in the room somewhat in the rear of Wytcherly. Before it the flattered gentleman of learning preened, fancying himself undetected in the vanity.

"I—I am gratified to hear you speak as you do, Wytcherly. Sometime you must tell me what more particularly I mean to you, I think. The occasion should be delayed, however, until you are grown better acquainted with the subtle phases of my intellectuality—no doubt you follow my thought. Good-night now. I'm positive that we have commenced an acquaintance which will prove worth while—equally to both of us, let us hope."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

AFFINITY.

"You are such a good man." Mrs. Worth, who could be trusted to flatter the particular vanity of each individual in the world, continually assured her husband that he was good. As for Mr. Worth, he was incontinently proud of the fact of his goodness—he had almost rather have forfeited title to real estate than to his full estate in it.

Being sedulously good, he was scrupulous in acquainting his wife with the incidents, as they arose, of the friendship between Mrs. Eccleston and himself. That is to say, he was himself persuaded that he was candid and that he withheld nothing. To be sure nothing had arisen which prudence would withhold. Not the most exacting censor could impute evil to his relationship with a woman whom he treated as if she were his own daughter and whom he consulted in questions of taste and "culture," as he consulted his lawyer in matters of contract.

He visited his wife's room before he retired that night. Mrs. Worth was propped up in the middle of the great bed precisely as if she still sat in her wheel-chair. Her maid had finished with her for the night; but her eyes, black and beady, shone drily in their shrunken sockets, and weary though she was, she knew that not for hours would she be refreshed in sleep.

Mr. Worth did not maintain in private his stately custom of addressing his wife as "my queen"; but if he was direct, he was kind in words at least, since usually a peculiar look of his sufficed to reduce her to submission. He fancied that she was completely his instrument, and that he was not influenced in the least by her.

He informed her now of his determination to arrange to keep Mark Eccleston at a distance from his wife. "I'll settle it," he declared, "if I have to pay the good-for-nothing to put the Atlantic between Romaine and himself."

"But they are not the only married people who are incompatible," Mrs. Worth protested, "and very ugly rumors might be started, Sterling, if it became known that you had interfered."

"We have no children of our own, Harriett," he rejoined, his wife feeling the reproach, "and so you can't blame me if I choose to feel about Romaine as I might about a daughter."

"I see you are determined to have your own way, Sterling," sighed Mrs. Worth in well feigned resignation. "And I know you mean all for the best, you are so good. But don't blame me when some fine time your motives are misconstrued and a full-fledged scandal, as scandals do, break out. A scandal isn't necessarily the truth, you know, it's merely what people say about the truth."

Mr. Worth in his activity was nothing if not immediate—his fault had never been procrastination. The following morning, when he sent Mrs. Eccleston home in the launch to Idlenesse, he saw to it that Patrice Powell went with her friend. "The launch will call for you at three o'clock, Patrice," he said, "so you may stay to luncheon, if Romaine cares to have you."

He also took supplemental measures later in the day. For one thing he sought out Wytcherly. "Jack," he said, "run over to Mrs. Eccleston's cottage this afternoon for me, will you? Too, bad to make a messenger of you; but you will find Mark Eccleston is there, he came in on the Sea Fox last night. Tell him I must see him before he leaves, the yacht sails this evening at six, and that I'll be at Idlenesse for him an hour or so before."

Patrice was very welcome at the luncheon table in the cottage. Mark Eccleston liked girls, especially stylish and pretty ones, and he made himself agreeable—to be disagreeable usually cost Mark decided effort, in fact. And Patrice, who was accustomed in her own mind to commiserate her friend for the husband in the case, wondered whether after all the sympathy had not been more or less superfluous. Perhaps, as Aunt Worth was positive, Romaine had herself to blame that her marriage was intolerable.

In the way of reparation for the bad opinion she had entertained of him and also with the laudable purpose of encouraging matrimonial contentment in her friend, Patrice, while putting on her hat in Mrs. Eccleston's room, ventured to express a few of her revisions.

"I never imagined he could be so nice. Why, the man's perfectly charming, Romaine. No one could be jollier or more entertaining than he was at the table, and really, I've concluded, you are rather to be envied, dear."

"I'm glad you like Mr. Eccleston," his wife replied. "Most people do. In fact I find I do myself," she added in an unconscious endeavor to be just. "He means to be what he means by a good fellow, and he is. More than many more pretentious people, I suppose, Mark lives up to his lights."

"Well," said Patrice with the most righteous of intentions, "I am sure a good many girls must envy you, Romaine. Of course," she laughed, "he is a shade too stout, but his white mustache is killing and his baldness becomes his style. And then, he is so amiable—I don't believe he'd object if I were to pinch him, Romaine, just black and blue."

"I'm sure I wish you would," Mrs. Eccleston smiled: Then in what might be contrition: "Poor Mark, who knows, he might have been so much happier and better with a dear girl like you."

"I think I am now ready to depart," concluded Patrice, making some last adjustments before the glass. She turned. "Anyhow, I love you, Romaine, better than most anything," She embraced her friend. "Why, even if you should be so foolish, at your age and all that, as to fall in love with that Wytcherly man, I'd forgive you." The half-serious girl raised a warning finger: "But not, not if you eloped."

To his wife's relief Mark Eccleston

proposed to avail himself of the Castle launch which had come for Miss Powell, to transport him to the side of the Sea Fox. "It will save me rowing myself out to her," he explained, "and I'll get a sailor to row me back in the course of a half hour or so. As we get older, we get lazier, Miss Powell."

"Oh, you wouldn't feel so old, if you were less lazy," the latter retorted. "Being nimble is one secret of staying young."

Mrs. Eccleston from the gallery watched the launch draw away. Patrice was very merry, and Mark looked droll. "Don't flirt," she called laughingly, "or rather do, if you only can."

She watched them until the launch reached the anchored yacht, when she returned indoors to finish her housework. Despite her bringing up and her quite absorbing interest in intellectual things, Mrs. Eccleston had learned since her marriage how to keep house. She kept house well, finding in work, physical work, relief from excess of sorrow and of thought.

But work did not proceed happily this afternoon. To the weariness and abnegation of her morning mood had succeeded a reckless and defiant spirit. She thought: "There go those two people in the launch, both completely happy. Why shouldn't I be happy, too? Each of them is superficial, each in a different way, and each finds living a tolerable experience. Each is happy, because each has or takes what each most desires, and I am dolorous because I dare not or can not. Why should a mere nice girl like Patrice be happy, or a good-natured sensualist like Mark, while I, because I am handicapped by the possession of a mind and perhaps a soul, am miserable? And I don't enjoy being miserable; I have not the martyr's faculty for torturing happiness from wretchedness."

She sprang up quickly, when Agnes announced that Mr. Wytcherly was in the sitting-room. She swept in to see him with a rush.

"Indeed, I am glad to see you Mr.. Wytcherly," she cordially declared. "I was quite consumed with ennui, and you are just the one at this instant to provoke in me an interest."

Wytcherly was scarcely prepared for the vivacity of this reception, although he had to learn she was a complex woman, a distracting, contradictory blend, in whom contended inherited traditions with modern tendencies, feudal instinct and new emancipations. He saw this afternoon that she seemed young, irresponsible, nearly a madcap. Her shining silken hair was tumbled about her brows, her hazel eyes were dancing, and shots of color glowed in her cheeks. Last night he had suspected she was the tragic muse, a brooding mind, a passion of indifference, to be aroused to a transitory warmth by some brilliant sally of his own, some glittering falsity.

Wytcherly, as might be surmised, was himself no stagnant temperament; the wind of change breathed every hour upon his spirit's pool, altering its current or its hue. His countenance expressed the differences—at times it was repulsive, twisted to unlovely scorns, steeped in vinegar and vitriol—at others, more frequent ones, he looked the seraph or the impish elf, or both. The present moment chanced to be a period of felicity with him.

And that which he was or seemed this afternoon, Mrs. Eccleston, fastidious herself, and exquisitely critical even in the very process of her spontaneity, found keen delight in. His peculiar vividness—the phrase was her own—was so exceptional. While the Byronic collar that he wore, and the blue sash with dots of white, reminded her so strongly of a little boy that her hand was narrowly prevented from reaching forth to adjust the bow.

Naturally their wits played about the Castle folk.

"Patrice's a perfect dear, but in apprehension she's a squirrel," said Mrs. Eccleston. "Have you heard her tell how advanced she is?"

"She will never tell me anything," answered Wytcherly. "She doesn't even condescend to me. But she reveres the Professor."

"Poor man, don't envy him. He has his troubles—she supplies them," the lady laughed. In another tone: "So neither do you perceive his charm?"

"Of what is it composed? Of professional manner, of intellectual condescension or mimic English accent?" mocked Wytcherly. "He insists, you know, that you defer to him as you would to genius."

"And when one is a genius oneself, it is difficult to be called upon to do homage to a pretence, of course," she challenged with gay eyes.

Wytcherly bridled. He explained: "The creature strutted all around me this morning, and laid down the literary law. And whenever I expressed dissent he flushed up to his Jovian brow, and stuttered angrily."

"Oh, the man's a lecturer by nature as well as by appointment," Mrs. Eccleston agreed. "She will not be able to have a small opinion of her own, I tell Patrice."

Their eyes meeting, they laughed in unison.

"We can spot a human foible when we see it, we two, I guess," he remarked, as soon as he could speak or she could hear. It was true. And if the faculty were not a curse, assuredly it had been no blessing to either one of them.

"Yes, the superior gentleman discanted upon generalities a long time to me, and then he said that Mr. Worth had mentioned that I was a poet. I informed him I was a rhymster on a journal, until Mr. Worth had rescued me from the questionable occupation by making me an advertising man. Whereupon he looked both shocked and even more superior. But, recovering himself, he stated that Mr. Worth had said some of my rhymes were a little better than other people's, many. And he asserted finally that he wouldn't mind looking over a few, if I had any with me, for he thought he might do me some good."

"Never let him," counseled Mrs. Eccleston. "Somehow, you know, I distrust that man."

"I don't. I detest him," declared Wytcherly.

"But I had a message to deliver," the messenger remembered. "From Mr. Worth to Mr. Eccleston."

"Mark is not here," smiled his wife. "Patrice took him to the yacht before you came."

"Then I'd best be boarding that yacht," concluded Wytcherly.

CHAPTER NINE.

MARK ECCLESTON.

The white and golden Sea Fox was swinging loosely at its anchor in the channel off Idlenesse. Wytcherly, riding close under the side, admiringly surveyed her length.

"Would I like to own you?" he asked himself. " 'Twould be a rover and his low rakish craft. I'd stick your nose into every secret bay and hidden cove within the compass of the lakes. I'd stretch me on your decks clear nights, and listen for the rush of worlds in space. I'd point you into storms and be myself the lookout at your prow. Gadzooks, the best death to be imagined is to be brave in a gale and to be buried with one's ship under fathoms of green foam. But, humph, when I grew weary of you, what a lump you'd be upon my hands! I'd divorce you like a shot, scuttle you over some fathomless hole. I'd call you the Sultana, for a token that you might at any moment get the sack."

A period was put to this extravaganza by a voice from above.

"Fine lines you think she has? And you're quite right there, Jack Wytcherly, old chap. Step aboard, and look her over—I'll promise you a something on the side. We're a crew of jolly sailors, and you'll think us immense."

"Can't resist your so seductive invitation, Mark Eccleston, Esquire. I'll hitch my kettle to your spar and be up there in a jiffy."

"Do it quick. You're in the nick of time—we yachtsmen are about to liquidate."

Mark had met Wytcherly but once that he remembered; but Mark never let ceremony stand in the way. He welcomed Wytcherly, therefore, as if they two had been old chums, and Wytcherly, being a Bohemian, responded in kind.

Clad in white flannels and crowned with a white yachting cap, whose brim was encircled by gold braid, Mark Eccleston presented "a fine figure of a man," provided a well-fed, well-set-up, jovial, handsome animal can claim the phrase's benefit. As he was, most men liked him, and many women too.

For a large atmosphere of ease and good-nature surrounded Mark, embellishing his physical charm, as a halo enhances the virtue of a saint. Others were affected by him to a better disposition towards themselves, and a more humorous tolerance of their species. Exuberant Mark fulfilled a function: he extracted pleasure from unpropitious circumstances and inspired morose individuals to sociability. He was neither judge nor critic—the most he required of his fellows was a small contribution to the general entertainment. His example of geniality was so well thought of that gentlemen of leisure demanded his assistance in quaffing their champagne. Although he invariably complied, he had not acquired a reputation as a sponge.

Wytcherly somehwere in his desultory reading had encountered the great God Pan. Mark Eccleston somehow reminded him of Pan. Mark was musical and strummed the banjo; was poetical, improvising comical jingles by the score. Grey care faded in his company, and irresponsibility became the ordained law. One drank, reflecting that the gods drank also; one was witty, observing how small was the occasion to be wise; one was apt to finish in questionable haunts, finding in questionable pleasures delectable delights.

Mark introduced his new friend to the three gentlemen aboard. "Jack here's a poet," he announced. "And we four, Jack, are a bogus poetical quartette."

"He Graces, I perceive," flashed Wytcherly.

The gentlemen laughed—they fancied that a keen war of wits between Mark and the visitor was on.

"Naturally you won't allow,—Wytcherly won't—that we're within his class." Mark addressed the one and then the three alternately. "But if you serious literary scribes believe poetry's a business, we'll prove to you on this yacht that it's no more than a pastime."

"If your's diverts you, it's more than mine ever did for me," Wytcherly rejoined. "You must have the real afflatus."

"We have. It accumulates so fast we are kept emptying bottles, to store the surplus in." Mark roared. The others joined.

"I'll help," said Wytcherly. "I'll undertake to provide space for all the surplus you produce."

"Help right now," bade Mark, as a servant drew forth a bottle from a pail of ice.

"Yes," continued Mark, when the laughter had subsided, "poetry as a diversion flourishes with us. We are all promoters, each in his line. This gentleman promotes real estate; that over there, bonds; Mr. Marriott, lumber, while I—I chiefly promote good times. Each of us in his particular promotion is compelled to use imagination by the barrel in his business. When we induce a sucker to bivouac on the ground floor, we don't damp him with cold facts, not much; we heat him up with lies. That's how we find it easy to write poetry between drinks."

The gentlemen confirmed these statements with their smiles.

"Stay with us, Jack Wytcherly," invited Mark. "We'll install you as poetical expert. You can fix up our feet for us, and we'll engage to keep you unsteady on yours for the voyage."

The visitor bowed. "If your champagne didn't tempt me, gentlemen, your verses would."

Out spoke the hearty owner of the craft. "Consider yourself empressed, Mr. Wytcherly. We need a poet badly and have outfit to spare. We sail at seven."

Others urged him. "You needn't go ashore—we'll send a brace of sailors for your trunk. Or we can tog you out—we've got togs to burn."

"Wish I might," he answered. "But I'm owned body, soul and breeches, by old man Worth."

"Hang Worth!" swore Marriott, the more explosively because of the word expelling him from a pleasant anchorage.

They were eager to gain Wytcherly, they liked the vivacity of his Celtic wit. He and Mark together would ensure them bail against arrest by Tedium.

(*To be Continued*)

William Wood, Mormon Invader

By Allen Frake

Often the story of a new country may be told in the story of one man—a man who believes, and believes, and believes, and keeps on believing in spite of the snow, hail, drought, grasshoppers, and loneliness—a man who has imagination to see the future, and courage to stick out the present. And for this reason the story of the Mormon settlements about the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond, and Stirling, in Southern Alberta, perhaps can be best explained by introducing William Wood of Magrath, as a typical Mormon pioneer.

In 1885 a few Mormon families located at Cardston. One of the Mormons told me that the first settlers came to avoid legal difficulties growing out of plural marriages. This Mormon went on to say that the sons of these first pioneers naturally followed them to Cardston and so the colony grew.

But there is another version. A Gentile of the neighborhood said the Mormon church picked out this locality as desirable for a colony and simply designated colonists to go and occupy it. The first year was disastrous. The irrigating was not under way, there was unusual drought, and blight and hail did the rest. This particular Gentile rode through the neighborhood during the spring plowing, to discover whether the colonists were ready to give it up or still determined to succeed.

"I asked the first man I met," he said, "'Do you think you will make it stick?"

"'Make it stick?' he repeated, indignantly. "'My church has sent me here and I'll stay if I have to eat grass roots.'"

Now whatever the first impetus was it has caried the colony on to successful permanence. In the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond, Stirling and the surrounding neighborhood, there are probably 10,000 Mormons. Their towns are attractive, they have the land under thorough cultivation by either irrigation or the dry farming method, and they are turning from wheat growing to sugar beets, fruit and truck farming that yield more profit to the acre. Their Gentile neighbors have followed their example. Southern Alberta was the last of the free cattle range countries. "Was" is used advisedly for the ranges are now enclosed and they are being pushed steadily back by the wheat and other farming. Soon the "cow country" of the "Last West" will be a memory and the cattle grown will be raised in acre pasture lots instead of on mile wide ranges.

William Wood is a veteran of the Crimean war and one of Magrath's most active citizens. He is seventy years old and he took great pride in introducing his three-year-old daughter Ruth, as pretty a little child as one can find in Canada, or any other country. Although William Wood is the father of twenty children, he never exercised the one-time privilege of his church to take plural wives. He has been married twice, his first wife dying some years ago. He is a short, slender, wiry chap, this veteran, with shrewd bright eyes and the activity of a man of fifty. He is first among the boomers of Canada of the town of Magrath, and although the boomers of Canada are first among their kind, the Mormon boomers of these Mormon towns make all the others look like imitations.

"That's because we are Yankees," they say.

They brought the Star Spangled Banner in their luggage when they came to Canada, these Mormons.

They are loyal to Canada, understand, but they want you to understand their American origin. Listen to William Wood, born an Englishman, who fought bravely under the British flag and whose proudest possession is a British war medal.

"Canada needs American settlers," he says. "The English colonist is good but the American is best. I am an Englishman by birth, but I hope and believe I've been pretty well Yankeeized."

The story of William Wood's life reads like a romance. He was converted to Mormonism at sixteen. That was the first event in the simple life of an English country lad. Then he found himself on H. M. S. Retribution, a saucy, sidewheel steam frigate with two fifty-eight pounders and twenty long twenty-fours. Under Capt. Barker she faced guns at Sebastopol, where it was give and take, and that strange combination of Turks, Italians, French, and British pushed back the gray-coated Russians. There was more to that war than the charge of the Light Brigade. The bulldog Barker took his ship so close in under the guns of the fortress that she had the mainmast shot out of her and the lad, William Wood, saw his mates of the starboard watch fall on every side of him, torn by shot and shell.

WHEN WILLIAM WOOD TURNED FARMER

It was a discovery for me to find that Mormonism then had enough converts in the British army for the formation of a field church under the stern, grim walls of Sebastopol. That worship of the faith founded by the New Yorker, Joseph Smith, in trenches jointly occupied by the followers of Islam, good children of the Catholic Pope and sturdy members of the Church of England, while guns blessed by the Greek church of Russia thundered in their ears, is an experience upon which William Wood looks back as one of the strangest in his adventurous life.

Next this little Jackie of the tough sinews and bright, shrewd eyes found himself stationed on the Retribution's bridge, rubbing elbows with "Chinese" Gordon, while Chinese forts guarding the Yangste Kiang river thundered, furious with impotent protest, against British invasion. He saw a piece of shell deftly slice a watch fob off Gordon's uniform. That hardy adventurer was himself uninjured. No bullet then had its billet for him who was to die later under Mahdi spears at Khartoum, with the roar of British guns, powerless to rescue, in his ears. When this happened William Wood was a prosperous, respected citizen of Utah.

But the English boy's adventures did not end with that hotly contested Chinese campaign. Commodore Perry had excited the jealousy of England by opening the Hermit Kingdom to the world some years before. Not to be outdone, the English Government built a fine steam yacht as a present for the Mikado. Commander Harry Edgerton, then in command of the Retribution, was detailed to take this yacht to the city then called Yeddo. The boy William Wood, youthful veteran of the Crimea and of the Chinese war, was one of that crew. His were among the first European eyes to look upon Nippon and her people. The impressions this visit made have never left him.

"We could see, even then," he says, "that the Japanese were a wonderful people. You can fancy how interested I have since been in reading of every step which the Hermit Kingdom I saw as a young man has taken toward world power. Remember, too, that I had fought the Russians. When war broke out between the Russians and the Japanese I could see but one end for it and that was the final victory which the brave little Japs won."

In 1862 William Wood was in Salt Lake City. These were the strenuous days for Mormonism when men of that faith fought alternately with the desert wilderness and the Gentile and the bitterness developed that still shows in the movement to unseat Reed Smoot. It was then, too, while the Mormons still dreamed of the independent empire that had been the goal of the track to Utah, that this people acquired that faith in their ability to conquer unfriendly nature that has led them into Canada. Only that confidence has remained with William Wood. Either the bitterness of the times passed him by, or else his is a nature too kindly to retain passion of that character. No more devout Mormon can be found than this sturdy old man, but I never met a man who expressed a more cheerful tolerance of all the world and its opinions. He was a friend of Brigham Young, the strongest character, probably, that Mormonism has produced. In 1864 William Wood established a mercantile business in Salt Lake City that is now being conducted by his eldest son. In his Magrath house he has a picture of his place in Salt Lake City, a pretty vineclad cottage with "home" written all over it. It is the sort of haven one would think a man of seventy, who had led an ordinarily active life, would thirst for as a pleasant refuge for declining years.

BRANDING CATTLE ON A MORMON RANCH

Instead of such retirement you find this man of Drake's breed pioneering in Western Canada with hearty enjoyment of the life. He has a thousand acres here and more acres there and a few hundred constitute what he calls the "garden patch" about his home. He works in all, or at least actively superintends his fields. He turned out with a carriage and a pair of spirited horses that would pull the arms out of your sockets to help entertain me. As he drove, ever and again he was reining in his horses to jump out with surprising activity to pull up stalks of the countrry's grain to demonstrate its fertility. He talked rapidly, vivaciously and as entertainingly as such a man could talk, but without a note of self-exploitation. He takes himself as a matter of course, does William Wood. We had to drag his experiences out of him. He wanted to talk about the yield to the acre.

They tell me he is not an unusual type of the early Mormons. They were recruited from hardy timber and the weak ones were early worn out in the struggle. You can think as you please about their faith, but their achievements command admiration, whether it is given willingly or grudgingly. William Wood seems to typify this people and their achievements.

"Come back in ten years and we'll show you a city," this man of seventy cried in farewell. "That is if you can't come back sooner. We'd be glad to see you again next week."

In the vicinity centered about the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond and Stirling, are settled some 10,000 Mormons out of Utah, Idaho, and some of the American Southwest. The general tenets of the Mormon faith are known. Whether or no the Latter Day Saints in Utah have forever turned their backs on the doctrine of polygamy the Mormons in Canada have never practiced it. Some of the original settlers had plural wives, and, indeed, federal prosecutions are said to have been one incentive to flight into Canada. But those settlers with plural wives brought but one of them into Canada.

The Mormon system of farming is theirs alone. The farmers live in towns, where they keep their horsees and such cows and chickens as they care to raise. The farm is likely to be bare of buildings. They drive out to their work in the morning and back at night. This segregation began when the Mormon people lived in a country distinctly hostile both as to nature and either savages or Gentiles who might wander by. But even without the incentive to self protection the Mormon church would have been likely to have developed these communities. There is no faith that devotes more attention to the social side, if, indeed, there is any. It encourages the theatre, and the buildings used for churches in these Mormon towns are also thrown open for dances during the week.

But the town farmer, in Canada at least, is apt to leave his business behind him when he drives home at night from his broad acres outside the town, as the city man leaves his business when he closes his office desk. And farming here means big fields of wheat or sugar beets. So many of the Mormon farmers do not pretend to raise the vegetables, or keep the cows or grow the chickens on which the farmer elsewhere depends for his living. You may find a man with 1,000 acres buying food products much as does the city dweller. So his Canadian neighbor complains that the Mormon is a shiftless farmer.

Indeed, within Mormon ranks in this Canadian settlement there is a division of opinion as to the wisdom of community farming against living on and from the land. The Canadian complains too, that the Mormon is clannish and, altogether, he is not welcomed as are other colonists. But the real secret of the distaste for the Mormon colonist is undoubtedly this same community life of his. This people 10,000 strong is complete unto itself. It has its own towns, its own merchants, who supply all its needs. The Canadian merchant and the business man find no profit for themselves in the Mormon colonist.

One of the conditions on which the Ohio settlers are to be brought in is that they live on their farms and improve them. There is a general effort now in Alberta to thus balance the Mormon communities, with their surrounding acres bare of buildings.

The Mormons themselves say they desire the immigration of the settlers, Mormon and Gentile. Men like William Wood, veteran farmer of acres by the thousand, D. H. Elton, editor of the *Alberta Star* and *Magrath Pioneer* at Cardston and Magrath respectively said so. One of these towns has a Gentile physician and the next, within comparatively easy driving distance a Mormon physician.

ABORIGINAL FROM THE BLOOD INDIAN RESERVE NEAR MAGRATH

The Gentile is apparently just as successful as his Mormon colleague in securing business among the latter's people. John William Woolf, member of the provincial Parliament from this constituency, is a Mormon and the only lawmaker of that faith in any legislative body of the British Empire.

If these Mormon settlements wish to pay tithes and send money to Utah for the support of their church, if they are frequently visited by the officials of their church, by Apostle Reed Smoot, for instance, that is undoubtedly their business. And it is safe to say that the answer to the question of whether a Gentile colony planted next door to their settlements can get along with them depends pretty much on that Gentile colony.

Gold in the Saskatchewan

By James Weir

Secretary of the Strathcona Board of Trade

Gold was not in the least interesting to the Indian or the grizzly bear, especially the fine deposit hidden in the bars and ledges of the Saskatchewan River and other northern streams. Therefore centuries passed over North America, and the metal remained undisturbed in the swift reaches of the river where the fur-laden canoes ran the rapids, or the solitary Hudson's Bay Company voyageur traveled overland on his trapping expeditions.

Possibly he recognized traces of pay dirt there, but he said nothing. Loquacity was not encouraged by the company, and the secret remained safe.

One day the white prospectors came, tapping among the ledges, and found the metal in the gravel at the ford. Among the adventurous men who accompanied Captain Palliser on an exploration mission of the Northwest in 1855, were two in which we are at the present time chiefly interested. One was Dr. Hector, afterwards Sir James Hector, a well known scientist and Jos. McDonald at the present time a well known and respected resident of Strathcona, vigorous and hearty at the age of 72.

McDonald was born at Selkirk, a descendant of one of those hardy Highland Scotchmen whom the Hudson's Bay Company employed in the arduous tasks inseparable from its fur trading undertakings. For three years the elder McDonald volunteered to live among the Piegan Indians in order that he might learn their language and habits and qualify himself for the important position of an interpreter. Those were the strenuous days of the three great rival Fur Trading Companies—the Hudson's Bay which afterwards proved Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest, the Northwest Company and the X. Y. Z. It was the custom of the two other organizations to tamper with the interpreters of the Hudson's Bay Company by means of bribery and otherwise, and then as now self-preservation was the first law of nature, the most effective precautions being taken to secure the services of loyal men.

For this reason McDonald was chosen, and he remained in the employ of the Company the remainder of his life.

The son knew many native languages and it was for that and other reasons that he was selected to accompany the expedition with Dr. Hector, from Winnipeg to the Pacific.

In passing it may be mentioned that from the report of Captain Palliser the inference was drawn that induced members of the British House of Commons to make the statement that the vast territory explored was fit only for buffaloes, grizzly bears and Indians to live in.

While exploring the Saskatchewan River at the point where the prosperous city of Strathcona now stands Dr. Hector found traces of fine gold in the alluvial soil. He cautioned the members of the party to say nothing of it in advance of his report to the Government.

In 1864 Joseph McDonald came to this district in the employ of the Company his father had served so long and faithfully. He took up the homestead on which Strathcona is built, and was the first white settler on the south side of the river trading with the Crees who occupied the district north of the Battle River and along the Saskatchewan. South of the Battle were the Blackfeet with whom the Crees were at deadly enmity; their many feuds giving the river its name.

While in the employ of the Company and during this time an American named Love came to the district on a prospecting trip and learned from McDonald of the discovery made by Hector. Together they began panning the precious mineral from the gravel scooped up from the river bed and they struck good pay dirt, separating the gold from the gravel with a crude hand made sifter. Periodically as the years have gone by others including McDonald have by the most primitive methods succeeded during the time of low water, in making good wages but, in the words of one of themselves they were only "skimmers." Among them was a Californian named Clover after whom Clover Bar was named and Sam Livingston, a forty niner who first introduced the "rocker" in the Northland.

In the early days in New Zealand rockers were used exclusively until superseded by dredges, and the latter were subsequently utilized on the Saskatchewan, but they were not found to be successful—One of these, long since discarded lies on the river bank at Strathcona at the present day.

Despite these failures in the past a new company backed by men of prominence in the financial world have undertaken the task of making the river yield up its wealth and they are not pursuing a speculation but a reasonably sure business enterprise. The machinery with which a company this spring will begin gold dredging at Strathcona on a large scale is already on the ground. A thorough prospectors' investigation of the river bed had been made by an experienced mining engineer. His reports are said to have been extremely satisfactory in comparison with those of other rivers which yielded handsome dividends; and arrangements were completed. By the time the May "West" is in the hands of its readers operations will be in full swing. A concession of several miles of the river with its gold bearing bars has been secured from the Government and when the results have been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the directorate other concessions will be secured, other similar dredges put in commission and it is not improbable that the manufacture of the machinery will be conducted at the city of Strathcona.

Twenty-five hundred cubic yards of gravel can be handled daily and as the prospectors' assay showed, at an average of thirty-five cents per yard, it can readily be seen that the promises which the Saskatchewan holds out to the company are bright indeed.

The dredge is 114 feet long by 16 feet wide. It weighs 126 tons and uses 150 horse power engines. On each side of one end is a steel hydraulic pipe 27 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. Attached to these is a suction pump and at the other end of each a digging apparatus for hard bottom. For sixty feet on the deck of the dredge is a revolving screen 38 inches in diameter where the coarser material is sifted out. The finer parts are caught in boxes and treated in order to extract the minerals, while the coarser materials or "tailings" are thrown clear by a "winged batter," which can be adjusted to throw the refuse in any desired direction. The old dredges dumped this refuse and its accumulation was one of the prime causes of failure.

One end of the dredge is held by a pivot post weighing 2,500 lbs. which is sunk in the river bed and the other end oscillates as required from this point. The whole lower structure of the hull which is made entirely of steel is surmounted like a bridge by steel girders 10 feet high.

All parts of the dredge coming in contact with the water or gravel are lined with Manganese steel to give added durability.

For attacking banks there are in addition two 2-stage hydraulic pumps with 110 pounds pressure to the square inch, and throwing 1,000 gallons of water a minute with an inch and a quarter nozzle. This is to wash out the bank and prepare it for the scoop.

Whence comes this gold? Is it a constantly recurring product from some mountain spring like the waters of the river itself and by them washed along at the time of high water, or was it deposited indiscriminately over these regions by some glacial movement or geologic happening? Miners, like doctors, are given to differences of opinions in their diagnosis.

Jos. McDonald believes in the glacial theory as does the engineer employed by the dredging company. They believe that the bank contains the gold and that it is being constantly washed out and down on to the bed by the water of the stream. They are of opinion that gold may be found in varying quantities all over the Western plains and McDonald cites the instance of a well dug for the Hudson's Bay Company the gravel of which as it was brought up showed gold mixed with it in about the same proportion as in the river. The current theory has been for years that the gold was washed down from the mountains and continually moved forward by the force of the stream, but this idea is held largely by persons who have given the subject less thought than those named.

Be the source what it may it has been known for years that a rich harvest of the precious metal was here when the proper appliances for its garnering were put in operation.

The time has now come when the industry is to be revived, carried forward by modern methods and made of great value to Strathcona. Canadian enterprise and push is behind it; the material is there, and one more resource is added to those already listed in the great Northwest.

The Rose on the Grave

By Florence Hamilton Randal

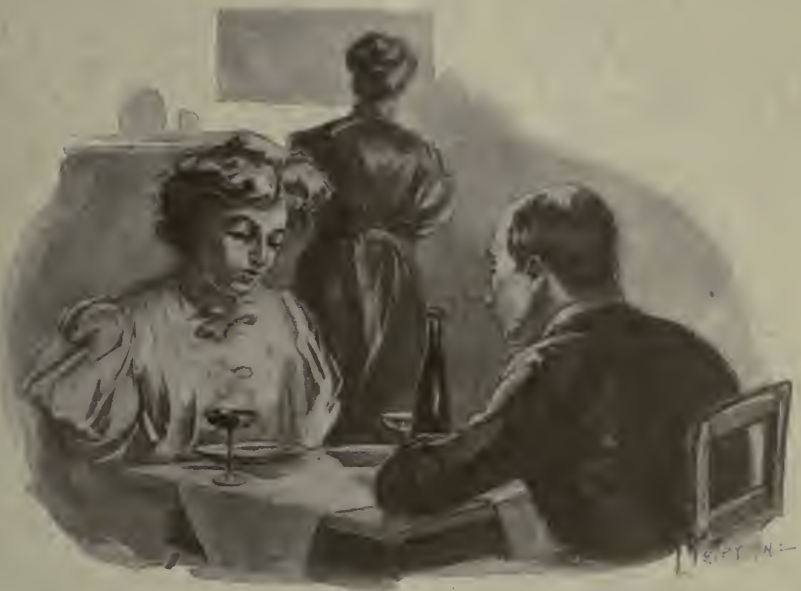
In the noon silence, when the mowers cease
Their labors in the field,
I seek a corner far where broodeth peace.
And all life's pain is healed.

* * * *

There she lies sleeping folded deep and close,
The bride of days long fled:
And over her there bends a prairie rose
With petals well nigh shed.

She is forgotten, but upon her breast
Her sweet name doth appear.
Rose was she—rose of all the West—
This woman pioneer.

Girl, wife and mother, past the long duress
Glad may her soul repose,
And as her life bloomed in the wilderness
So in her death, the Rose



"I'D GET UP BETWEEN COURSES TO LOOK AT JOHN'S THINGS ROUND THE ROOM SO AS TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO THAW."

In Cahoots with Cupid

By GRACE WILLIAMSON

"Don't try to take Cupid's place at matchmaking," said Mrs. Petie Broughton, rustling her plump silk dress knowingly at the young woman in the rocking-chair. "I tried it once myself—once, mark you—and I lost fifteen pounds before I got the couple off my hands.

"Mollie was a nice girl, as nice a girl as Peetie ever had in his company. She never starred in a part but she was quiet and sensible and as near to being my daughter as an orphan could. Peetie and I was very fond of her.

"One morning when she was frizzing her front hair over my alcohol lamp I said to her, 'Mollie, why don't you get married and leave the stage?' And she said, 'Do you know, I've often thought of it—but I never found the man to suit me.' And I said, 'Why, there are men that would suit you just hanging around loose. You don't keep your eyes open. There's John Sparrow, for instance.' She screached at that for she'd never passed two words with the fellow.

"Now I liked John; he had such nice, close ears. I read about ears in the paper once and since then I've not been friendly with the kind that flap; you can't trust them. The only thing against John was his bald head. Young girls like Mollie take to men with hair, but I've known some men that made real good hearted husbands when they hadn't but a few spears to pet. Mrs. Crewe's youngster used to pray for John every night, ' God bless Mr. Sparrow and make his hair grow,' but the Lord seemed to will otherwise.

"John came up in my sitting room that very day, and what do you think he asked me? 'What kind of a girl is that Mollie? Do you know I believe she's taken with me; she looked so strange when I passed her just now.' I said to him real serious, 'John, you ought to get married. Do it while your eyesight's young enough to pick a good looking girl.' And I told him how nice and sensible Mollie was, and I could see that it worried him.

"Well, they began to notice one another after that, but they were awful slow about it. I hated to see those two nice young people hankering for someone but not having nerve enough to get together. And John growing balder all the time! Then I had an idea! John's birthday came the next week, and I said to him, 'John, Mollie and I are going to bring you a birthday supper, up to your rooms, after the play.' He seemed real pleased. Mollie appeared to like the plan too, only she didn't say much. But I caught her putting bows on her white netdress, and she did her hair up in hair pins, the night before. The marks of the pins was all over her head, poor girl, she did them so tight. But she was a person who didn't mind suffering if she looked nice in the end. And she did look lovely in her white dress and her hair frizzled like a cloud. I could see that she surprised John.

"The supper was a very nice one, with lots of chicken salad. That's my favorite—chicken. I smuggled in a few bottles of champagne just to give the party a real birthday look. Mollie and John were timid with each other at first; both of them talked to me and they'd say, 'Now, Mrs. Peetie, have another olive,' or, 'You're very light with the salad, Mrs. Peetie.' But this feeling of shyness wore off, and after awhile I'd get up between courses to look at John's things round the room so as to give them a chance to thaw.

"They kept getting friendlier and friendlier and we spoke toasts and swapped stories and had a real nice party. Well, I won't say how much after three it was when John put us in our cab. He handed me in first, and I could tell that he took a mighty long time to fix Mollie. I kind of looked out of the window and talked, so that they wouldn't feel I was in the way or wanted to hurry them. But all the time I was saying to myself, 'Aha, Mrs. Peetie! I wonder how long before you'll see a diamond ring on Mollies' finger.' For I could judge from John's eyes, even in the dark, that a ring was on the way. I wondered how big it would be. John could afford a good sized one and I had heard Mollie say that she didn't enjoy the sniveling little kind.

"Well you know, it wasn't a week later when Mollie came up in my room, kind of red and giggley, with her hands behind her back. And she said, right saucy like for Mollie, 'What do you think has happened?' And I said, 'You little idiot, when a girl's as red as you are I don't need another guess what's happened! You're engaged to John, and he's given you your ring.'

"Mollie seemed awfully disappointed that I guessed so easy. She's a mighty nice girl, but she didn't seem to realize that if I hadn't looked after her she'd never have got her diamond. You know lots of girls are bright enough and want to get married, but they haven't gumption enough to step forward when a nice man's going by. They need something to give 'em a shove.

"Mollie and John were awfully happy in loving each other. It was something new to them, I guess, and they was so pleased that they wanted to get married right away. Of course there wasn't nothing to hinder, both being orphans and Mollie sick of the stage. I thought they were going it pretty fast for acquaintances, as one might say, but I did'nt care to interfere with my own handiwork by asking them to put off the wedding until they were better acquainted.

"Little Peetie came back from Salt Lake in time for the wedding. My! he was as proud of John and Mollie as if he'd married them instead of me. Mollie and I sewed until one o'clock on her things, but even then, I had to baste her into her wedding dress, and she said, 'I will' with the needles sticking in her where I didn't have time to pull them out. It was exactly two weeks from the night of John's birthday party—They chose it as the anniversary of falling in love. That was a nice idea, wasn't it?

"Our company played 'Shameless Susan' that season, and Peetie sent John on to San Francisco to advertise it and get a nice little wedding trip in, too. When we reached San Francisco Mollie was at the train to meet us. 'Where's John?' I asked. Then I noticed how pale and sullen she looked. 'I don't know,' she answered, kind of flaring up, 'at the hotel, I suppose. I haven't seen him lately; I want to come back in the company, Peetie.' You can imagine how I felt! I was scared to death, for I considered myself responsible for the marriage. I looked at Peetie and he knew that meant, 'Run along!' so Mollie and I went to the hotel together. I didn't find it hard to draw her out. She just ached to ease her troubles to a woman and she hadn't been married long enough to know how to keep things to herself. 'Is he dreadfully cross with you?' I asked her. 'No,' said she. 'Has he bad habits?' 'No,' she answered again. I was out of patience with her then, 'Well for heaven's sake, what is the matter?' 'I don't know,' she said, kind of sorrowful like. 'I don't think we are used to each other. I don't even know how to order his breakfast,' and she began to cry. I tried to comfort her, but she felt bound to be mournful. And when a woman is that way it's only aggravating to yourself to try to cheer her up.

"That night I had a talk with Peetie. He'd seen John in the meantime. 'Of course John's not going to let her go back on the stage,' said I. 'Of course he is,' said Peetie, taking John's part in a minute. 'If she isn't satisfied with a fine fellow like John she might as well go where she'll be happier. He won't stop her.' I was angry with John and Mollie, too, for being too stubborn to give in when they hadn't even quarreled. I worried about the matter dreadfully, but their minds were set.

"John, Peetie and I went on to Los Angeles and left Mollie playing 'Susan's Best Friend.' I made her promise to write to me, and she did it regular, not asking anything about John, though, or writing his name. But I always told her about him in my letters. John used to call often those days, never directly inquiring about Mollie, of course, but listening hard when I told him what she had written. 'Why don't you ask her to come back to you, John,' I said to him one day, for the foolishness of those two young people just wore on my nerves. 'No indeed,' said he, getting stiff, 'she knows enough to come back of her own free will.' Now, there was no reason for them not making up. Most young people who get married don't know any more about each other than John and Mollie did, and I suppose it's as easy to get used to one man's ways as another's.

"Well, matters ran that way for a month when one day while I was darning Peetie's socks in my room, who should open the door but Mollie.'Hello, Mrs. Peetie,' she said quite loud. I hurried right over to the child and put my arms around her. 'Mollie, what have you done to yourself. My dear, you're not big enough to own a shadow.' She was sobbing on my shoulder by that time, 'I know it. I've been so unhappy that I've taken nothing but boiled milk for three weeks.'

" 'Did you come back to John,' I whispered, real low so she needn't be afraid to tell me.

" 'N—n—n—no, not exactly—I've come back to you. Oh how is he, Mrs. Peetie. Tell me how he is! Does he miss me?' And she shook me and cried and almost had hysterics.

"I made her lie down on the bed before I'd open my mind to her. The poor girl's cheeks were hollow and her hair out of friz. Evidently she'd worried as much I had.

" 'Now see here, Mollie,' I began, as stern as I dared, considering how thin she was. 'I'm not going to stand any more fooling. You love John and you know he loves you. If you didn't get acquainted before you was married you might as well make up your mind to now. I'm going to telephone John and he'll probably be over soon. Mind, no more fussing! Be nice to him when he comes!'

"She answered 'Yes, yes,' quite subdued like. And I pulled down the shades and fluffed out her hair and put a pink ribbon round her neck to make her look prettier. Honestly, I never saw a girl look so awfully downcast. But when John came—well, he didn't seem to mind nor she didn't. That was as much as I could judge before I got out of the room. I could hear them say, 'Oh John' and 'Oh Mollie,' and I shut the door in a hurry.

"My, isn't it funny how we happen to marry the men we do! But don't ever try to take Cupid's place at matchmaking. I thought I was in cahoots with the devil instead of Cupid before I got Mollie and John off my hands."

The Peace River Country

By Mabel Clark

When the papers last summer were full of the crop reports from all over the country, those from the far-away Peace River must have been a revelation to many.

"Wheat cutting commenced on July 28th, and all the crops in the district are ripe"—"The acreage of grain this year is larger than ever before, and the crops are magnificent"—"The barley is the finest in the world, a test of 70 pounds to the bushel being quite a common one"—etc., etc., etc.

Most of the settlers in that country are natives of the soil, the scarcity of Dominion land surveyors having retarded the laying out of land for outsiders; but as the base lines have recently been run and surveyors are now going in to subdivide it, the prospects are that in the near future it will be rapidly opened up for homesteading..

Railroad men have also been surveying in the district, and the Canadian Northern and several other roads are said to be petitioning the provincial Government for charters. With the advent of the railway into the north will come the opening up of a wonderful country, a country of which comparatively little is known, even the maps giving but a faint idea of its extent.

The collectors of Revillon Freres perhaps know more of it than anyone else, as they pass up and down the Peace River in the "Midnight Sun" with her load of furs, or the slender canoes marked "Revillon" at the bow. Up the Peace River is the way to the far Northwest, a trail of romance that few have traveled, except the level-eyed, brown-faced men of the paddle and the portage—a trail leading up into the Mackenzie to a country dotted at thousand mile intervals with a fur trading post of a warehouse hidden among the pines.

The valley of the Peace River is the last and largest area of the Far Northwest which is entirely undeveloped. It is by far the most valuable part of the West, and is, in a sense, a world of its own. The Peace in itself is an anomaly in Western rivers, being, from Hudson's Hope, which is sixty miles further up than Fort St. John, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet wide, without obstruction, sand bar, or gravel bar, for a good 500 miles. The rivers tributary to the Peace are immense as to valleys, but, with the exception of the Smoky and South Pine are large only during high water in the spring. Every tributary, big or little, has cut its own valley deep, deep down, and the sides are very steep; teams have to keep back a long way to clear these great coulees. When the top of the bluff is reached, the land stretches away level, or slightly rolling, and beautiful groves of poplar lend their charm to the landscape.

The legend telling how the river got its name says that the Indians of that land, who are of the Beaver tribe (speaking the same language as the Dog Ribs and Yellow Knives of Great

Slave Lake) had been at war with the Crees and Sioux for many years, but a treaty of amity was at last brought about — hence the name — " Peace River.''

It is predicted that some day in the near future a line of railway will be laid on both sides of this great river, but back 20 to 30 miles on account of the coulees.

From the mouth of the Peace (just north of Fort Chippwyan) south to Fort Vermilion, there is a territory on both sides about 75 miles wide, or 150 miles in all, which, notwithstanding high latitude, stands—for soil, climate and natural beauty—unexcelled. From Fort Vermilion to Peace River Landing it is much the same, but best on the north side. From Peace River Landing to the mouth is over 480 miles; this contains what would be, if surveyed, a belt twenty-five townships wide by eighty townships long. Vermilion is at the present time considered the most important point in the north; it depends not only on its immense fur trade,—but also on cattle-raising, wheat growing and flour milling industries established there; their large flour mill was brought from Toronto where it cost $30,000, but over $100,000 before it was safely installed at its destination in the far north. As flour in that vicinity sells for $6 a bag wholesale, and $8 retail, it looks as though the mill would be a very paying investment—its capacity being 200 barrels a day.

At Peace River Landing (about 500 miles north of the nearest railway, but still within the limits of "Sunny Alberta") Mr. Brick, M. P. P. for the district, has been successfully farming for the past eighteen years. In all that time he has never lost a crop and never yet had his grain touched with frost; everything that can be grown in the east has been grown there, corn, pumpkins, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, string beans, cauliflower, etc. New potatoes and green peas are ready for the table by the 12th of July, and wheat raised in that district took the gold medal at the Chicago Exposition.

From Peace River Landing to Dunvegan the country is some of the finest in the west. Driving by wagon road between these two places one hardly finds words to tell the beautiful park-like land, lovely beyond description, gorgeous with flowers of every brilliant color and soil of the richest. The road, to Dunvegan keeps away about twenty miles from the river—the banks of which are 600 to 800 feet above the water, generally starting up from its edge.

When the railroad is an accomplished fact Dunvegan will, in all probability, then be the gateway to the north. It is the most southerly point on the Peace River and has an almost complete water connection with the whole of northern Canada—even to the Arctic Ocean—and as the Peace River flows north, this obviates the necessity of tracking against a current. At Dunvegan the banks are over 1000 feet high; they roll back in a series of great terraces to the plateau above, a succession of poplar and spruce-hedged prairie. Although this country stretches for hundreds of miles east and west, there is hardly a settler in there yet.

About eighty miles south of Dunvegan is Grand Prairie, where there is some good timber land and many belts of beautiful prairie—the soil everywhere being of the richest. Of course agricultural adaptability is an unknown quality there as yet, and will have to be tried, that is wheat raising, but for barley, oats, peas, for butter, and cheese, for raising cattle, horses and pigs, no place can be better.

Going up the river from Dunvegan to Fort St. John, the scenery is unrivalled. Immense forests of spruce and poplar clothe its banks; words cannot describe the lovely sights along the mountain-sides, with every rich color, pale green and dark green, bright and dark red, yellow, orange, light and dark brown, all sweetly intermingled and blended. A fine quality of coal has been found on the creeks, and gold on the bars of Fort St. John.

Traces can still be seen throughout the country of the great herds of buffalo which once roamed over the plains in countless buffalo wallows.

and in such numbers that the earth fairly shook with their mighty tread when a herd went by. A curious story is told by the old Beaver Indians of how these buffalo disappeared. "One summer was wet and cold; the grass was short and thin; then the winter set in, so cold and with snow so deep that none but the strongest could move. Then the *Manitou* sent a Chinook, and that made a crust on the snow. When the spring came the buffalo were all dead, and" (they continued sadly), "we" (the Beavers) "are fast following them."

This great Peace River country when opened up by the railway is going to afford a wide field for enterprise and is eminently a young man's country. There will probably be, when they get in, an unexampled immigration of Americans and a new Anglo-Saxon Dominion, that strong and energetic race whose marvelous development began after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, by the heroes who fought with Raleigh, Frobisher and Drake, and history was only repeating itself when the thunder of Dewey's cannon awakened the echoes of Manila Bay.

A Lament

By George T. Pardy

Dark her eyes; yet darker ever
Is the darkness that they know;
Gray the dust upon them lying
Where the tinted daisies grow.
Cold and white, where friend or lover
May not seek her, never come,
Little hands so pale and listless—
Singing mouth forever dumb.

What though birds in leafy cover
Tune a merry roundelay,
Fast asleep beneath the clover
Heeds she not the break o' day.
On her breast the lotus flowers,
Linger yet in death's perfume,
Like their mistress—stilled to sleeping
By the shadow of the tomb.

⁂

Sam Beach's Bait

By J. J. Armstrong

I had taken a load of wheat to town and, finding I could not get through with my business that evening, in time to return home, I went over to the Cereal hotel to engage a room for the night.

The hotel clerk was telling me that they were filled up, and directing me to a place where he thought I could obtain lodging, when I received a slap on the back, and, turning to see who had administered it, I was confronted by Phil Hawes, an old friend whom I had not seen for some time. Phil and I had been chums when we both worked with a Canadian Pacific Railway bridge gang in the early eighties. He was a big, burly fellow, but his ungainly exterior covered a large, warm heart.

After leaving the Canadian Pacific Railway we had each taken up a homestead in Manitoba, but in different localities. Phil, when he obtained his patent, sold his claim and went to Alberta, started cattle raising, and was then in Manitoba buying stockers for his ranch.

After a "shake hands" and the customary enquiries regarding each other's health, I explained to him my plight.

"I hev a room in this man's town; come upstairs and bunk with me t'night and we'll talk over old times."

Accepting the invitation, I adjourned with Phil to his room. I could see that he had had a drink or two, and I intended, if possible, to keep him upstairs, so started a rambling conversation as I lounged on the bed, Phil taking the only chair and lighting a cigar. Not being a smoker myself I had been forced to refuse a proffered cigar every other minute since we met.

Phil was busy explaining to me all about his ranch and that he was buying stockers, when I broke in and said,

"I want you to come out and visit with me and meet my wife and children; I will try and give you a good time."

"Y' can jest bill me fer one week," he exclaimed; "and we'll set and chat every night about the good old times when we was with the C. P."

I explained to him that my wife would want some of his company as well as I, and that the school teacher boarded with us.

"What," exclaimed Phil, excitedly—"the school-marm board thar! Well, y' can jest wire ahead and cancel the engagement, fer I won't go. Dern school marms anyway. Eve was a school marm er old Adam wouldn't hev got his-self in sicha tangle. Oh, no thanks—no school marm in my dish. Schools and school marms should never hev been invented. They've caused more trouble among the bachelors in this dern kentry than ——"

"Why Phil," I interrupted, "what's the matter? You seem prejudiced against the innocent school ma'am. I always thought she was a boon to the West, especially to the bachelors."

"Well, I'll tell y' why I'm so dodgasted hostile with 'em," said Phil, as he settled himself comfortably and placed his number nines on the window sill:

"When I had put in erbout the first year on my homestead, old Campbell called one day and ast if I was agin hevin' a school in the district; he said they was children risin' up that oughter be schooled. I told him I ain't got no objections, if it ain't too costive. 'Well,' he sez, 'we're hevin' a meetin' at my house on Saturday and we want y' all thar.'"

"Well sir, we was nearly all old maid men and old Si Thomas, he rises on his pins and sez he:"

"'Gents, I ain't any good as an orator, but we need a school; it will be a benefit in several ways. In the first place, the children can go thar and be out of ther mother's way, exceptin' Saturdays and then they could herd the cows . And in the second place, the teacher would hev t' board in the district and by so doin' would leave a little of the necessary with the people she boards with. But in conclusion I'll say we'll hev a hard time a keepin' of the average up at first, but—do you fellers foller me?'—he exclaimed, eyin' us spinster men—'Yes, yes,' we yelled, 'and we're goin' to vote it down'—The old man paid no attention to our last remark but kept on:

"'As I was a-sayin', with the few children at our disposal, it will be hard at first t' keep the average up, but,' sez he, 'we'll engage a woman teacher, and, quite likely, at the end of her first term, she'll give up teachin' and settle in our midst, and then we'll hev t' engage another, and she'll do the same. By-en-by it will be no trouble a-keepin' of the average up. I hopes you single fellers see the p'int,' he said in concludin'"

"'Yes, yes,' we yelled from our reserve seats on the floor—'Git the school and eddicate your children, by all means, and we'll foot the bill.'"

"Well, the school was built and run fer eight months each year, the first teacher speakin' pleasant t' every one, but showin' no disposition t' settle in our midst, and then disappeared from our midst as mysteriously as she come; the next teacher, ditto."

"Well sir, us fellers was jest erbout gettin' discouraged and some talked of closin' the school on week days and keepin' it as a church, fer a student preacher thar every other Sunday."

"Well sir, by-en-by the word went round that the new teacher was here, and boardin' at Sam Beach's. Of course we all pretended we didn't care a hang but if y'd seen the annual turn-out, as the settlers had got t' call it—as us bachelors begun gatherin' eround that school-house fer service that Sunday. Thar stood Jim Wheatley with a bran new, red four-in-hand, jest the color of his face, and Tom Bremner, with a big bunch of imitation geraniums fastened t' his coat—he got 'em when he bought the suit, from a Jew peddler as was goin' through. Such a sight y' never seed. It was like the gatherin' of the Peace Conference, with all nations represented."

"We all stood outside till we saw old Sam Beach's wagon comin', and then made our sneak inter the school, like as if we'd done some depredation and was afraid of justice."

"We all sot down as comfortable as we could. Tom Hawkes, who is six foot two in his socks, tried to crowd his long legs and superfluous hoofs inter little five-year-old Flossie Turner's desk, and, as clumsy Jack Dalton rammed the remainder of his person inter shape on the companion side, I could hear the crunch of a slate, as he got his knees in position and tried to look happy."

"In a short time we heard the rustle of skirts in the porch and we all held our breath and tried t' figger out the sums on the black-board and pretend we wasn't interested in anything but the gospel.

"The next thing we seed was—well, I won't try to describe it—but y'd think it had jest stepped outer the front page of a fashion book. My, but she was a stunner! I could see, at a glance, she'd enroped the whole blessed herd."

"Well sir, we was all tryin' to look comfortable and contented, when the parson, he ups and gives out a hymn, and, sez he, 'We'll rise and sing.' That's where he made a mistake, for, as the people begun t' rise, one after another, long Tom Hawke got erbout half outer his man-trap and got stuck. He pulled away with one leg, then another, then sot down, took er fresh start and tried again. By turnin' both feet sideways, we all thought he'd work the orricle that way, but the toe of his boot got inter the iron of the desk and he had t' set down agin with one leg stretched out under the desk in front of him, and the other bent so as his knee was on a level with the top of his had. He tried once more, and with a mighty effort, he tore the screws out of the floor, and the whole desk, Tom, and the fellers behind, was in a heap."

"The kids was a-laffin', the old folks a-coughin,' and thar stood the school-marm, lookin' like she'd swallered somethin', and the parson the only one singin'."

"At last the preacher stopped and, sez he, 'Is thar a plank eround y' could git and place it on two chairs?' "—meanin' fer the men t' sit on. Old Sam Beach looks up and sez, serious like:

" 'Oh, he ain't hurt bad; he's only tangled in the debris. We'll ontangle him if he'll only lay still.' "

"Then the preacher starts up singin' where he left off—"In the Sweet By-and-By."

"I tell y' the sermon didn't help the heathen much that day. But y' should of seen them crazy fellers when church was let out. They was all 'Good day, Mr. Beach,' and 'How's yer health,' and all kinds of nice enquiries.

"I was delayed gittin' out and couldn't git near the old man, fer the dang fools was crowdin' eround him like calves in a brandin' chute."

"Well sir, old Sam Beach saw the lay of the land and started throwin' out bait; he sez, kinder careless like, 'I'm away behin' with my seedin' this spring. Luck seems agin me somehow.'

"Just then I steps forward and sez I:

" 'Mr. Beach, I hev a poor old father in Ontario who might be behin' with his seedin', and I would be glad to know some more fortunate bein' was a-helpin' him in his old age; and, with them thoughts in my mind, I will offer my services and my team's services t' y' till yer crop is in, and all I'll ast is my board.'

"Well sir, my oration kinder staggered the rest of 'em mavericks, and they stood gazin' at us like calves lookin' through the fence when yer comin' with the feed pail, and then they all moaned like a camp-meetin' convert, and every darn one of 'em had the gall t' offer thar services and thar team's services, and, as old Sam told me afterwards, he hated to refuse help from a neighbor."

"Sech a turn-out as came to Beach's the next day was a caution. Every man had on his Sunday pants under his jeans. Of course I did, but I was expectin' t' hev t' go t' town or somewhere before I was through."

"At dinner we all left our overalls on, fer the teacher took her dinner t' school, but at supper time sech a rippin' of cottonades as we sot on the mangers and tried to pull 'em off without removin' our boots. Did I say boots?—Well, I meant shoes, fer every feller had come with his Sunday shoes on—they all had corns and shoes was easier on their feet.

"Well, it aint necessary t' say Sam got his crop in before any other man in the kentry. He was only three days a-doin' it, fer, when the teacher and us was settin' eround nights, old Sam would throw out more bait and say as how this feller's team was dandies, and he never seed a team do so much seedin'. Why, we even got t' racin' all day so'd we be on the honor roll at night. And, as I found out afterwards, old Sam was a-goin' from one t' the other in the field sayin' as how the teacher fancied this feller's fine form and the other feller's hair, and he even told me she admired my eyes, although I knowed they was a bit crossed."

"But to come on with my tale of woe. When we was through seedin' each man pulled his freight fer home t' try and finish his own seedin' before it was too late. We'd just got erbout four days' work done when Sam, he comes eround t' foot ball practice, and sez he, kinder gently like:

" 'If you fellers hadn't been so dod-gasted kind, helpin' me t' seed, I'd hev a bee and plant my taters.'

" 'When are y' goin' to plant 'em,' we chorused.

" 'I was a-thinkin' t' morrer if it was fine.'

"Well sir, in ten minutes thar wasn't a maverick in the bunch but had promised t' help. Of course I didn't care who went, fer when Sam said she admired my eyes, I knew the rest of me was dead easy; but then hadn't he told me I was her ch'ice, but that I'd better stick to her closer'n a bacon rind, er some of them other dogies would drive me off the range."

' Well sir, he'd told every on of 'em imbecile hermits a similar story, an' here we was, all thinkin' we was the whole cheese and the others just skippers. Oh, the old man was slow, I don't think. He had good bait and had caught a string of suckers.

' Well sir, as time went on, Sam got t' wearin' his good clothes on week days and jest walked eround the farm bossin' the gang.

' I never see sech a transformation as come over the Beach homestead Fer every pail of water t' be fetched er arm of wood t' cut, they was three t' do it. In fact the old lady jest sot and knit. Us old antidiluvian sons of toil done the milkin' churnin', washin' dishes, and some, who had learned the fine art, baked the bread and would make the yeast and put the dough t' rise at night, wound up in the table cloth and all the old coats and mats they could muster. On service Sundays, if Beach and his followin' didn't turn up, the preachin' was called off. Oh, things was swell them days."

' Old Si Thomas sent his missus over t' the school t' call on the teacher and say as how that it was a shame t' think of any poor girl comin' inter the district t' waste her time upliftin' the fallen children, and hevin' t' pay her board; and sez she: 'Me'n Si has talked it over and we'd keep y' at our place fer nothin'.'

' Of course the teacher thanked her fer her kind offer but declined, fer who knows, perhaps I wouldn't be at Thomases, and then how could she admire my eyes?

' Everythin' went along smoothly until Bill Morley came nosin' eround Bill had kept hisself aloft from the rest of us, and contented hisself by remainin' at the rear while us Quigleys took the skirmishin' line. He'd sold his farm and was jest hangin' eround buyin' an odd critter, fer he was goin' ranchin',—but he allers made a excuse over every few days, astin' old Beach if he'd sell this calf er that cow, and occasionally callin' at the school t' enquire of the kids if they'd seen any stray cattle eround.

' Well, at last came the time fer the Winnipeg exhibition, and the teacher ast leaf of the trustees t' close the school fer a week as she'd like t' see the Western Metropolis. Of course they granted it; fer, if they'd refused her anythin' we'd lambasted 'em so hard they'd thought they was ossified.

' Say, every one of 'em white-livered chumps at Beach's had decided t' take in the 'Peg', show week, but, when we mentioned it t' Sam, he said as how he couldn't very well spare any of us off the farm, and that ended our gay expectations of buyin' pink lemonade and chocolates for our Garjen Angel, as we'd got t' call her.

' When the show was over, back come the teacher as rosy and perlite as ever—and so did Bill Morley, fer Bill was the only free Injun on the Reserve of all us old ante-nuptials in Beach's neighborhood, and he was allowed to roam at will, without a permit from old Sam.

' After a while it got noised eround that Bill and the teacher was a-crowdin' pretty close t' each other all show week; some of the people as was thar said as how they'd seed 'em suckin' lemons and eatin' peppermints on the gran' stan', and as how, on America Day, Bill had bought her a starry fan all stripes and souvenir eagle on it.

' Well sir, I could see the boys crowdin' up t' old Sam whenever they could get a chance, and I hed an idea they was a-puttin' it t' him. At last I met old Sam in the field and sez I: 'Mr. Beach, what erbout that rumor that is floatin' eround this rooral district erbout my teacher skatin' eround, show week, with that measley-faced, wall-eyed, Jew nosed stag they calls Bill Morley?' And,' sez I, I'm goin' t' ast her what she means by kerryin' on in my absence.'

" Now look here, Phil,' sez the old man; 'Youse is goin' t' get tangled in yer own rope, if y' start scoldin' the heifer before yer married. In talkin' t' wimmen y' hev t' go easy like and roll the words eround in yer mouth like a piece of hot apple tart as is too warm t' swaller. You jest leave it t' me and I'll ast her and tell 'er y' doubt her love, and she'd need t' hev a care, fer thar was other girls wantin' y'.'

'' Yes, yes,' I sez, excited like; tell 'er as thar is three girls up kentry jest waitin' fer me t' come erlong, till they can enrope me with thar lariats of love. Yes, Sam, put it to her hard, and she'll think I ain't catched so gol dern easy. Tell 'er', sez I, 'these other mavericks is easy, but I'm a regler Beau Brummel in these parts.'

' That evenin' the old man comes t' me, very solemn-like, and sez he: 'Phil, I believe y' made a mistake in lettin' yer wroth get the upper hand of y', fer when I spoke t' the teacher, she sez, sez she: I never thought Mr. Hawes would question my sincerity,' and then started fer 'er room, subbin' like thunder, and sayin': 'I'll never forgive him.'

' Well sir, I shook like a whole tree of aspen leaves, and sez I t' old Sam: Go tell 'er I will clime the ladder of success and stan' on my head. Yes, tell 'er,' sez I, 'that I'll fly t' the uttermost parts of the airth. Tell 'er, sez I, that the steamboat, plowing the briny waves of Lake Superior, er a tea train, whistlin' thro' the lan', would be like a snail t' the way I'd move my freight t' 'er and throw my athletic form at 'er feet, and plead with 'em eyes she admires so much, fer fergiveness. Oh,' sez I, 'if I could only gaze on that alabastine neck and look inter them orbs of fire, as I whispered inter 'er shell-like ear, endearin' words of love, and hear the zeffer wind whisper from them coral lips and pearl-like teeth, the sugar-coated words: 'Phil, I fergive yer.'

' Now,' sez Sam, 'she's a woman, and will pretend nothin' is wrong, and meet y' jest the same as ever in 'er cool, perlite way, so don't make a ass of yerself till I tell yer the time is ripe, and the fruit ready t' fall at yer command.' So I bided my time, same as the rest of the herd, fer old Sam had give 'em all simler yarns, as we foun' out on comparin' notes afterwards

' Well, I'm gettin' sleepy and I'll cut my story short. Things went on gettin' from bad t' worse, and none of us crowdin' any closer t' the school marm than we was at the beginnin'. We cut the old man's crop and lost half of our'n, and, as he gethered his flock tergether fer the fall plowin', he sez 'Boys, as soon as the plowin's done I'm goin' t' give er dance.' Then he told each of his foster family that all they had t' do the night of the dance was t' git the teacher over'n some corner and perpose; and the rest was as easy as fallin' down a well.

' We was expectin' t' finish by Saturday night, and on Friday, when we come in at noon, t' chew, here was old Mrs. Beach, holdin' a letter in her han' and pretendin' t' cry.

' As I led the herd in she mopped her eyes with 'er apern and handed me the letter; it was from the school-marm, she'd give it t' 'er as she paid 'er bill, and Bill Morley helped 'er out with 'er trunk. As near as I can recollect, the letter was worded like this:

" Dear Madam, Youse has been very kin' and motherly sence I come here, and the boys has treated me fine, and I hopes y'll all fergive me fer not tellin' youse before, but I married Mr. William Morley exhibition week, and we leave to-day fer his ranch in Alberta. I do hopes I takes the good wishes of the boys and the people of the district with me; yours faithfully, M. Mary Martin-Morley.'

' Well say, the dinner went untasted that day. Such a Babbleum, as I headed the stampedin' mavericks fer the stable. Say, I won't tell y' what they said, fer I know yer inclined t' be religious. Some wanted t' persue 'em and bring 'em back, and others, that was more cooler, said: 'No, we'll all chip in, and hire a good lawyer, and sue old Sam fer breach of promise.' "

I saw Phil was feeling sleepy, and I did not question him any. He arose, stretched and yawned, reached for the water pitcher, gulped down about two quarts, and as he steadied himself and replaced the pitcher carefully in the basin, he remarked:

' Yes, I'd like to spend a few days with y' if y' wasn't winterin' that school marm, but I hev allus been scary of a trap, sence I bit at old Sam Beach's bait."

Sweet Peas

By Agnes Campbell Purves

These,
Delicious sweet peas,
Tell of sun-kissed leas,
Of birds and of bees,
Of a white frame house, and a belt of trees,
Just stirred by the breeze.
A kind hand there, has gathered these,
All these, delicious sweet peas.

They pass,
With the honied smell,
And the color as well,
Like the flush of green in the valley outspread.
Where the gentle flow,
Of the brook below,
Is scarcely heard as sweet and low,
Like a thread of silver its waters go!
We pass as they; from giving and getting,
From sad remembering, and glad forgetting.
We pass and change,
To a higher range;
I see the gate,
Let us labor and wait!

The Ultimate Northwest

By Agnes Deans Cameron

National Magazine, May 1907.

For dere's no place lak our own place,
Don't care de far you're goin-.
Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin',
w'enever dey come here.
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de
beeges' reever flowin'
An le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine
nearly twelve mont' ev'ry year.
Drummond's Habitant.

"The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if ever it is finished, through a country frost-bound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect Eastern Canada with a country about as forbidding as any on the face of the earth." So spoke a prophet a quarter of a century ago.

And he was a prophet not without honor in his own country It was the voice of Labouchere in London *Truth*.

These were days when British school geographies contained choice little titbits like these: "Canada is a country of 300,000,000 acres, mostly frozen wastes and swamps." "Haymakers are frozen to death within their tents." "Indians are not quite tame." "Hay making has usually been done by night, for men dare not face the flies."

The little girls who shyly divided their luncheons with demi-clad sweethearts in the little red school houses of the United States, polished off their geographical next-door neighbor with, "North of our country is Canada, a cold land which belongs to England; here hardy men trade in furs."

To Canadians themselves, the Great Lakes were the western gates of an unesteemed fur preserve beyond which stretched British Columbia, "the sea of mountains." Canada was the ship that had not yet found herself; the potential wealth of an empire was there between those Great Lakes and the sea, but the young giantess had not yet guessed her strength.

It was really the Americans who discovered Western Canada, who pouring over the invisible parallel of '49 found there a land that spelled "Opportunity," and who wrought on that virgin soil an object lesson of forty bushels of hard wheat to the acre, saying to the people of Canada, in the words of Cassius, "I your glass will modestly discover to yourself that of yourself which you yet know not of."

Canada is awake. She has outlived Kipling's calumny of "Our Lady of the Snows," and blossomed out into "The Granary of the Empire," "Our Lady of the Sunshine," another name we might claim for her. Minnesota is known as "The Bread-and-Butter State," then Canada is "The Sandwich Country of England." The bread goes in bulk and the beef on hoof. It is the substantial sandwich of the schoolboy, and can be seasoned to taste. The mustard is merely hinted at when some ardent Canadian clamors for treaty-making powers. Canada is the last unstaked Empire under a white man's sky and we are witnessing within its borders the birth-throes of an entirely new Anglo-Saxon nation.

Labouchere's "forbidding country" basks in three hundred full days of sunshine in a year, sunshine which coaxes phenomenal harvests out of the soil, and draws 50,000 Americans and three times 50,000 additional immigrants into its borders every year.

Canada is a country with a meagre past, a solid present and an illimitable future. The railways of Western Canada gridiron a prairie-land of 200,000,000 fertile acres only a fraction of which is cultivated, yet it produced last year 95,000,000 bushels of the best wheat grown, and has country elevators to store this wealth with a capacity of some 36,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1906 was garnered with the help of

25,000 imported harvest hands, and during the year 80,000 range-fed cattle were shipped to Europe.

The one Province of Manitoba, against which *Truth* belied its name, contains a population of half a million, with a capital city, Winnipeg, the "Buckle of the Wheat Belt" counting its 120,000 people.

The people of Manitoba cultivate a million acres of oats and three times that extent of wheat; their wonder-capital is growing at a greater rate than any city in America to-day. It spent $10,000,000 on new buildings in 1905 and $12,000,000 in 1906, and its bank clearings for the current year will reach the mark of one thousand million dollars. This turning of hard wheat into hard dollars is the most solid kind of commerce on the Continent, and partakes the least of elements of chance.

I hear the pessimist say, "But your terrible winter will give immigration a set-back for 1907."

What a bugbear bugaboo that "severe winter of Canada" is to the croaker, and the outsider with jaundiced eye and imagination! Many writers on things Canadian make the weather a thing tabooed. I may be old-fashioned, but I think most subjects are best attacked from the front. First of all, then, Western Canada is not the banana-belt. As a rule, old Mother Nature doesn't grow her bananas and hard wheat in the same backyard, though the grapes of Niagara and the peaches of British Columbia will continue to draw prizes in the International Expositions of two continents.

If Canadian newspapers and magazines would persistently tell the truth about the weather conditions in every quarter of the Larger Canada, much would be gained and little lost. In the past much has been avoided and not a little suppressed. If every feature of the picture were given as Cromwell insisted on having his face painted, "Wart and all," I think we'd be able to exclaim with the old Scot, "Honesty *is* the best policy—I've tried *baith*."

It is true that Canada has had a very heavy precipitation of snow this year. It is equally true that this is a blessing, with a very thin disguise. The great quantity of snow that has fallen assures enormous crops this year. It means ample moisture for years to come, and in every way carries compensating benefits. No country that produces No. 1 Hard wheat can do without some zero weather.

Winter frost and summer sunshine working on a soil pregnant with fatness are the factors which write on Canadian wheat the sterling mark. The long hours of fervent sunshine on the prairies are a revelation to newcomers. One may read in June until 9:30 in the open air in a most marvelous twilight, and by three o'clock the sun is again well on his rounds, the whole sky flooded with amber light.

And the sunsets! What do dwellers among the sky scrapers of the big cities know or dream of the prairie sunsets! Nowhere in the world is clearer air than this; from the Canadian Experimental Farm at Indian Head, one can plainly see wheat elevators thirty-five miles away. In Canada there is more sunshine, more air space, more land, more room than anywhere else that is left—it is the last and best frontier.

From the day the first prairie schooner tacked across the plains with its precious freight to this year of grace 1907, there has been ample room for the land-hungry homesteader.

Canada, like the widow's cruse of oil, seems to grow with the using. One supposes there is an ultimate frontier somewhere between wheat fields and eternal ice, but where shall we find it? The old geographers fixed it at the international boundary. Then it was supposed to be at Winnipeg. For years Edmonton was the "Last House," and Edmonton is eight hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, and yet four hundred miles north of Edmonton again good wheat is grown and milled. Fort Simpson is eight hundred and eighteen miles north of Winnipeg, and Fort Simpson grows sixty-two and a half bushels to the acre.

The fact is that no attempt has been made to fix the northern limit of the soil which invites agriculture and offers rich reward to the willing farmer, and it is no less an authority than Prof.

Macoun of the Dominion Geological Service who puts himself on record as saying that wheat growing can be pursued as a profitable occupation even up to within three miles of the shores of Hudson's Bay. And this is Canada, "the few arpents of snow" that the Bourbon monarch declared was not worth fighting over.

But it is the optimist that walks the land to-day. Every man you meet seems to have a mountain or a waterfall or a forest of his own; lads on the prairie own quarter sections before they are twenty, and in British Columbia, a boy of eighteen rode to South Africa with Strathcona's Horse, and returning bought up half of Bulkely Valley with Government soldier's scrip before he reached his majority.

But there is no room for the idler; the time has come to proclaim that the game here has to be played by men and not quitters. We are reminded of the man who squatted on a dry section in Southern Alberta, and his farm the first year did not blossom as the rose. Disgusted he pulled up stakes and vamoosed the ranch, with grim humor tacking up the sign, "Thirty miles to wood, a thousand feet to water, thirty feet to hell." Then came along an astute Yankee who turned the quid in his cheek and remarked, "I think it's just worth investigatin', this here brimstone bizness." His claim to-day is worth $25 an acre; irrigation turned the trick.

Yet you will find hundreds of men in the West crying down the very name of irrigation, for fear someone somewhere, will get the idea that Canada is an arid waste. These are the men who want to hermetically seal the weather reports and take the thermometers inside on cold nights.

They object to the Canadian Pacific Railway's advertisements of the irrigated lands. Yet to my mind this same irrigation scheme, gigantic in its scope, is in itself an object lesson of the great faith of a great company in a great land. A short description of the stupendous project should not be without interest.

The area included in the big company's irrigation undertaking comprises a block of three million acres situated east of Calgary, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Bounded on the west by the 115th meridian, and on the south by the Bow River, the block has an average length east and west of one hundred and fifty miles, and a width north and south of forty miles. The section involved is an open prairie plateau with an average elevation of 2,800 feet above the ocean-level. The soil is unusually fertile.

It is expected that about 1,100,000 acres will be ultimately irrigated, at a total cost to the constructing company of $5,000,000. and this expenditiure, taken in conjunction with the area which it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

The needed water is obtained from the Bow River which heads in the Rocky Mountains to the west and carries three thousand feet per second at extreme low water, with a high-water or flood discharge of thirty-five thousand second feet.

The water is delivered to every quarter section of land at a cost to the farmer of fifty cents per acre per annum, probably the lowest maintenance charge ever made by any irrigation company.

The laws of Canada for the acquirements of water titles, are equalled by few countries in the world. This certainty regarding water titles will be most appreciated by people who have had experience in irrigated agriculture, and it is to the irrigated sections of the United States that Alberta can look most confidently for colonists. The land and water values under the canal system will reach in time the prices now being paid in Wyoming, Montana, and Utah, that is, anywhere from $25 to $200 per acre. No one thing so inspires confidence on the part of an irrigator as seeing that nothing remains to be done but to raise the headgate. Many of the irrigation farmers in Colorado have seen their land rise from the Government price of $1.25 an acre to from $50 to $200 an acre, and under similar conditions history will repeat itself. These Americans who came to Canada to spy out the land, readily appreciate the opportunities of combining an irrigated farm with grazing stock on the open range.

The introduction of an unfailing quantity of cheap water as a factor into the farming problem of Calgary is going to be revolutionary in its effect. It is impossible to state adequately the amount of commerce this added agricultural settlement will create, without seeming to exaggerate. The one hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land in the Poudre Valley, Colorado, furnished over thirty thousand car-loads of produce last year to the railway lines crossing it, and made this the best paying piece of railroad property, mileage considered, to be found in the state. While equal results can not be anticipated under this Calgary canal system in the immediate future, that three-million acre garden is coming It scarcely needs a prophet to stand on the edge of this mighty ditch and smell the sweetly-redolent blossoms of the future.

Southern Alberta is only semi-arid at the most, but experience proves that the farmer who has water available to give his crop a drink when they most need it is going to have a bigger bank balance than the man whose prayers for rain are not backed by an irrigation ditch.

What can one grow in Calgary district? Everything from a sugar-beet to forty-bushel wheat, from a strawberry to a grade Shorthorn.

The irrigation farmer here is an enthusiast; he tells you that crop growing without irrigation is a crude system, and lauds "ditch farming" as the most ancient, highly-developed and scientific system of culture. He contends that, even in the most humid countries, seldom a season passes where the application of water at the critical moment would not add materially to the value of the crop. And truly, the tendency of the age is towards insurance. We insure against the death of live stock and crop destruction by hail storms. In Western Canada, the farmer goes one step further and insures against the absence of rainfall.

In trying to give a bird's eye view of awakened Canada, one is handicapped by an embarrassment of riches; it is the double-ringed circus of our youth multiplied twenty times over. One thinks first of wheat and tries to follow it from the boundary of the Great Republic up to Professor Macoun's fringe of Hudson's Bay, and from Lake Superior's Thunder Cape to Calgary's rolling foothills, a large rectangle one thousand miles long and five hundred wide, fat with potential harvests. Each year the golden stream flows wider and stronger and deeper down to the Great Lakes, and so out to the Eastern Sea, and now another stream pours westward through Rocky Mountain interstices to that other sea where "the sun comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay," and where the hungry millions of the Orient are beginning to learn the taste of Canadian flour. And the wheat grows and ripens faster than Canadian railways can carry it, and all over the vast country new lines are being laid and these too will be laden to the last box-car, and with their completion will be the driving of the first spikes of other lines, spine-roads with long ribs and little ribs, for the wheat harvest will continue to roll out in a rich flood and the development of the West, this Ultimate Frontier, has just begun. The rush for the wheat fields of 1907 will be greater than that of 1906; in fact the newcomers are on the ground and it has already begun.

New towns spring from villages into full blossomed cityhood within the space of two or three short years. As a conspicuous example, one thinks of the vigorous city of Saskatoon.

This new city is four hundred and thirty-five miles from Winnipeg: three hundred miles from Edmonton the Gateway of the Mackenzie Basin; two hundred and sixteen miles from the United States, and about ninety miles southeast of Prince Albert. Those who know Saskatoon, the new city of the Saskatchewan, call it the "Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt," since it occupies the central geographical position in Western Canada and has railways now built or building, radiating to all parts of the compass and connecting it with almost all places in the new province of Saskatchewan and the whole of Western Canada.

Before even the 1907 wheat crop is threshed, the Canadian Pacific Railway will have two secondary transcontinental lines in operation through Saskatoon, between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental, judging from the energy and dispatch of their contractors now at work on their main line through Saskatoon, will be hauling out grain from the Saskatchewan wheat fields this fall. The Canadian Northern main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, traversing the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, crosses the south branch at the northern doorway of Saskatoon and connects with this rising city by means of the Q. L. L. & S. Railway.

Wheat in Saskatchewan brings the railways. Railway promotors don't lay rails into a No-Man's Land.

And wheat is but one factor of our wealth. Thirty-nine years ago, the value of Canada's foreign trade was $129,553,194, and last year it was $546,957,437, which is four times more for 1906 than for 1868. Merchandise, the produce of Canada, exclusive of coin and bullion, was exported in 1868 to the value of $48,504,899, and in 1906 our exports grew to $234,483,956, being a five fold increase. From 1868 to 1906, our exports of animals and their products grew from $6,893,167 to $66,145,960; of manufactures from $2,100,411 to $24,561,112, and of mineral products from $1,276,129 to $35,469,631.

Our sandwich is not the polite sandwich of the boudoir. We have emphasized the bread part of it, but it has meat in it too—good, red-blooded beef. Calgary, at the foot-hills of the Rockies, is the heart of the cattle country.

You are not three minutes off the train till you realize that Calgary is a cow-town; the ear-marks are unmistakable, and in this she is but working out her manifest destiny. Nature has long been perfecting Alberta for cattle raising. Long ago, the buffalo in uncounted hordes lived therein and foregathered among the foot-hills for their winter feeding. The analogy is plain—where buffalo fed is good grazing for Shorthorn and Hereford.

The daily papers here are rife with records of the registered marks of all stock owners, and Mr. Wilson, chief of the recording office at Medicine Hat, reports that the total number of brands for the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan for the year 1906 would run over thirty thousand.

Around Calgary is a cattle range bigger than Texas, equal in size to six states as large as Pennsylvania, and from this one city alone 40,000 beeves were shipped on the hoof last year for England.

Most of the country is now let out on Government leases. The annual rental is four cents an acre, and the law will not permit an average of more than one head to graze on every twenty acres.

Everything is under rigid Government supervision, carried out by the mounted police and their veterinary surgeons. The police patrol the ranches; they enforce the law regarding contagious diseases and dip every doubtful head from the United States, to prevent Texas fever and other plagues. Most of the stock is well-bred, $1,200 being no unusual price to pay for a Shorthorn, Polled Angus or Galloway bull.

Twenty acres a head go to the making of a cattle ranch in the country where the growing grass is sun-cured to the roots and the cattle feed out the year around. The Indians own cattle, register their brands, and share equally with the whites all the protection of the stockmen's laws.

This Alberta foot-hill country has made a name for itself as a horse-raising center. The champion Hackney stallion at the St. Louis World's Fair, Saxon, was bred and reared on the plains of Central Alberta, eleven miles from Calgary. Climate and soil conditions are almost perfect for raising of heavy draft horses. Teams that weigh 3,200 pounds and upward are worth $400 or $500, between 2,800 and 3,200 pounds the average price would be $375.

When we consider that it costs no more in Central Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, we realize that in heavy horse production there is a sure road to success for the skilled stockman.

And we have seen that there is an equally tempting field for the cattle-king. The market effect of the self-cured prairie grasses is to put a finish on beef almost equal to grain feeding. Around Calgary I saw on the range cattle and young horses fat as any grain-fed animals south of the line, and grain was to them yet an untried taste; their up-keep had cost their owner nothing.

In the town itself I saw a train-load of 1,400 pound steers en tour for England, raised on grass, and grass alone–they were shaky fat. Calgary is the scene every May of the largest individual purebred cattle auction sale in the world, over five hundred head of all breeds being offered at last year's sale. The sales of 1904 and '05 realized a total of $52,702.

Flockmasters are also on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Mutton and wool now command top prices. Woolen mills are being established, and the markets for mutton expand till far-off Yukon is reached.

History repeats itself, and ever all wealth is from the land. The rich nutritious bunch-grasses with their running root-stocks (*Festuca scabrella* and *Canium*) fed countless herds of buffalo. Sarcee, Salteux, Cree and Blood subsisted entirely on these animals. The buffalo are gone, and the braves are few, but still the sun-cured grasses feed herds of Herefords and another race of men build bigger tepees and possess the land.

The available range land in the whole Canadian West, however, remains vastly out of proportion to the stock feeding upon it. The grazing land is estimated at 195,000,000 acres, and the stock raised all through the West is not more than 800,000 cattle and horses and 300,000 sheep; that is to say, there is an average of one hundred and ninety-five acres for each animal. Obviously there is plenty of room for development in the ranching business.

But wheat and cattle and horses do not exhaust the wealth of the New Empire. It would take a book to tell of the mines of Canada, of the mines of its one westernmost province alone, British Columbia.

Then in the east is Sudbury, with the largest deposit of nickel in the world, the new-found Cobalt, which is shipping ore at the rate of a million dollars a month.

Far west is the little island of Vancouver, a kingdom in itself, with a range of reproduction reading like a fairy tale. Vancouver Island produces incomparable strawberries which it ships as far east as Winnipeg; it grows firs three hundred feet high which topple into ice-free harbors and are carried to Australia and China and the isles of the sea. It rears prize stock, and runs paper-pulp mills, and sets the hall-mark on all Western coal, as the prairies do on the wheat.

Vancouver Island outfits sealing fleets; it cans sockeye, salmon. and catches whales by steam; it breeds pedigreed English setters, and exports English holly-berries and picks roses in the open air at Christmas time.

And yet to people in England, to the 90,000,000 of the United States, and even to many of the people of Canada east of the Rockies, this same Vancouver Island is not very closely differentiated from Robinson Crusoe's Island with Friday and the goats.

For some unknown reason, Englishmen know much more of Australia than they do of Canada. One cause for this has been suggested in the fact that Australians play cricket and Canadians do not. The average Canadian boy would rather take a licking than play a game of cricket, and I don't know that I blame him. My idea of cricket is a broiling sun, a scrupulously smooth cricket pitch, several fat men in painfully vivid blazers, and a tent with lemonade. That's not good enough for a live Canadian boy. It isn't that he doesn't love sport; he's just full of the mellow juice of life, and will organize a baseball team if he has to press into the nine his little sister and the hired man.

Still, the close similarity in sports would seem to be the bond between England and Australia. The chief events of the racing world are the Derby, the Grand Prix and the Melbourne Cup, with the King's Plate as poor fourth, and sports after all, as I think it is Professor Lord who remarked, are a closer bond of union than politics.

There is one phase of community life in Canada that should appeal to the women of England. Canada is fast becoming a Bachelor's Land. Over fifty thousand more men than women settle in the country every year. It is to be deprecated that British women to-day prefer remaining in the Old Land and agitating for what they consider their rights in it, rather than coming over to secure those which await them in Greater Britain across the Atlantic.

* * *

In statistics, I have tried to give some slight idea of what the development of the Wheat Belt means and will mean to Canada.

But the really remarkable event here in 1907 is not told in figures; it is the recent quickening of our own faith in the greatness of our destiny, not a blind faith in some Providence or Power outside which is going to do great things for us while we sit with a receptive smile and cross our hands, but a compelling impulse to take things in hand ourselves, to say,

> "It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scoll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul."

All over Canada we stand on tiptoe, on the eve of great things. No nation young, strong, vigorous and hopeful ever faced a brighter future. We have a new, clean slate to begin on.

The provinces that before confederation were weak and isolated are being welded into a nation, the new, strong nation of Larger Canada. With this growth comes responsibility as well as that self-insistent word "rights."

Every citizen of Canada has his own separate privilege, to help, as far as one can help, to shape the policy of a nation; a privilege which he ought not to abandon to any Government, to any leader, to any party caucus.

In forming a national conscience, as in forming individual character, it is a struggle between self-seeking and self-sacrifice; and in neither war is there any discharge.

The Magnetism of Carstairs

By H. McK. Evans

There's a fascination about Carstairs, Alberta, that one cannot resist. You get a favorable impression when you approach this thriving town on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, for the district round about is rich and prosperous. The plains slope gradually down east and west and the Rocky Mountains, seventy miles away, present a continual view that delights the eye.

Then when you alight from the train the people seem bubbling over with the very enthusiasm of living. You meet a townsman whose thoughts turn municipally and he expatiates at length upon the strides being made by Carstairs:—The completion of the magnificiently appointed modern brick school-house, the establishment of a fire department with an efficient corps and two chemical extinguishers, or some other topic of civic interest. And the feeling is borne in upon you that here is local pride and loyalty in superlative form.

You next run across an agriculturist who has dropped in to trade at one of the superb retail stores and he opens up strong on the Canadian Society of Equity.

"Why, do you know," he asks, "that our organization in the Carstairs branch has eighty members and has sold nearly two hundred shares? It's almost a dead certainty that we'll erect an eighty thousand bushel elevator here this year. We get eight to ten cents more for wheat and three to four cents more for oats than the average independent farmer."

You begin to realize there's something doing hereabouts.

Rural telephone lines are now comparatively common. Some of them have utilized wire fences instead of the regular pole service and in all cases secured satisfactory results.

It is, however, in its dairying industry that Carstairs and district show the most pronounced advancement. Creameries have sprung up all over till, as one resident remarked, "the cow is going to make the country famous." Mixed, or as it is generally called, "intensive," farming builds up the greatest nations in the world and will continue to make wealthy the agricultural sections which adopt and stick to it. From dairying this magnificent piece of prairie will wring a steady stream of opulence.

I talked with a landman and imagine my surprise on hearing that there are still homesteads to the west of the town. These, there is no doubt whatever, will soon be occupied, for the land boasts a splendid fertility as shown by the following returns chosen from a list of yields during the past year:

Josiah Hallman, bushels of wheat per acre, 47.

J. Bellamy, bushels of wheat per acre, Turkey Red, 66 on sod.

Chas. Greenway, bushels of wheat per acre, 52.

Dorsey McDaniels, bushels of wheat per acre, 52½.

J. Devins, bushels of wheat per acre, 55.

H. F. Griffiths, bushels of wheat per acre, 50.

Chas. Johnston, bushels of wheat per acre, 38.

F. James, bushels of wheat per acre, 43.

Chas. Winfield, bushels of wheat per acre, 41.

Fred Budgeon, bushels of wheat per acre, 50.

Ward White, bushels of wheat per acre, Turkey Red, 57.

H. F. Griffiths, bushels of Tartar King Oats, 98.

The visitor to Carstairs comes away promising himself, as I did, that he'll not be long returning.

ROSEBUD
CREAMERY

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM WILD.

"How in the world did you get the public to believe that you had a genuine 'wild man?' " asked the museum manager. "I billed a 'wild man,' but no one would believe he was really wild."

"Oh, it was dead easy with my 'wild man,' " chuckled the manager of the side show. "I added on the bills that he had 200 wives and no one could doubt that he was wild."

JUST THE OPPOSITE.

"How is your brother, Harker?"

"Oh, he is in business that will open your eyes."

"You don't say, what is it?"

"Why he sells alarm clocks."

"That's funny. My brother is in business that will close your eyes."

"Really? What is it?"

"Why, he markets onions."

THE DEACON'S INDISCRETION.

The deacon called in at the smithy for a chain which the blacksmith had been welding together. Seeing the chain on the floor, the deacon lifted it, and, finding it red-hot, dropped it with an explosive "H—l!" Then recovering himself, hastily said, "I like to have said."

KNEW THE NUMBER.

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the dessert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly

"Now, papa, tell the other one,"

IDENTIFIED.

A teacher showed his small pupil a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"

"A horse in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.

WASTED HEROISM.

"What made that fireman so mad?"

"He was nearly cut off and burned to death in that building that just collapsed."

"But that was in the line of duty; if he were afraid, why did he venture into it?"

"He heard Jinx bewailing the fact that his typewriter was in the building?"

"Did he succeed in saving her?"

"He tried to, but it wasn't 'her,' it was a machine."

HE WAS HUNGRY.

Father had just sunk the carving knife in the turkey when there came the usual ring at the bell.

"Look here, Maud," he said sternly, "if that young man of yours is going to call four nights a week regularly, tell him to come after dinner." "It isn't necessary, father," replied the young girl. "That's what he comes after."

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's musicale)—Mercy: What are all these wash-boilers and flat-irons and things in the parlor for?

Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished those things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Tramp--Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' such a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!

Housekeeper—As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.

Tramp—Yes, mum; but you know the old adage, "After dinner rest awhile; after supper walk a mile." I'll walk the mile first, mum.

STRANGE CASE OF HEREDITY.

She—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are quite effeminate. How do you account for it.

He—It's hereditary, I suppose. One-half of my ancestors were males and the other half females.

HOW TO USE A FIRE-ESCAPE.

There is a well-known, very conservative business man in Montreal who has a host of convivial friends and who on rare occasions is apt to come a little "under the influence." Every time this happens he is sure to try to interest his friends in organizing a company to push a patent fire-escape which he invented. The simplicity of the thing, he always explains, will appeal to every one. The apparatus is simply a light bit of strong silk rope to one end of which is attached a belt and buckle. Whenever a fire breaks out all a man has to do is simply to strap this belt around his waist, go to a window, throw the rope out and let some one pull him out.

NOAH AND THE OPTIMIST.

Every one loves an optimist. The first great optimist of whom there is authentic record was a citizen of Noah's time. When Noah made his famous weather prediction and commenced to build the ark, one of the populace thought that possibly Noah knew what he was talking about. He therefore took himself to the summit of the highest mountain and perched himself in the topmost branch of the tallest tree. The water rose and rose till everything in the world was submerged except this man who was just able to keep his head out of the water. The water was still rising, and just as the waves reached the man's chin Noah sailed by in the ark, within easy hailing distance.

The belated refugee called out, "Say, Noah, take me in, I was always a good friend of yours."

Noah leaned over the taffrail and in a voice full of condolence, replied "Can't do it old man. Sorry, but I've got a full house."

"All right," replied the other, "I don't give a darn; I don't think it will be much of a storm anyway."

WHEN LARRY GAVE THE LECTURE.

A certain lecturer who made his living by giving talks on Bible scenes, illustrated by stereopticon views, had an Irish assistant who had traveled with him for many years. One night the lecturer was taken ill suddenly and in his predicament told Larry, the assistant, that he would have to both manage the lecture and also give from memory as much of the lecture as he could.

Larry, impressed with his new responsibility proceeded to imbibe very freely, to keep up his courage. Everything went smoothly until the picture of Daniel in the lion's den was shown. Then his memory deserted him completely. Feeling that he must rise to the occasion he gave the following:

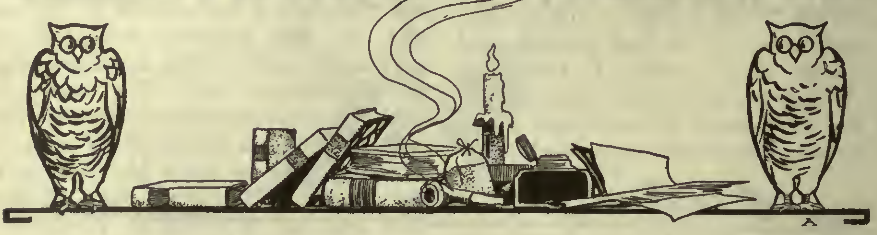
"After the king stuck Daniel in the lion's din, he cum around the nixt marning and says 'Hello Daniel.'

"Daniel, he says, 'Hello king.'

"Thin the king leans over the pit and says, 'Did he bite you Daniel?'

" 'Bite the divile,' says Daniel, 'he ain't got a tooth in his head.' "

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



GETTING BACK TO THE SOIL

"J'ever go fishing?"

Make that inquiry in a group of men and see them thaw—whether they are Episcopalian bishops or frenzied financiers of the Stock Exchange.

"J'ever go fishing?"

You remember, don't you?—misty mornings on the farm, digging bait before sun-up; long, warm, sweet-smelling noons, lying on your back, with your fish-pole cunningly braced under a flat rock, and the line tucked between your toes—great Scott, what wouldn't you give for a chance to feel like that again?

No, there's nothing like a farm, out in the country, the real country, whether you hold down a fifteen-dollar desk or don't know just how many millions you happen to have to your credit to-day on the Street. That is what nine out of ten business men would say if you asked them, and that is what Mr. Forrest Crissey, special editorial representative of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* says in his article, "Getting Back to the Soil" which appears in this issue.

* * *

Mr. Crissey is widely known as a writer of special articles, and fiction. The book which gave him a secure place in the literary field, "The Country Boy," carries in its title the suggestion of his early years spent on a little farm near the town of Stockton, Chautauqua County, New York. Years of life as a dweller in a big city have not only failed to convert him to the Gospel of Town, but have confirmed him in his love of the land. The impressions which country scenes and life made upon him as a child have been his largest literary asset. He finds it almost impossible to keep the country flavor out of anything to which he turns his pen. With very few exceptions his fiction stories have a country setting, and many of his special articles have the atmosphere of the farm or village. In a very direct way his memories of the little old farm on Bear Creek have brought him in money enough to buy the farm many times over.

Mr. Crissey represents probably the largest circulation of any editorial man in America, that of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, one having a weekly paid circulation of 800,000 copies and the other a monthly paid circulation of over 1,300,000. Some of his better known books are "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," "In Thompson's Wood's," and "The Making of an American School Teacher."

* * *

Recently he published in the *Saturday Evening Post* a series of articles in which he felt more than a mere professional interest. The general title of the series was "Quitting the Strenuous Life." The series very briefly sketched various lines of out-of-doors work in which the man doing service at the desk, the counter, or the shop bench might get a small start without giving up his position, and then gradually develop this "side line" into a permanent and established vocation which would bring him into the liberty and wholesomeness of an out-of-doors life with no danger of "getting fired by the boss." These articles treated of "Growing Garden Flowers for Market," "Bee Keeping for Profit," "Pheasant Farming," "Squab Raising," "Making the Small Fruits Pay," etc.

People are interested in this sort of thing—witness four thousand spontaneous letters of inquiry that deluged Mr. Crissey's office as a result of one of the series. One of the greatest breeders of game chickens in America read Mr. Crissey's story "Cock o' the Walk" the theme of which was the devotion of a little country boy to his rooster—and immediately sought the acquaintance of the author of the story. As a result of their acquaintance this man gave to Mr. Crissey a trio of India Jungle fowls, whose forbears were the pets of an East Indian Rajah, and whose progeny are the pride of Mr. Crissey's country place.

* * *

Mr. Crissey takes quite as keen an interest in making his aristocratic India Jungle fowls and golden pheasants pay the expenses of his Geneva, Illinois, home as he does in the success of his next book or in a commission for a series of articles for one of the big magazines.

Under every man's exterior lies the eternal boy, no matter how impressive or how absorbed he may be; tucked away in every man's dream-box is a vision of a country home among the blossoming apple-trees—

"J'ever go fishin'?"

"You bet your life!"

A MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE

The man who fails to understand why The Canada West is forging ahead misses an important principle of life. Doesn't the man with a purpose usually succeed? Why then shouldn't the magazine with a purpose do the same? The people of Canada, especially of Western Canada, are living out their lives with a purpose—they are intent on pushing forward the interests of Canada; incidentally they are forwarding interests of their own. Before these people lie opportunities such as never before have faced the people of a new and growing nation. Each and every one of them may make the measure of his own success. It is our purpose to keep pace with these people, to be part of their life, to chronicle their efforts, to let the nation's right hand know the accomplishments of its left and to let the world know the work of both.

If success is to be ours the thanks will be due to the purpose animating our endeavors—not to us.

SOME GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

If you will remember that we made some comment last month on "The Exploits of O. K. Jenks," a story by Frank D. Faber which we expected to publish in our May number. We are withholding it because Mr. Faber has just promised us a series of "O. K. Jenks" yarns if we will defer publication of the first one until he is able to shape up his material for the others. Next month? We think so; but if not next month, then surely the month following.

Then there is Katherine Hughes' "Sam Macquoid, Lumberjack." Do you know the silent, strong, steady-eyed men who live in the lumber camps north of Edmonton?—rough fellows who rub elbows with Nature and who love a fight. Miss Hughes knows them well, and the story she tells is very convincing. You may look for it in the next number of The Canada West.

The Editor.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

WINNIPEG.

There is to-day no city on the American continent that is attracting anywhere near the attention in the financial, commercial, and transportation world as Winnipeg, Canada. Great indeed has become the fame of Winnipeg and the unparalleled record of the phenomenal growth of this remarkable city during the past few years will doubtless stand unsurpassed for a century or more to come.

Standing at the gateway of Western Canada, with an unlimited market before her, Winnipeg has demonstrated the fact that there is no such point of vantage in the Dominion of Canada, nor perhaps on the entire North American continent, in which capital can be invested judiciously. Therefore, with the eyes of the entire civilized world centered upon the great grain growing sections of Canada that lie at her very door, it is little wonder that this wonderful city that already numbers over 100,000 population, with its unsurpassed railroad facilities and the best labor market in all Canada, is at present attracting more capital than any other place in the Western hemisphere; in fact, by all the rules of geographical advantage and the conditions governing the most strategic point is one of the richest and most productive countries upon which the sun ever shone, Winnipeg's claims to precedence as a base of operations and distributing point for industrial products cannot be gainsaid.

Just now Winnipeg wants manufacturers, jobbers, investors and home-seekers and as in nine cases out of ten opportunity makes the man and as Winnipeg holds out advantages that are unequalled anywhere in the known world, we have no hesitancy in saying to all inquiring readers and the public at large, "So to Winnipeg," and in the midst of the greatest grain market in the British Empire and the radiating point of Canada's three great transcontinental railway systems, every alert business man may find his niche, as unfailing signs point to a development in Winnipeg's population, her commercial, financial and constructive activity during 1907 that will eclipse all previous records; for certainly, never has a city risen to prominence that can give the guarantee of permanence and rapid and perpetual growth that Winnipeg can.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers, easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is 56 miles due west of Winnipeg, on four transcontinental railway systems. Because of its location it is fast becoming acknowledged as an ideal shipping and distributing point. It is the center of a great wheat growing section. At a seed fair held here on February 16th, 1907, samples of Red Fyfe wheat,grown on Portage plains which surround the city,were awarded marks of 99 points out of a possible 100 after 30 years continuous cropping. Portage plains markets annually between five and seven million bushels of grain; of this amount two and one half million bushels are wheat, and the balance oats and barley. Crop failure has never been known. Great opportunities are offered agricultural implement manufacturers, especially; and other industries such as woolen mills, felt shoe factories, starch factories, canneries, carriage, buggy and wagon works, sash and door factories, soap factories,biscuit works, boat builders, skate factories, machine works, malting plants, rustic woodworkers, etc., with shipping and distributing facilities unexcelled, and where the cost of living is comparatively low.

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the sity is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware;blankets and horse clothing;horseshoes and nails; coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

MOOSE JAW.

Moose Jaw, a progressive city of Saskatchewan, is backed by a rich agricultural hinterland of 1,500,000 acres. The district offers investment in farm lands at prices ranging from $10 to $30 per acre. In the city proper, capital to invest in building houses to rent is a good and safe investment. Spur track accommodation has been made by the C. P. R. upon which locations for buildings can be secured at reasonable rates, and special openings exist for wholesale and distributing warehouses. There is a splendid chance for the right men to make money in brickyards, stock sales market, an abattoir, a tannery, shoe factories and woolen mills. For the last industry wool is procurable from the sheep ranches in the territory west and southwest.

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH

of Buildings will form part of the Construction Programme in

Regina, Saskatchewan

during the season of 1907

In addition to this amount, the

Civic Improvements

call for an expenditure of $525,000. This total includes $318,000 for pavements and sidewalks, $125,000 in buildings and $82,000 for waterworks and sewer extensions.

This Progressive Policy

means that the people of Regina have faith in the present and future of their city. That faith has been justified during the past year. The commercial development of the Capital of Saskatchewan was the conspicuous feature of Western Canada's growth in 1906.

When you Locate a Factory or Warehouse

in Regina you secure a track site from the city at nominal cost. There are 1500 lots in the northeastern section which are reserved for these sites alone, and you may as well have one of them. Conditions are easy.

If You Are Interested in a Good Thing

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P.O. Box 494 REGINA, CANADA

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

SASKATOON

Saskatoon, a rapidly growing city of the Saskatchewan Valley, has a wide tributary territory. An intelligent man who knows his business could make a huge success of a brewery here. All the raw materials are at hand and a brewer who can produce a high grade beer has an untouched market for a radius of a hundred miles. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill; for a moderate-sized packing house, with a soap factory operated in connection with it; for a cigar factory and a photo-engraving plant. An artistic and up-to-date furrier who knows more of his calling than merely to "keep store," would find here a profitable opening for a retail establishment.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The owns and operates its own water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE OF THE SUNSET PROVINCES

EDITED · BY · HERBERT · VANDERHOOF

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF
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Saskatoon
Canada

THE CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE of the SUNSET PROVINCES

VOLUME II. NUMBER 2

Petticoat Pioneering Down to Date

By Forrest Crissey

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

An irresistible attraction seems to attach itself to all exploits of womankind in fields of effort and endurance usually considered as peculiarly set apart to man and masculine endeavor. It is this charm which gives unfailing interest to the pioneering tales of those women—now comparatively few in number and of advanced years—who helped to make our Western frontier a place of civilization, an assemblage of homes—for there is never civilization in any proper sense of the term where women and homes are not to be found.

The special seasoning of the grandmothers' tales of pioneer life which always won eager listeners and held them to the end was the element of hardship and struggle which entailed upon the woman of the frontier the necessity of doing and enduring things belonging by good rights to men—and to strong and courageous men at that!

You or I have seldom listened to a recital of such "early hardships" from the lips of pioneer women without also hearing from them the half-regretful comment: "Ah! but those days are over; they are a thing of the past on American soil!" Are they? Is the soil of this continent no longer the scene of heroic struggle, on the part of women of pluck and daring, in the same kind of frontier work of which the grandmothers of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the other prairie wilderness states tell? The question is not only interesting, it is highly significant—for it implies a test as to whether there has been, in the process of our civilization, a falling away of the spirit of the American woman. There are cynical writers in plenty who hold that such is the case; that the typical woman of this continent has no longer the fortitude, the good American grit and the resourcefulness to "do the things which our grandmothers did when they planted and peopled our western frontier.'' And there are millions of readers, of both sexes, who sympathize with the viewpoint of writers who hold this view. But the writer of this article has not the slightest sympathy with utterances of this sort; he believes that to-day there is as much of this sturdy and rough-and-ready heroism of the frontier kind among American women as in the days when the first crop of homes was planted in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Probably it is true that this spirit is not so generally put to the test—but certainly enough of it is active and militant effectively to demonstrate to any fair-minded man that there has been no real falling away of the pioneer spirit among the women of America and that their latent courage, devotion to family and willingness to face the privation of a new country for the sake of establishing a home which shall later yield a permanent competency, is as strong now as in the days recalled by grandmothers whose tales of heroism and hardships fascinate the children of to-day.

The most interesting and romantic instances of present-day pioneering are furnished by women who come from the soil—from the farms instead of the cities and towns. Among the many examples of strictly modern pioneering on the part of women with which the writer is familiar, there is none of keener human interest than the experience of Mrs. Smith, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. The simple narrative this woman endured and accomplished might well furnish to Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough or William R. Leighton the basis of a tale of feminine courage and resourcefulness quite as fascinating as any which have come from their skilful pens in this field wherein their finest work has been done. But let the reader be the judge as to the fairness and accuracy of this statement.

Some years ago this woman and her husband held a solemn conference in their Missouri home—or rather in the cabin which they occupied as renters. Apart from a few rough household utensils their only earthly possession consisted of a herd of sixteen horses which were so thin from insufficient pasturage that their ribs could almost be counted But they were of good stock and well worth saving—at the cost of great effort. The husband was well-nigh discouraged with the up-hill fight against the conditions which surrounded him, and when the plucky wife proposed, "Let's pull out of here and keep going until we can find good free grazing land,'' he gave his eager acceptance.

They packed their "household truck'' into a mover's wagon, took their little daughter on the seat beside them and their string of scrawny horses behind the prairie schooner and set out northward. Week after week they plodded on to the north without finding the Promised Land in which they were content to settle. By some curious fate they several times barely steered their schooner clear of some of the richest grazing lands in the United States then open to the homestead. But they were determined to "strike it right'' before they called a halt and their geography had no national boundary lines. They crossed the Canadian border, entered the valley of the Saskatchewan and still pressed on.

One day, however, a prospect opened to their eyes which caused the man to bring the mover's wagon to a standstill. On every hand was an abundance of rich and luscious grasses. "This is good enough for us,'' responded the wife to the question in the eyes of her husband. They pitched camp and at once proceeded to put up a rough corral. Then they together cut and hauled the logs for a cabin, fitted them into place and thatched the roof.

Scarcely had they realized their dream of having a roof of their own over their heads when the husband was stricken with a sudden and fatal illness. For weeks the members of the little family had seen the face of no human being apart from their own.

Standing beside the body of her husband the woman realized the awfulness of her isolation—the shack of her nearest neighbor being a hundred miles away "as the crow flies." There was but one thing for her to do and she did it bravely. With her own hands she dug a grave in the prairie sod and tenderly laid her husband's remains away, finding her own greatest comfort in the necessity of soothing the grief and fear of the little girl.

Naturally her first thought was that of beating a retreat and getting back to a settlement. But as she reflected upon the dangers of the trail she realized that perhaps they were quite as great as those she must face if she remained in the log cabin. The drove of horses had picked up wonderfully on the rich grasses of their unlimited pasturage and they constituted all their worldly wealth. She also saw that if she could somehow "stick it out" she would be the possessor of a self-sustaining home sooner than she could possibly hope to by any other means.

FORREST CRISSEY

In reflecting upon the precautions which she might take to contribute to her safety her eye chanced to fall upon some clothes which had belonged to her husband. This gave her an idea which she immediately put into practice—that of always dressing in man's attire and thus giving to any chance rider of the range the impression that she was a man. For ten years from the first day she dressed herself in her husband's clothes she did not once wear skirts. In those days rustlers (cattle thieves) were not unknown and "renegades" from the States also appreciated the seclusion of that remote district. Then, too, the cowboys of that region occasionally enlivened the monotony of their routine by feuds and fights. Altogether the situation was one to demand the presence of "a man about the place"—so long as those who passed by the little cabin were under the impression that the family had a male protector the practical result was the same.

Whenever this brave woman encountered a man on the range her slouch hat was pulled down to shelter her face and the fact that she could ride and handle her horses as well as any man helped to maintain her disguise. After a time cowboys became more numerous and frequently the widow exchanged greetings with them, as they both rode their rounds, but her secret was never suspected—although she gained the reputation, through the Woods River country, of being "the slim Yankee chap that wants to be let alone." As there were others in the region who had the same desire, from far different motives, the custom was not to intrude upon those who did not invite "sociability."

Meantime her drove of horses prospered and multiplied and eventually she found herself handling the commercial side of ranching—and doing it with an ability which maintained her rights and increased her reputation of being a shrewd manager. At the end of ten years, however, the trail which she and her husband had broken began to be worn deeper by those who heard of the richness of the land and the sleekness of the cattle and horses which grazed upon its grasses. The shacks and cabins of the neighbors made their appearance in so close a proximity that she no longer felt the necessity of maintaining her masculine disguise—and she threw it off and returned gladly to the skirts which tradition holds to be the badge of femininity.

To-day this woman is one of the recognized industrial factors of Western Canada and in the place of the sixteen scrawny, half-starved horses which followed the trail from Missouri she has a herd from which each year she sends several thousand head to the best markets and they bring their owner the best going prices. While she is financially in a position to retire from work and live in luxury she prefers to stick to the ranch and even finds pleasure in occasionally dressing in the masculine costume which she was so long obliged to wear, as an expedient for her safety, and taking a hand at the hard tasks which she used to do in the days when she was "father, mother and hired hand combined."

There is a story, too, behind the Henderson ranch, in Alberta, near Edmonton, which would make another chapter in the book of "HEROISM OF MODERN PIONEERS IN PETTICOATS." It can only be suggested here. Before the railroad penetrated that region Mr. Henderson had ranged the high places of British Columbia as a prospector. Too much of the proverbial "prospector's luck" had tamed his ambition to a point where he was willing to yield to his wife's entreaties and settle down to the plodding life of a farmer, provided he could find a free farm that suited him. Hearing of the mild climate and the rich soil of Alberta he asked her if she were game for a four months' saddle trip across country. Although the baby—the youngest of the children—was an "infant in arms," the courageous woman did not hesitate. Following the example of the Indian mother she contrived a device for carrying the baby upon her back while two other children next larger rode in panniers on each side of the hardy and dependable Canadian pony, which she rode. When, at the end of a third of a year on horseback, they reached the settlement to which they journeyed for a thousand miles, they were penniless and their clothes were in tatters.

But the woman's quick wit at once saw how the family finances could be raised from the zero point to comparative independence. The place was a bachelor settlement and the mere announcement that the "new woman" would take in darning brought her a collection of socks almost terrifying in its proportions. Then came appeals for all kinds of patching and repairing. But the strongest was for bread—of the sort that would carry conviction of its association with feminine hands with it. This made the winter a season of profit for the newly arrived family instead of one of scant subsistence.

In the spring the husband began to plow the prairie acres of his claim. Taking care of six children did not occupy all the wife's time and as she had patched, darned and baked for the community of bachelors to their satisfaction she started out to find some new source of profit. The first wild fruits among the grasses of the prairie brought the solution of her problem. Not only did she gather these in quantities and preserve them ready for sale in the winter, but she also transplanted many of the plants and bushes into her own garden. Under cultivation they produced bountifully. From her preserves, pickles and table delicacies, which she sold at good prices to their bachelor neighbors, she made quite an income. Then she procured a few colonies of bees, which multiplied until one season her honey product was four thousand pounds. Her dairy was and is patronized by the entire community apart from those families having cows of their own.

By this woman's courage and resourcefulness in assisting her husband, the family which came to the settlement on horseback and penniless has been well-cared for and is now independent. The claim is now their own and they are reckoned among the most prosperous and substantial members of their community.

Not all the pioneering done by women to-day is to be credited to those who are driven by the sharp spur of necessity or to those who are familiar with the pinch of poverty, nor are all the women who are known as practical farmers in the new country of the Northwest inured by long experience to the life of the soil and unfamiliar with the luxuries of city life. Probably there is not a woman farmer in all Western Canada more widely known than Miss Gilroy, who is commonly known as "the bachelor girl farmer"

She was an artist in a city studio and had a fair taste of success in that line when her health failed and her physician remarked: "You must quit this studio life and get out on the prairies. The best thing in the world for you to do would be to hire out as a farm hand and be obliged to earn your living by labor in the fields. Rather a hard prescription and possibly one that cannot be filled to the letter—but it's the best possible one for the case."

Miss Gilroy decided to take the doctor at his word—only with the condition that she work on her own farm instead of another's. She went into the Saskatchewan Valley and there took up a claim and personally labored in the improvement of her land. Art was relegated to the position of a recreation and agriculture became the serious business of life. Her winter evenings were spent in the study of scientific drainage, the chemical composition of soils and other agricultural problems. As she lived alone in her own "shack" she had much time for study.

The practical application of the knowledge gained by intelligent research and by correspondence with the Agricultural Department of the Government has made her farm the pride of her locality. In the summer she arises at four in the morning and every line of work on the entire ranch is done under her personal direction. To-day she owns 320 acres of good farming land under a high state of cultivation, and does not owe a dollar. More than that, illness is only a reminiscence with her. She laughs at any expression of sympathy of the "hardness" or the "roughness" of the life which she now leads, although it is as far as possible from leisure or luxury.

Still another example of the kind of pioneering done by women from towns and cities is the case of Mrs. J. C. Pope of the Regina district, who had lived in town on the slender salary of a husband holding a small Government position. Tiring of trying to make "both ends meet" in this financial problem, she finally determined upon a radical departure. Not far out of town was a place on which an Englishman had spent considerable money only to abandon it. "Buy the Admiral's place," pleaded the wife; but the conservative husband thought the step decidedly venturesome.

However, the wife's heart was set on the move and she at last carried the day. When the change was made the joy of the children in the new life was much in the line of compensation. From her garden—which she declared mainly produced "a big crop of delicious mistakes"—she was able to buy a half-interest in a cow. That cow proved the creature of destiny to Mrs. Pope. She had never been taught the elusive art of butter-making and her first untutored efforts in that direction are best passed over lightly. She could sell the butter—for butter in that country was in keen demand—but she could not eat it herself. Therefore she traded it at the store for the butter made by an experienced hand. When this was served on the table with drops of brine standing on it, as if fresh from the churn, her husband's compliments were profuse. She kept up the joke until that time when she could be in a better position to enjoy it herself.

When her husband was absent from the place she rode to the Government creamery, a few miles away, and took lessons in butter-making. And she was an apt pupil, for she quickly caught the knack and became unusually proficient. She was also a good salesman and the butter stamped with her initials soon came to command fancy prices. Her dairy was enlarged until she was able to furnish the Canadian Pacific Railway with butter for all of its eating houses and its train service.

And so it goes. In Western Canada are many homesteads, gifts of a lavishly generous Government, where the entire work of the farm is being done by the hands of young women—girls of education and refinement—who are respected and have a good social standing in their community.

King Neptune's Toll

By HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

Author of the "Gore Valley Viaduct"

Deep in a cave of the hungry sea,
Far from the foam-flecked crest,
'Mid moulder and rot of sunken hulks
Where swaying corpses rest,
Squats an octopus grim, tentacles long
Wound round his slimy breast,
As with evil eye, he watches the throng
Of sea-folk scurry past.

Fast in the grip of a lashing gale,
Drenched by the briny spray,
Lurched a heeling vessel, bulwarks staunch
Splintered and swept away;
As with drunken reel, she staggered down
Into the sea-trough gray,
To be sucked below with an anguished moan,
Old Neptune's toll to pay.

To its watery tomb from vortex swirl,
In ghost-like silence hushed,
The shade of the good ship, once so true,
Careering downward rushed,
Where the octopus foul, tentacles strong
Bound round revolting breast,
In his lair lay gloating and watched the throng
Of sea-folk scurry past.

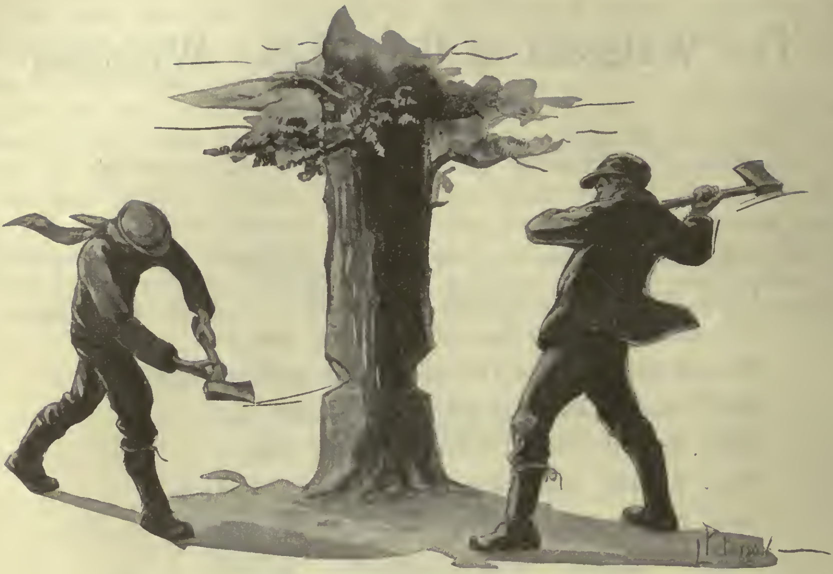
The Welcome of the Cities—Winnipeg

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Hail, men! Upon my newly-paven streets
I feel the pressure of your eager feet—
The firmly planted feet of marching men
Turned westward to the wheatlands and the mines.
Hail! sons of England from the ancient isles.
Hail! men of Ireland's rainy, purple hills.
Hail! Yankee, ranchman, miner from the West.
Hail! weary peasant shrinking from the knout.

Hail, men! from East or West, howe'er you come,
Bent beneath loads, and knotted with long toil,
Or young and clear-eyed, with out-reaching hands,
I give you welcome from my golden gates;
I give you welcome—welcome unto toil
And freedom and the illimitable sky.

See "Shop Talk by the Editor."



"THEY SNATCHED UP TWO AXES, AND THE CHIRR-CHUNG OF THE STEEL ON GREENWOOD RANG THROUGH THE FOREST."

Sam Macquoid, Lumberjack

By Katherine Hughes

When a riverman can pose like a Greek statue and ride down a slide or "wild spot" on a log; or a hewer split a piece of twine with his broad-axe; or a charotier conquer a fiendish horse without taking up the charotier's heavy whip—that man is a power in any lumber camp. But when one man can do all three and is a straightforward, large-hearted fellow besides—then he is a demi-god under the pines or spruce and his name will likely go down to fame in a ballad of twenty verses.

There are always a few such men, and Sam Macquoid was one of them. Men yet forget their pipes while they talk of him in camps up north.

Macquoid had worked in many camps—east and west—before he settled down in one of Fraser's on the Saskatchewan. His prestige grew there until it was not second even to Fraser's—though that is a name to conjure by in Saskatchewan woods. One year Macquoid came back from Edmonton with his strong head full of new ideas, which came to be spoken of vaguely, though respectfully, as notions. That winter the cards used to lie neglected on the ends of the barrel-tables while men gathered in Macquoid's corner of the sleep-house to talk.

It was no agitation for short hours and high pay that Macquoid was beginning. He wanted a name, he said—a name for the lumberjack to live up to, for they had no name at all among men, unless a bad one. He wanted several things that would help in the lumberjacks' self-raising, but what appealed most to the men were the "Places" he sketched in," where worn out old lumberjacks with their bones in a tangle from rheumatism could go to whittle sticks and play cards and be happy. Decent places they would be, he said, with a welcome and amusement *go leor* for the young lumberjacks in the summer, and a surety that his money would not slip through his fingers there.

"De places w'ere everyt'ing will go fun—like a Sunday in de camp," the genial rascal Rander summed them up slyly.

But Macquoid was magnetically in earnest.

"Boys," he said once, "upon my honor, I believe most of us are what we are because we see no better and we know no different. Maybe the bosses could help us—only they're too busy looking after their own affairs. But we can do it, boys, and we will. Get it in your heads and join hands around: after that it only needs some of the money that goes in one summer into the bean-dives—where Rander left his last year's money. Eh, Rander?"

Rander — grizzled old sinner — chuckled.

Macquoid had plans worked out: that the men should combine forces, should form themselves into some kind of mutual benefit association to profit their souls as well as their bodies and pockets.

And the men would really listen to Macquoid unfolding his plans—till the serious tension became uncomfortable: then old Bebe Savarin would get his fiddle out of Pat King's trunk, and play four-hand reels until not even the ancients could keep their pipes in their mouths, and the dingy shanty would shake with the frolic.

They were getting out timber for some days that year on a slope behind the Black Giant, three miles from the camp, and they always took their dinner at a road-cutter's camp near the roll-way. Macquoid had a memorable talk with them there one noon-hour.

Some of the things he said that day are on record yet. The talk began between Macquoid and King, the head charotier, and the others lying on the snow around the fire were drawn into it in spite of their pipes and dozing.

But it was impossible for Niblock the skidder to remain serious for any length of time. He had a knack of saying droll things—in the middle of Macquoid's arguments, by choice, and when he began that day, a general chuckle shook the pipes around the fire.

Macquoid knew there was no hope of getting the men serious again, and he turned to his tried old pipe for sympathy. Then two restless young road-cutters who were tired of the pipes and moralizing leaped to their feet with the charotier's musical cry of warning,—"Turn out! Tur-r-rn ou-t!"

They capered like young goats about the men, but no one moved. They raced away then from the fire in a whirl of red sash-ends and supple limbs; plunged down—and up—a gully to the side of the Giant, where some choppers had been at work.

They snatched up two axes, and the chirr-chung of the steel on greenwood rang through the forest. The blood of the young swampers rose at the sound, and they laid themselves out to show their elders how they could fell a tree.

A liner instinctively sauntered over to watch them. It was a pretty sight for a lumberjack's trained eye; there was youth and strength and even grace in full play before him, while the blows fell on the tree with musical measure and sappy yellow chips sprayed out behind the shining axes.

Macquoid's "notions" had too strong a hold upon him to be shaken off by the plague of stock-wit brought on by the skidder's humor. He told King he would go to get his broad-axe and hew the youngsters' stick for them. He walked off slowly, his head down, his hands pushed under his belt; and Niblock looking after him sent a joke around at the big, earnest fellow's expense.

When the notches grew deep in the tree one young swamper stepped back. The big spruce began to totter, and the liner raised his ho-ye-hi.

The tree shivered....clinging to its

stump; then reeled sadly back toward the hill, where a swath of brushwood had been cut to make way for it.

But destiny was afoot in the forest that day and the tree swung out in an unexpected way. It struck a tall fir to the right....thrilled at the shock ....and sprang back. Its plumy top swept the air and the base tugged again at its heart-strings; these tore apart crashing, and the liner saw that the tree was falling directly back from the swath.

"Ho!—ho!—ye!—" he began his cry....The rest was lost as he sprang down the shrubby bank into the gully. The spruce had fallen there—its giant-groan smothering the low cry Sam Macquoid gave when he felt the weight behind the grasping branches.

Men sprang up then from the fire and flung themselves across the hummucks of snow with the speed of white-caps racing in the rapids. They raised the trunk of the tree, while Pat King pulled his friend's body out and supported it against himself where he squatted on the snow.

The awed young swampers slapped Macquoid's limp hands and King rubbed snow on his forehead.

Macquoid shuddered and looked up in surprise.

"Pat, I'm none of your fainting-ladies. Pitch away that snow....I guess I'd best go to camp." And he tried to move, bringing beads of sweat out of his strained features.

"Heh, Sam! How does it go, h'ole man?" Rander asked, kneeling beside him to put balsam-gum in the cut on his temples. "Leg sore—heh?"

"Pretty—partic'lar." Macquoid's mouth was writhing in an attempt to smile.

Then a quiet hand fell on King's shoulder. He looked up, to see the big Indian who blazed the swamp-roads.

"Me—I carry Sam on camp," he was saying.

King looked at the man's strong arms, but shook his head.

"No, you can't—that way; hurt him. And it's three miles."

"No carry—my arms. Like bebe—in swing. See."

He glided down the hill to where the horses stood nosing about in bundles of hay, and came back with the rugs of King's grays. Then he folded them across a couple of birch saplings like an Indian mother making a cradle over ropes, and when it was finished he lifted Macquoid into it with fine care. He put the rear-ends over his shoulders, gave a signal to the young foreman to carry in front, and the two set out silently for the camp.

II.

Some crude surgery was done later in the cook-house when the boss tried to pull Macquoid's broken limb into position. King and Carriboo tore up a gray blanket recklessly to pad a thin strip of board, and then they bound the leg tightly upon it.

There was no revelry in camp that night, and but little talking—unless to wonder how Macquoid had so lost himself that he did not see the tree swing around.

Men were early in their bunks, but not to sleep. Alphonse, the young swamper who felled the tree, looked like an urchin suddenly stricken with an inexplicable ache. He and Pat King agreed to watch with Macquoid in turn.

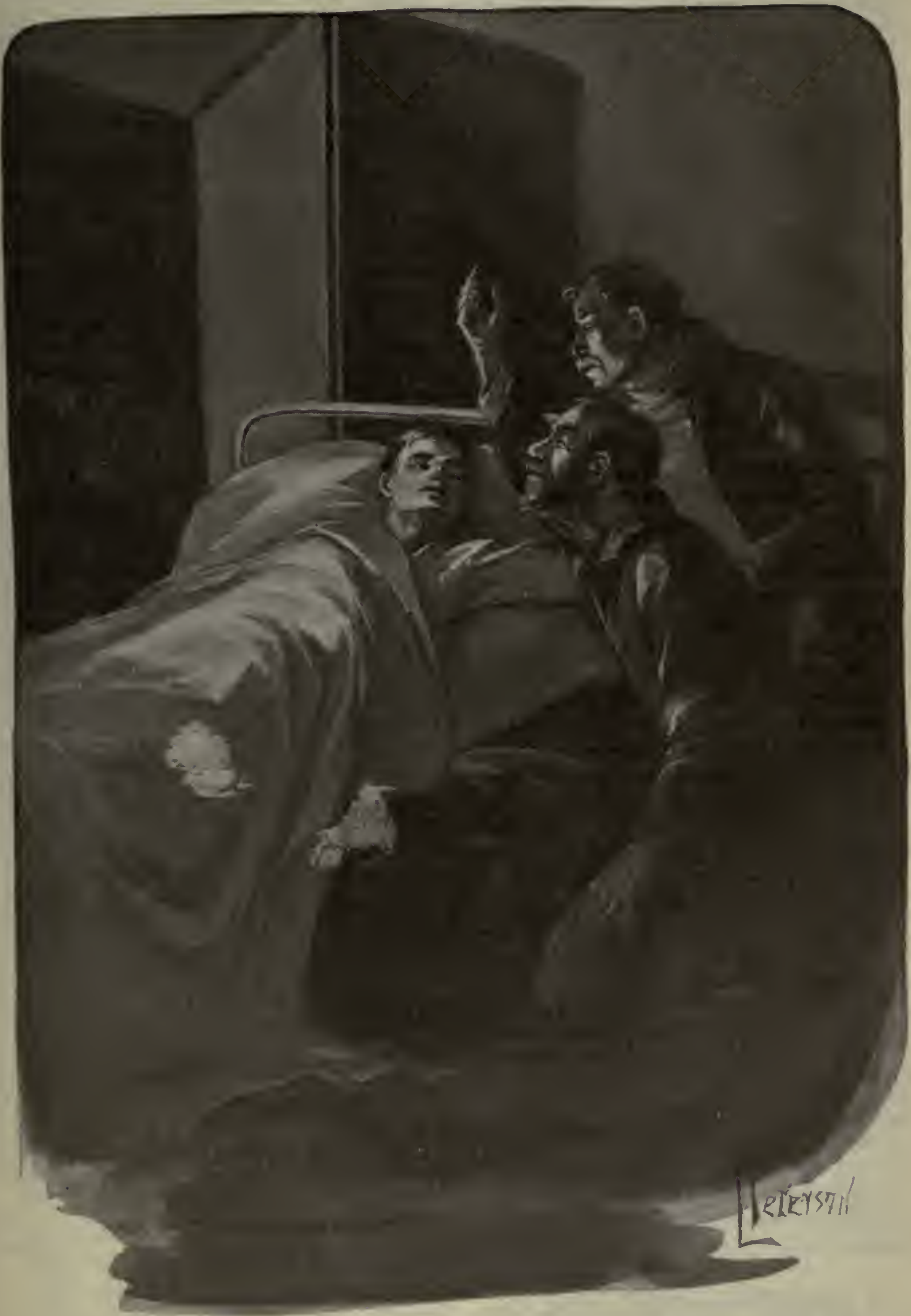
At ten the clerk of the camp came in from the cook-house with the boss. They were very anxious, for Macquoid's broken limb and the slight cut on his temple were not sufficient reason for his excessive weakness.

A dim light from a swinging lamp fell on Macquoid's face, and when the boss leaned down to the bunk he saw thin streaks of blood on the hewer's lips.

A low cry slipped from him then, but it was a weakness that shamed him, when eager faces peered out of the dark tiers of bunks on every side of the shadowy sleep-house. He showed the blood to the clerk.

"There's something wrong with him inside—God help us!" he said. "If a doctor was here now! He'd know a little, anyway."

A few minutes later King came out of the shadows to them standing by the



"RANDER HAD LIFTED A LEAN ARM HEAVENWARD, WHILE HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE BESIDE THE BED."

stove, and the three held council. Then King went to the bunk where Rander and the big Indian slept and called them. The two sprang out with the promptness of disciplined men and groped for their socks and mackinaws, while King and the boss went down to the stables. The boss piled hay on the portage-sleigh and King harnessed his wonderful grays to it, for no other team in the Saskatchewan valley had the gray's wise knowing of a dark road.

When Macquoid heard of this, he told them hopelessly of the odd pain in his chest and asked to be left in his bunk to die quietly. The boss laughed at the thought of death for him. King and Carriboo, he said, would take him down to the hospital at Edmonton to be cured; hewers like Sam Macquoid could not be spared in the woods.

When they were carrying Macquoid out of the sleep-house they paused at the door. Macquoid lifted his head a little and looked about him. In every bunk the men were watching. These men and their regard were to Macquoid the measure of earthly friendship. What strength of feeling there was in him had made Fraser's camp his world; he was going out from it then forever.

"Good-bye, lads! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mac! Take care of yourself."

"We'll nurse the 'Union' till ye come back, Sam. Good-bye!"

Macquoid moaned. No mere physical pain could have brought that to his lips, they knew; and it took their voices from them. Had not the boss himself raised a shanty-cheer—the God-speed of the pinewood-boys—Macquoid would have left a silent camp behind him for the first time in his life. But a long husky cheer rolled out, and the Black Giant took it up and shouted it back again as the stretcher was carried to the sleigh.

"Tell them I never heard its equal," he said to the boss; and he had heard many.

* * *

It was about midnight when they left the camp. The horn of an old moon rising over the Black Giant threw a tender light about Macquoid's poor world.

Rander, lying comfortably on the pile of hay by Macquoid, smoked as they went and told queer bush-stories which no one heard; while King talked to his horses, as he always does when driving.

They came out at Fraser's depot on the Mewassin meadows at two o'clock and stopped to stable their horses and rest Macquoid there. Farmer McClay, a churlish fellow, grumbled a bit about "firing up" at such an hour of the night. That was before he saw the burly hewer carried like a child to the old settle. Afterward he pulled his own armchair up to the stove for Rander, and the old woodsman took it with a sly wink at Macquoid and King, suggesting so much that even the sick man smiled.

There had been no portaging of supplies from Edmonton to the depot that winter, and the road between was unbroken. So there was a twenty-mile tramp before the woodsmen to the railway at Stoney Plain Center. That part of the going had been left to Rander to provide for, and he brought the choice of the camp in the way of snowshoes with him. When they set out Carriboo said he was big like two men, and declined McClay's aid at his end of the litter, but he snatched up the farmer's coonskin coat and threw it over Macquoid. He swung a sack of provisions across his broad back, passed the tump-lines about his forehead, and shouldered the poles, leaving McClay to stand in amaze at his self-conscious strength. McClay had suggested the Saskatchewan flat-sleigh for Macquoid, but Carriboo would not hear of it.

McClay did not go into the bright kitchen for some time. He looked over the white meadows to the hills and talked to himself, though the chore-boy stood beside him.

"Humph! Fallin' weather"; he said; "there's a mist over the hills. The snow will pack well for the shoes to-night, and the lads 'll be glad of that. It's droll ——. Now, when they come back ——"

His face twitched—the flinty McClay's! But it is hard thought to dwell upon, even for a stranger.

He watched the three walking away in the moonlight, till the last click of their snowshoes died out.

"Poor Macquoid! he's a decent fellow. It's hard; but nobody knows ——"

McClay went in then, having stumbled early on the inevitable end of such soliloquies. We say it a hundred times, and feel it once.

The woodsmen passed over the meadows and into a labyrinth of hills, carrying their burden with touching care.

"Well, Sam; how does she go now? H'easy? Not sore?" Rander used to ask occasionally.

"It goes smooth as a log on still water, Rander," Macquoid told him once, and laughed with fine art.

Rander was satisfied with this, but King had the cunning to know Macquoid's art.

When the dawn began to whiten the east Macquoid asked King to turn him to the light. They turned softly on a smooth stretch of snow, with a prescient shadow of thought that when they should see that circle of snowshoe tracks again the unguarded woodsman's heart in them fell in speechless misery before the stroke. When they had turned King saw more frothy blood about the hewer's face. He wiped it away with the caressing touch of a woman. Yet he was an awkward fellow whose big hands were calloused from grasping the lines and the pikepole.

At McBride's abandoned Half-way House they stopped to take breakfast. While Carriboo made the tea King and Rander tried to cheer up Macquoid, but the white hopelessness of his face choked back their wit.

Rander went out of the cabin, and while King stayed Macquoid said hurriedly.

"You will try to keep the boys in mind of what we planned, Pat. You'll make them hold to it; eh?"

"I will, Sam. I'll do my best until you come back." But he was looking over at Carriboo's fire blazing on the old combuse, instead of at Macquoid's wistful eyes.

"So you won't believe it yet, Pat. Well, we'll see," the other said.

Just as a snow-storm began to shake out its wings for a mad flight over the hills they reached Stoney Plain Center. It was noon and half-an-hour before the express was due.

After a lunch Rander took the sack from Carriboo, said bon-jour quickly and left for the camp.

It was the "last spirit" in camp, before the snow melted, and Macquoid had induced the old man to take King's grays back to the two-sleighs and fill his own place in the hewing-gang. Rander went—to please Macquoid, but he felt like a loup-garou, he said complaining to King, "cut off from every peop'l."

III.

That afternoon at Edmonton men saw a strange procession go up to the hospital—King and Carriboo still carrying Macquoid on the quaint hammock and a score of wide-eyed youngsters at their heels. They would have nothing to do with an ambulance. The doctor was called in and made a diagnosis of the new case.

"A broken femur; fractured ribs—with laceration of the lung tissue," he said briskly. Then because he was in a hurry and thought the big lumberjack would have to know it soon anyway, he blurted further,

"No hope, of course. Beastly shame that they jogged him all this way for nothing. The pain must have been excruciating. But those fellows are most confoundedly stupid."

He turned to give instructions to the Sister; then would have gone, still abusing the woodsmen, but that Macquoid plucked at his elbow.

"Doctor, don't you say anything to them men out there about that trip hurting me. You'll mind what I say. It wasn't your pain."

The doctor looked at him again.

"But it did hurt some, didn't it?"

"I'm not saying it did," Macquoid answered shortly, and then turned to the Sister gently enough—"Now, I want to go to sleep, ma'am."

King and Carriboo before leaving the hospital to get a supper in the town arranged to return to Macquoid. They knew definitely now that he was dying.

When they came up the narrow street again in the dusk they saw a dark bundle in the doorway. They came nearer and King swayed back like a falling pine.

All day his mind had been shadowed by a sense of the mysterious, and the simple superstitions of the bush told him this was Rander's wraith that sat there leaning against the snowshoes.

The wraith remained motionless, until a chuckle at King's side roused it and brought the tall charotier to his senses.

"My God! Is it Rander?"

Rander, sitting in a rabbit's sleep, became perfectly awake at the sound of King's voice. He straightened the pipe between his lips and waited to hear more.

"Michel!"

"Oui; Michel." He nodded assent gravely.

"You came back, for all we said—and the boss wanting you!"

"Yes, I come back. I pass on de Half-way Place. W'en I am dere, me—I say, 'De boss an' de team will go—Sout,' an' h'ole Rander will go for be wit' Sam Macquoid.' Le bon Dieu sen' another verra longue cars to stop at de Center station........Just at once I arrive, an' I come down on de empty car. Dat's verra good. Heh?"

He talked quickly without looking up at his friends. When he did look he saw their great frames shaken with quiet mirth. Rander laughed too, with some relief. They had taken his truancy easily.

Carriboo eyed the snowshoes behind Rander; their thongs were caked about with wet snow.

"Big walk, Michel," he said warmly. "Heavy on de usamuk too." Rander grinned with just a little pride.

"Sam—he's live yet?" he asked King while they waited at the door, and inside the porch he dropped his shoes and pack hastily, wriggling out of the tump-lines like a snake. Then he followed King eagerly until they came to the screen that was about Macquoid's bed, and he stood gazing sheepishly at the dying hewer.

Macquoid's weak eyes fell on the old man—bright-eyed, unkempt; and he laughed with a faint return of boyish delight.

"Rander!"

"Oui; h'ole Rander. Who never do what is tole him. You feel good to see Rander; eh, Sam? You laugh? C'est ben bon."

The Sister who had been with Macquoid gave her place to King. He sat at the head of the bed and wiped away the blood that frothed up from the lacerated lung. It was then Macquoid pulled a paper from under his pillow and gave it to King.

"Here's a paper for Fraser—the Sister wrote it. He will give to the three of you all my wages for this year....... But I do not give it to go into the bean-dives. Listen! You will bury me first; then keep—"

"We don't want it, Sam. Give it to the Sisters, or—or—"

"No. You must take it—and make good use of it." His eyes spoke more forcibly than his words: strong, honest eyes that were blue and gray by turns. "You must work together—for the right."

Rander squirmed uneasily in his chair. Carriboo looked pleased. Pat King's face was painfully red and his eyes were wet.

At last Rander spoke.

"Sam, Sam, you see it is longue tam since I doan' know to spend ma monie well. You let me h'off: I will give it to de Sisters. Dey can use it for de little les petit orphelins."

Macquoid's voice was growing weaker, they noticed when he spoke.

"No; keep it yourself and use it well. Pat, *you* will give me your word?"

"Yes, Mac—since you want it that way."

"And you, Carriboo?"

"Yes, Sam. Geget."

"Now, Rander—and you?"

A glow of dingy red flannel struck their eyes. Rander had lifted a lean arm heavenward, while he dropped on one knee beside the bed.

" Ben; I will den, Sam, an' t'anks for me. An' you will tell dem up dere dat h'ole Rander, de *vilain* is goin' try to be a new man—juste all along of Sam Macquoid, w'at he ask."

Macquoid's eyes warmed behind the mists of death when he heard, and the Recording Angel turned gladly to make a pleasant entry on the pages devoted to a *vilain* old shanty boy.

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This is just as it happened. I know it all sounds like a revival leaflet—at one hundred for two York shillings—but such things do occur occasionally outside of tracts. And Rander *is* a new man, though there is a fine twinkle in his eyes when he tells quaint tales of the old one.

The Construction Gang

By James P. Haverson

We're buildin' of a railroad 'cross a land
Where ye could lose an England every day.
There ain't no bloomin' banners with the troop,
An' all the battle cry we've got is " Pay!"

There ain't no special manual to learn,
There ain't no bloomin' form to our parade
An' all the bloomin' arms we 'ave to use
Is just the regulation pick an' spade.

There ain't no bloomin' hours that we 'ave got,
Unless ye take from daylight until night,
An' then there's mostly overtime as well
Which you would 'ave to count to get it right.

There ain't no special duty we must do,
We never 'ave no time to stand at ease;
But all the livin' day we work an' sweat
Until it's fallin' dark, an' then we freeze.

There ain't no bloomin' band to cheer us on,
There ain't no reg 'lar uniform we wears,
There ain't no special orders to obey
Except to mind the foreman when he swears.

Ye'll never get no medals in this war,
Ye'll never get no pension when retired.
Ye've only got to work until ye drop;
The boss turns in yer time—an' then ye're fired.

The Wheat Lands of Western Canada

By Edward E. Higgins

President of Success Magazine

This is a business story.

It is the story of an opportunity—the last of its kind on the American continent, if not in the world—an opportunity so exceptional, so remarkable, so fraught with the promise of honestly gained wealth to the humblest worker with the spark of ambition in his breast—that it would be almost a crime not to spread the knowledge of it broadcast throughout the land.

In the great Dominion of Canada, stretching 3,000 miles east and west, and covering an area of 3,750,000 square miles, there lies a little bottle-shaped tract of the richest, wheat-growing, virgin prairie, less than 100,000 square miles in extent. It is bounded on the south by our own great wheat-growing states of Montana and Dakota, on the west by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, on the north by the vast, dark forests of the old Hudson's Bay trappers, and on the east at the neck of the bottle by—

Winnipeg.

Into this rich "promised land," westward through the Winnipeg gateway from Eastern Canada and Europe, and northward over the border lines from "the States," are already pouring thousands upon thousands of sturdy, bright-faced, well-clad Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen, with other thousands of Continental immigrants who have been wont, hitherto, to regard the United States as their final home. Out of this land, eastward through Winnipeg to the Great Lakes, is rushing as constantly increasing a torrent of rich, golden grain as the railroads, already overwhelmed with their sudden prosperity, can transport. Into it again, still through the ever necessary Winnipeg, the return freight cars are hurrying rails, ties, ballasting materials, and laborers for the thousands of miles of railroad main line and branches, which are to open up still further the new country, doubling and trebling, so it is believed, the land values of to-day. All of a sudden—in barely three years past—has this great surge of settlement come, invited and promoted by as perfect, as far-reaching, and as wonderful an international organization of education as was ever created by Government and railroad in co-operation. Almost like our own well-remembered and hardly more picturesque race for the newly opened lands of Oklahoma, has come, of late, this rush for the rich Canadian prairie lands, which are believed to exceed in fertility the vast wheat-growing fields of the United States.

And the object of this business story is to give in clear, concise form the results of a personal search on the ground for the truth of the marvelous stories which have come across the border to us and to find if there is a substantial basis for the dreams of wealth which have disturbed our western farmers.

This is the truth.

Take, first, the able-bodied man with nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, a railroad ticket to Winnipeg in his pocket, and $50 for early needs. He can find immediate and continuous employment in Western Canada at from $20 to $40 per month and board, according to his ability and mental equipment. His wife, if she is willing to work "at service," will be even more readily "snapped up" at wages almost equalling the husband's; for the one great and urgent cry of Western Canada is for farm and domestic help of all kinds.

In his first year of service for wages, the man, ambitious for his own home and a competence, will "spy out the land," select a homestead, pay a $10 fee for entry, and enter upon possession. He will break and sow to wheat in the spring a part of his land, and, after this is done, will again sell his labor for wages to neighboring farmers. He will hire his harvesting and threshing, done at so much per bushel of "finished product," meanwhile earning himself, during the harvesting period when "hands" are in great demand, $50 to $60 per month and board. So he will gradually build up his fortune till, in the course of three or four years, he fulfils the easy conditions of the Homestead Act, perfects his title from the Crown, and comes into complete ownership in fee simple of his 160-acre farm.

TABLE I. A 160-ACRE HOMESTEAD.

Investment:		
Cost of land (entry fee)		$ 10.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 144 acres @ $4		576.00
" " buildings		1,000.00
" " stock:		
4 horses @ $200	$800.	
cow and pigs . . .	100.	900.00
" " farm implements:		
1 wheel plow	55.	
1 drag harrow. . . .	30.	
1 disk harrow	55.	
1 large drill.	125.	
1 8 ft. harvester. .	175.	
1 mowing machine	55.	
1 rake	35.	
1 wagon.	80.	
harnesses.	65.	
miscellaneous tools	25.	700.00
Total investment		$3,186.00
Working Expenses:		
Seed @ $1. per acre		$ 144.00
Labor:		
Owner's time as superintendent.	$360	
Help—2 men in fall, cutting and stacking from Aug. 25 to Oct. 10, @ $50 per month	150.	510.00
Threshing, 3,168 bushels:		
1,000 in stack @ .06.	114.	
1,266 in stook @ .08.	101.	215.00
Twine at .25 per acre.		36.00
Feed for stock.		189.00
Board for owner and help at $15 month		225.00
Veterinary and depreciation of stock 15% on $900		135.00
Repairs and depreciation of machinery 15% on $700		105.00
Taxes @ .08 per acre		13.00
Insurance on buildings		7.00
Total working expenses.		1,579.00
Gross and Net Earnings:		
3,163 bushels of wheat @ .60 . . .		1,901.00
Deduct working expenses. . .		1,579.00
Net annual profit		$322.00

Let us now consider the man who has more than a railway ticket and fifty dollars—the man who has sold his Montana farm and moves with his family to the new Canadian country with, say, $3,000 available for investment. He can work faster than his poorer brother and, choosing his land and making his homestead entry, he proceeds immediately to business. Deciding to bring his land at once into full productiveness, he enters into a contract to have ninety per cent. (141 acres) of his entire farm "broken" and the stones removed, reserving the other ten per cent. for home buildings and pasturage. He throws up a small house and barn, designed with a view to extension in later years. He buys stock and farm implements and plants his crop. His first harvest is naturally not so good as the later ones when his land comes under more perfect cultivation, but *on an average*, his financial proposition might readily be about as is shown in Table I, counting in all items which should be included in finding the true profits of such a business venture.

If his land is fairly free from stones, or if he removes them himself, his "breaking" contract will be made at $3.50 per acre instead of $4. If he chooses to break the land himself he can do so at much smaller expense in about two months, but may miss his first crop. If he has no family and is willing to "rough it," his buildings will cost him hardly half the $1,000 allowed.

Table I shows that one homesteader has earned for himself—if prices and results are correct, and of these we shall speak presently—$1.00 a day and his board, and a return, in addition, of exactly ten per cent. per annum upon his capital investment, after providing liberally for depreciation of his stock and tools.

But this is not all. If American farming experience can be applied here, land which will produce such returns is worth from $40 to $75 per acre, and, with railroad networks building rapidly through this grain producing land of Canada, such land values seem a certainty of the near future. In five years' time, perhaps, our farmer can, if he chooses, realize on his investment about as follows:

Selling Values:

160 acres of land and buildings @ $50 per acre	$8,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained by annual depreciation charge)	1,600.00
Total selling value	9,600.00
Original investment	3,186.00
Selling profit	$6,414.00

Thus in addition to his working profits of ten per cent. per annum, he may *hope* at least for a selling profit of 200 per cent. on the original investment—or, putting it another way, he may regard himself as worth $9,600, plus $1,600 of annual savings, instead of as originally, $3,200.

Of course in actual practice, our homesteader would make some savings in the expenses assumed above, and would do some things differently from the ways assumed. He would probably make his 16 acres of land, reserved for buildings and pasture, produce, by gardening, the most of his food and enough profit for clothes. He will have more cows, pigs, and chickens, and will produce enough from them to take care of his family, if he has one. He will have plenty of time for such home garden work, for, from May to September, he will have little to do in his grain fields but watch the growing crops. He will raise his own hay and fodder for stock instead of paying out good money for them—or, better still, if he is near Government or railroad lands, he will crop the prairie grass from such unoccupied lands at no charge, or a nominal one. In the late fall and winter he will extend and improve his buildings with his own labor and, if he is handy with tools, will turn out of his home carpenter's shop many a piece of furniture or home-making comfort.

"Ah ! yes, but 22 bushels to the acre and 60 cents per bushel! How do we know that such remarkable results are possible? Are they not greatly in excess of the product on the other side of the boundary line?"

Well, the last question can't be answered, for, curiously enough, neither Government nor farmer in the United States knows the average yield per acre of American wheat-growing farms, while, on the contrary, the Dominion Government knows its own yield by provinces and sections accurately and for many years past. By the simple process of requiring, under penalty, every thresher to report the quantity of grain threshed by him, and by accurately kept acreage statistics, the Dominion Government is able to *prove* its statements of average crops per acre in different sections for from ten to fifteen years past—and these figures furnish a basis for reasonable expectation in the business of farming unequaled, perhaps, by any other business. The farmer in any district, who farms with reasonable intelligence, can be practically certain to reach at least the *average* result of a term of years; and he has good reason to hope for one larger than the *average* if he has chosen his land wisely and cultivates it carefully.

The entire wheat-growing lands of the province of Saskatchewan produced 26,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905, and 37,000,000 in 1906, an average per acre of 23.09 bushels in 1905 and 21.40 in 1906. The average of the last nine years was 20.28 bushels, with but one year, 1900, producing less than 17.30 bushels. The one exceptional year, when 9 bushels only were produced, was a "drought year" and prices per bushel were almost high enough to make up for the poor crop.

In the Moose Jaw District, which is one of the largest of the wheat-raising districts of Saskatchewan, and the one in which the farming experience reflected in the figures of this paper was investigated, the wheat crops of 1905 averaged 27.56 bushels per acre and of 1906, 24.30 bushels, while the seven years' average was 20.96 bushels.

These averages, however, were produced by a combination of good farming and poor; and actual productions of 30, 35, and 40 bushels per acre are said to be not uncommon on the older and richer farm lands, particularly where "summer-fallowing" of about one fifth of the land each year is adopted as a policy.

As to prices, these have ranged, at the local elevators, from 50 cents to $1.10 per bushel in the last ten years, the price rarely falling below 60 cents and usually being above. At present (April, 1907), for example, the price paid to farmers at the Moose Jaw elevators is 65½ cents. An average price in a five-year period of 60 cents per bushel is probably conservative.

TABLE II. A 640-ACRE FARM.

INVESTMENT:		
Cost of wild land, @ $15 per acre		$ 9,600.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 576 acres @ $4		2,304.00
" " buildings, including granaries		2,500.00
" " stock		
12 horses @ $200	$2,400	
2 cows @ $50.	100	
Pigs, chickens, etc.	100	
		26,000.00
" " farm implements:		
2 gang plows	$ 220	
2 drag harrows	60	
2 disc harrows	110	
3 large drills	375	
3 8 ft. harvesters	525	
1 fanning mill	30	
1 mowing machine	55	
1 rake	35	
4 wagons	320	
harnesses	195	
miscellaneous tools	75	2,000.00
Total investment		$19,004.00
WORKING EXPENSES:		
Seed at $1 per acre		$ 576.00
Labor:		
Owner's time as superintendent		500.00
2 men, 7 mos. @ $32.50		455.00
1 man, 5 mos. @ $20.00		100.00
6 extra men in harvest, 1½ mos. @ $50.00		450.00
1 housekeeper for 7 mos @ $20		140.00
Threshing 12,670 bushels @ .07		887.00
Twine at .25 per acre		144.00
Feed for horses		567.00
Board for owner and help, 47 mos. @ $10.00		470.00
Veterinary, repairs and depreciation of stock and machinery, 15% on $4,600		690.00
Taxes, .08 per acre		51.00
Insurance		17.00
Total working expenses		$5,047.00
GROSS AND NET EARNINGS:		
12,670 bushels @ .60		$7,602.00
Deduct working expenses		5,047.00
Net annual profit		$2,555.00

Let us next consider, somewhat more rapidly, the business proposition of Canadian wheat farming as it presents itself to the larger capitalist farmer; first, to the man who is prepared to purchase and work a complete section of 640 acres; and, second, to the man, or group of men, who desires to operate a five section, 3,200 acre farm, a farming unit which will justify the purchase and use of heavy steam plowing and threshing machinery.

The investment account shown in Table II is perhaps somewhat too liberal. In practice, the farmer would probably homestead a quarter section, and purchase the adjoining three quarter-sections, either from other homesteaders or from the railroads. He can now buy Hudson's Bay sections at $12 per acre, railroad land at $12 to $15, and, possibly, school section lands at similar prices. But prices are rapidly advancing, and the best lands are held firmly at $15 per acre or more, when $6 to $8 only would have been asked two years ago. Bargains can be picked up in many places from speculators who have been carrying too heavy loads, and the lands can always be purchased for comparatively small amounts down and balance in five and ten-year annual payments.

We see that our farmer has received for his labor $500 and board, and his money is earning for him, in addition, about thirteen and one half per cent. per annum upon his investments. If, in five years, he decides to sell out at

$50 per acre, the price previously assumed, he will earn additional profits as follows:

640 acres of land with buildings @ $50	$32,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained by annual depreciation charge)	4,600.00
Total selling value	$36,600.00
Original investment	19,004.00
Selling Profit	$17,596.00

or over ninety per cent. additional profit on the investment.

It is worth while to point out here, that our farmer can halve his investment and more than double his *percentage* profits by borrowing at six or even eight per cent, half his required capital.

For example, instead of investing $19,000, he invests $9,500 of his own capital and borrows $9,500 besides, at, say, eight per cent., the ruling rate for loans in Western Canada. His profit and loss acount for a five-year period on the above assumptions will be as follows:

Annual profits, $2,555 per year for 5 years	$12,775.00
Selling profit	17,600.00
Gross profit	$30,375.00
Deduct 8% interest for 5 years on $9,500	3,800.00
Net profit	$26,575.00

This is equivalent to the return of his original capital and almost three hundred per cent of profits, and his wealth has grown in the five year period from $9,500 to $36,000.

Let us turn now to the "large farm"—the 3,200 acre proposition. We will assume the same cost of land, $15 per acre, but a smaller charge, $3 per acre, for breaking, since this is a "wholesale" operation, and such a price can easily be obtained on contract. A farm unit of this size will easily support a full set of heavy farm machinery.

The investment and profit and loss accounts should be as shown in Table III.

This larger farm operation results, as shown, in a net annual operating profit equivalent to 23½ per cent. upon the investment. If the owner wishes to reduce investment account he can easily arrange a permanent mortgage loan from some one of the loan companies now operating in Western Canada, and obtain money at 8 per cent. to the extent of $8 to $10 per acre. Or, in buying his land originally, he could pay for it about one-sixth down and the remainder in from six to ten annual instalments. The annual profit of $20,000 would take care of a fixed charge of $2,800 (equivalent to 8 per cent. upon a $35,000 mortgage, and leave an annual return of nearly thirty-five per cent. upon the $50,000 of actual owner's capital invested—in addition to which, of course, he would receive his $1,500 salary, with board and lodging.

TABLE III. A.—3,200-ACRE FARM.

INVESTMENT:		
Cost of land, 3,200 acres, @ $15		$48,000
" " breaking (90 per ct.) 2,880 acres, @ $3		8,640
" " buildings, including granaries		6,000
" " stock, 45 horses @ $150, cows, pigs, chickens, etc.		7,000
" " machinery and implements:		
30 h. p. engine	$2,800	
tender	250	
3 four-plow gangs	600	
chains and extras	100	
8 sulky gang plows	600	
10 disc harrows	500	
7 drag harrows	175	
10 large drills	1,150	
11 harvesters	1,760	
threshing and fanning mill	1,350	
1 mowing machine	55	
1 horse rake	35	
15 wagons	1,200	
8 grain racks	96	
2 tanks	50	
2 pumps and hose	40	
harnesses	700	
miscellaneous tools	225	$11,686
Working capital		$ 3,674
Total investment		$85,000
WORKING EXPENSES:		
Seed, @ $1.00 per acre		$ 2,880
Labor:		
Owner or superintendent	$1,500	
12 men 7 mos., @ $32.50	2,730	
3 men, 5 mos., @ $15	225	
Engineer, 4 mos., @ $85	340	
Fireman, 4 mos., @ $40	160	
2 helpers, 4 mos. @ $32.50	260	
22 harvesters, 45 days, @ $50 @	1,650	

One cook, 7 mos., .. $50.	350	
One cook, 5 mos., @ $25.	125	$7,340
Board of all employees, @ $10 per month		1,620
Feed for horses		1,700
Twine, @ 25c. per acre		720
Threshing sundries		200
Veterinary depreciation and repairs, on stock and machinery 15% on $18,700.		2,805
Taxes and insurance		300
Miscellaneous expenses		435
Total working expenses		$18,000
GROSS AND NET EARNINGS:		
Gross earnings, 2,880 acres, @ $13.20		$38,016
Deduct working expenses		18,000
Net annual operating profit		$20,016

Should he sell his farm in five years, at the same assumed value as before, his five years' profit and loss account would look about as follows:

Selling price of farm and buildings at $50 per acre	$160,000
Selling price of stock and machinery (original value maintained by depreciation charge)	18,686
Total selling price	$176,686
Deduct for cancellation of mortgage	35,000
Net profit on sale	$141,688

His selling profit would, therefore, return his original investment, $50,000 and $92,000 besides, equivalent to 184 per cent. on that investment, or 37 per cent. per annum. Adding this selling profit to the annual operating profit, we find that our farmer has made over seventy per cent. per annum on his invested capital.

Such figures seem unreasonable, fanciful, impossible, perhaps. True it is that contingencies may arise and unforseen troubles may come to prevent their achievement in any particular case, but the law and experience of *average* yields is hard to overcome, and it seems certain that such results are *possible* at least. In Western Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan one of the oldest wheat farmers claims an average annual crop of forty bushels to the acre, and another a mixed crop yielding $18 per acre.

Not a few groups or "syndicates" of young men have already been formed in New York, Chicago, and other American cities for purchasing and operating Canadian farms. In actual practice such a farming operation as is described above, will require a master farmer of high intelligence, experience, and ability, and while the $1,500 allotted for his salary may be sufficient for the first year, the opportunities offered to him for engaging in farming on his own account with larger profit are such that in order to keep him, it will be doubtless necessary to give him some interest in the business beyond such a salary, and this can well be afforded if the profits in the operation as described above can be realized.

The question "Does wheat farming pay in Western Canada?" must be answered distinctly in the affirmative. So far as is known, the Canadian lands exceed, in wheat producing fertility, the American wheat lands, and Canada is certain to be one of the greatest grain producing countries of the world The province of Saskatchewan alone produced 61,000,000 bushels of wheat and oats in 1906—an increase of 15,000-000 bushels over the previous year, and ten times as much as it produced in 1898. Almost all the good wheat land near existing railways available for homesteading has been taken up, but there is yet a substantial amount at distances of from seventy to one hundred miles from present railways, which can be obtained from the Government. And the amount of new railway mileage projected in this farming district is so great that it is certain that all parts of it will be put in touch with the outside world during the next five years. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Northern Railway are all building rapidly in this section in free competition with each other, and the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railroads have received from the Canadian Government vast grants of the most valuable land, which are available for purchase on "easy terms."

This great in-rush of settlers, and the rapid increase in the crops have produced a condition almost of congestion in Western Canada—a condition which can perhaps be best described by the statement that a million dollars' worth of business is being done on a half-million dollar transportation and business machinery. Railroad facilities are taxed to their utmost. Last year's grain crop has not yet been completely moved out of the country, and it is said that the 1907 grain crop will not be wholly moved until the 1908 crop is ready. These conditions are being remedied, however, with all the foresight, ability, and immense resources of some of the greatest and most progressive railway systems in the world, and if sufficient labor can be obtained there is no question that a vast amount of new mileage will be laid in this territory within the next two years.

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. CRAIG

After-Song

By SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

They say that Love is kind.
Perhaps—it may be so.
I have but seen his pain,
And do not know.

I have but bared my heart,
And felt his sting;
I have but wept with Love,
And cannot sing.

The gentleness of Love
I cannot find:
Love's only kindness is
That he is blind.

Sanderson of the Frontier—The Pioneer's Tale

By Edward Angus

Some good angel must have been guiding my wandering feet when they found the farmhouse of Sanford Sanderson. An observing person would guess by his glance, quick and keen, that he had knocked about, by his unflinching gaze that he knew things, by the furrows in his youthful forehead that he had suffered, and by his silence that he had a story. I had seen Sanderson once before, but he had not seen me. From my seat on the back of a calm-eyed cayuse I got a glimpse of him riding a raft, laden with lignite, down the South Saskatchewan. I thought as I saw him shooting a rapid and poling his raft round a sand bar that he was having more fun and more room than any other man in America. .

He was captain of his ship and no mistake, for there was not another soul in sight. From my saddle I saw only an endless reach of wild land, broken here and there by bluffs or trees, save to the northeast where the Eagle Hills humped dark on the distant horizon. Immediately in front of me the great Saskatchewan chiseled a deep furrow in the face of the earth a hundred feet deep and half a mile wide. Beyond the river there was more of this unstaked empire, sleeping sweetly in the sun.

That was in the early summer when the warm Chinook was sighing, and the birds were brooding in the bluffs, and wild duck were nesting in the marshy margins of a million lakes. It was early autumn when the half-breed boy who was engineering the buckboard from which I was seeing the Saskatchewan, turned in for the night at Sanford Sanderson's. By the time Sanford had sauntered down from the house to the stables the half-breed had the horses unhooked. Sanford gave us a warm, wordless sort of welcome that can be fully appreciated only after you have come to know Sanderson.

We had home-made bread, fresh butter and buttermilk for supper that night, and we had wild chicken broiled for breakfast. At the request of our host I consented to stop over for a few days' shooting. It was during those days in the field and the evenings at his home that I got from Sanderson, by absorption, one might say, the story of his life. Little by little he let me hear it, hardly realizing that he was telling it at all. Now, as one picks up the scraps of a letter that has been torn and tossed to the wind, I piece it out, for it is a typical tale of pioneering in the Canadian West.

“My grandfather,” said Sanderson, “came to this country, or rather to the United States, a young man with considerable money. He seemed to have a fondness for pioneering, for he went at once into the wilds of Minnesota. He helped to settle the northend district and having a little cash, gathered a goodly fortune in a very short time. When the Sioux came and killed him and his household, sparing only his only son, he died the richest man in Minnesota, at least that is what my father used to tell me. Ultimately, the Sioux were driven over into Canada. My father, who had been carried away, was released at the suggestion of the Northwest Mounted Police, and found his way back to the scene of the massacre.

“After much difficulty he established his identity and got possession of the lands and other property left by his father. My father was now 20 years old, ignorant, but handsome and rich for his day. Upon the advice of an old friend of the family the boy devoted two years to study, having had in his early youth only such education as was to be acquired at that time by boys in a frontier town. At the age of twenty-two he came into full possession of his property.

"Many opportunities were open to him, but the scenes of his boyhood so haunted him that he determined to sell out and go west. South Dakota was just then beginning to rise, yawn and stretch herself, and so, having inherited his father's love for the front, he moved to South Dakota. At 30 he was president of a bank. About that time he met and married my mother who had come out to Minnesota to teach school. Our house, as I remember it, was the finest in the town, and we usually had company, people coming up from Minneapolis and St. Paul to visit. I had finished in the high school and was going to the Chicago University when Lena Swinson came to our house as parlor maid. Up to that time I have no recollection of having seen a girl who held my attention for ten seconds. But when I saw Lena I looked right at her and she looked right at me. I took off my hat, and bowed instinctively, and Lena blushed. My mother saw all this and called sharply to me, stamping her foot. My mother was born in Boston.

''Lena lived at our house a whole month. That was the sunniest month I had ever known, though I never saw her eyes in all that time, at least not as I had seen them at the moment of our first meeting. Of course, I was not 'notified' when Lena got her notice. I came home one evening and found a new parlor maid. I was foolish enough to ask at dinner what had become of Lena. Between the frowns of my father and the sharp, dark glances of my mother, I gathered that it was not my business. I knew no rest that night. For days I walked and walked, searching the world for Lena. It seemed to me I could hear her calling, could see her great blue eyes accusing me, for I felt that it had been all my fault. A week went by with this great sorrow tugging at my heart.

"One day at dusk as I stumbled through the little park, called the Public Square, I came suddenly upon Lena resting on a rustic bench, one hand on the handle of a baby carriage that she was trundling back and forth, back and forth, on the gravel walk. I sprang to her side, impulsively dropping to the seat. She got to her feet and stood trembling like a frightened fawn. I spoke to her and she urged me to leave her, which, as I was young and honest, only maddened me.

''Presently, when she had become calmer, she told me that she had found a good place as nurse in the house of Mr. Blank, the man who ran the state bank. Naturally, being jealous of my father, whose bank was a national bank, he had conceived a dislike for me. It seems the gossip of the town had already linked my name with Lena's, so her new mistress had taken the precaution to warn her that I was not to see her while she made her home at that number. And that was the cause of her trembling at the sound of my footsteps.

"When I pressed her she told me that she would lose her place if seen with me. 'Lose your place,' I repeated, with all the unreasonableness of a boy in love. 'I'd lose my life for you.'

"Then I saw her pretty chin tremble, tears started from her big, bewildering eyes and turning quickly she hurried home with the banker's baby, while I, from the park bench, watched her until her slender figure faded in the shadows of the shrubs that surrounded the big frame house in which she lived.

"It would take too long to tell you all that passed that summer, of the many meetings, at first by accident, but later by appointment, until she seemed to me the fairest, the best, the most abused young woman in the world. Finally, one day, I took my mother to my heart, as she had taken me so many times in my childish troubles, and told her the story of Lena and our love. She listened calmly, kissed me coldly, and promised to speak to my father.

"The next day I was called to my father's private office. He talked to me methodically of stocks and bonds, of lands and large interests in trolleys and town lots, and then came to the point. It was the old story. I must make my choice. Upon the one hand there was home and my heritage, on the other Lena and our love. Being blind, young and rash, I walked out.

"Of course, when Mr. Blank learned that I had been disinherited he was ready to be my rich uncle. The Blanks gave us a great wedding, and if we may judge by the presents and other plaudits, not all the people in the place took the view of my father. And when, as we were leaving, Mrs. Blank kissed Lena and cried, I was happy. A woman can kiss another in cold blood, but when they cry there is something back of it that counts for more than a kiss.

"Lena and I lived on a homestead, far from the railroad, until our baby was born. Then the railroad came to disturb our peace. I sold the South Dakota place and came up into Canada. I bought a quarter section on Portage Plains for five dollars an acre and paid for the land with my first crop. Having learned that the new Grand Trunk Pacific trans-continental railway line lay across my quarter, I sold out for seven dollars an acre. I had several thousand dollars more money now than I had carried into Canada, some good horses and a few blooded cattle. I did not realize at that time, but I know now, that I had in my blood the pioneer microbe, that had made my father and his father fight always for the front.

"I asked Lena if she wanted to go back to South Dakota; it seemed so lonely for a woman away out on the silent plain. She smiled as sweetly as ever and said, 'Sanford, I just want to go where you go.'

"One day at the depot I met an old neighbor of mine from the south, bound for the section north of Regina. There was a great movement on.

"I went back to my temporary home and looked over the map, and when I saw how far I was behind the settlement, I told Lena to pack up and we took the next train for the front. I had the good fortune to find a man who had a homesick wife on his hands, and the memory of a bad crop on his mind, and he sold a half section all ready to seed for six dollars an acre. I bought the other half of the same section in the wild, all but eighty, for four dollars. A foolish man had squatted on one of these quarters for a homestead, but when the big land company showed him his mistake, he moved. I paid him for breaking the eighty acres he had prepared to plant in wheat and had him for a neighbor on a homestead he could hold.

"Here, again, I was in great luck, for this was the summer of 1902, when Western Canada won the admiration of the world by producing nearly 118,000,000 bushels of grain with less than 4,000,000 acres under crop. That was a happy summer for Lena and me and the baby. Once the last grain was in the ground, we had only to loaf round and watch it grow, as a multimillionaire listens to the multiplication of his accumulated cash. As the swaying sea changed from green to gold, I saw my little fortune swelling from a single thousand still in the bank, to ten times that amount, barring hailstorms that come seldom in this section and cyclones that come not at all.

"I confess that I lay down at night with a feeling of dread lest the day might dawn on desolation, especially when the sun had gone down behind a black cloud. But, always, when the next day dawned, I could see my sea of gold, glowing in the morning sun, and repeat what the poet said: 'God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world.'

"You know how at sea sometimes you lay awake wondering if the next roll will be the last, listen to the wash of waves that beat upon your barque, and finally fall asleep in spite of yourself. Then when you awake at dawn and find to your surprise that you are still afloat, you feel grateful to the Master who mans the ship and the sea. From day to day you gain confidence and in time the terror of the sea passes. By and by, the element of danger, the risk, you find only adds to the interest of the voyage. The professional gambler, whether in Wall Street or at the small green table in a frontier town, gambles because it fascinates him as surely as he gambles for gain, and that is one reason why wheat growing is so interesting and that is why men plant wheat to the exclusion of other profitable crops—because of its element of chance. It took me but two seasons to see that. Why, we used to sit on the porch for hours when a storm was gathering at night, watching the slowly shifting clouds. Then Lena would put the baby to bed and come and sit with me again until the storm broke or passed, or we were too sleepy to watch longer.

"Then would come another day, another sixteen hours of sunshine, until at last the gold of the grain field matched the gold in the west when the long day died. It is not only interesting, it is really wonderful to watch the emerald sea springing from the sod, ripening to grain to be ground to flour and made into bread that will feed millions of men.

"So, as I said before, we are all gamblers. It is only a question of degree and the relative respectability of the bank we buck. I gambled when I planted that 400 acres to wheat. I won, and my late neighbor is at this moment preparing four thousand acres for crop. If I had lost, perhaps he would not have risked so much, but I won, threshing out 16,880 bushels, for which I received $13,504.

"That half section attracted as much attention as the winner in a selling race. I had scarcely sold my last load of wheat, when a Minnesota man came and tempted me with an offer of ten dollars an acre. It was a foolish thing to do, but I took the money. The place was becoming altogether too civilized, and to add to my troubles the locating engineers were setting stakes along my north line. I shall long remember how we sat down, Lena and I, to figure up our fortune. After paying for seed and seeding, for some new building, for reaping, threshing and marketing my grain, I had to the credit of this account $11,740. The profit on the land transaction brought the total up to $13,941. Against this I suffered a loss of $331 on implements bought and sold, leaving a net profit for my summer's watching of $13,610.

"I asked Lena again if she wanted to go home, and she said nothing, but smiling shook her head slowly, looking at the cheques in my hand and the figures on a slip of paper that told the simple story of our summer's work. As we sat there trying to realize how it felt to be 'rich,' one of my men drove up. He had been down to Davidson to have the shoes pulled from a pair of horses I kept for driving and had swung round by Hanley for the mail. He handed me a letter. I instantly recognized my mother's hand upon the envelope. I opened it and found first a New York draft for a thousand dollars. The sight of this draft drove all the happiness out of my heart and flooded my soul with the old bitterness that I had hoped was passed.

"Presently, I read the letter, the first that I had received from home. It was full of the deathless mother love that survives so often when all else perishes. She begged me to return, to bring Lena and the baby and make our home with them. My father, she said, would be only too glad to turn over the burden of his growing business to me, and while he had not said so in so many words, she felt confident he had forgiven me. Right there I made a mental note to inquire as to the nature of the crime for which I was about to receive the paternal pardon, but by the time I had finished my mother's letter all the resentment was gone.

"I could see how her pride had been hurt and how helpless she had been as against the sentence of my stern father. So I wrote her thanking her for the draft, which I returned, and for the assurance of her love which I treasured and told her how impossible it would be for us to go back home as if we had failed, ending with an urgent request for her to visit us at our new home of which I still had possession. To my surprise she came, stayed a month, and when she went back left a lot of her boundless love with Lena and the baby.

"After selling my section, I came over here and squatted in the shadow of the Eagle Hills—here where the face of nature was unscarred, where the great Saskatchewan sweeps down to the northern lakes, where the summers are matchless and the winters mild, where the warm Chinook comes crooning over from the coast range, making March as balmy as May on the North Atlantic. Beyond the river, over in Alberta, I have gathered a goodly band of cattle and a fine bunch of ranch horses. These hardy horses hustle for themselves from Christmas to Christmas, as do the cattle, save for a few hundred tons of wild hay we cut for them to feed on in the hardest of the winter. We never house them unless the winter is an exceptional one. It is not so exciting as wheat growing, but it is nice quiet work and doesn't hurt the country, 'God's country,' of of a truth, just as He left it when he rounded out the world."

Such is the story of Sanford Sanderson. I remember how, as we drove home after our last day's shooting Sanderson grew eloquent as he pictured his Paradise as it lay before us bathed in the first faint flush of the sunset's gold. As we topped a low ridge and came in view of the ranch, the little horses slipped along the trail in that easy fox-trot so common in the Western range-bred cayuse. From the chimney we could see a thin column of smoke ascending. Lena was cooking supper. Sanderson grew silent, and I attributed his silence to the impressive scene. Presently I noticed that his glance was leveled at the ranch house. I asked what interested him and he said he saw a new object in the corral, and when a few minutes later we turned in at the gate we found a strange craft in port. It proved to be a buckboard. "I thought so," said Sanderson, lifting a nose-bag from the back of the rig. It was marked "G. T. P."

"I thought so," he repeated, more to himself than to me. "The Grand Trunk Pacific railway men have routed me from the Red River and again from Portage Plains, driven me from the Regina district, sought me out on the Saskatchewan and I presume they will follow me to the Peace and finally push me to the Pacific, just as the buffalo and the Indian have been pushed."

While we were still discussing them, the pathfinders, four of them, came up from the river. The chief of the party introduced himself. They had passed through this place a month ago, he said, but found nobody at home.

"I've been anxious to see you," said the chief, "for, unless we spoil a sixty-mile tangent, we must ask you to let us move your house over about fifty feet."

"Certainly," said Sanderson, and for the life of me I could not say whether he was joking or in earnest.

The engineer was obviously embarrassed but managed to thank our host. "O, don't mention it," said Sanderson, as he led the way to the house. "It's no trouble at all."

Now here were half a dozen half starved men, not to mention my boy and Sanderson's boy, for Lena to feed, but she met her husband and his hungry guests with a happy smile and in half an hour was making us welcome at her good table. It was no trouble—as Sanderson had said when they asked him to move his house.

"Good-by Sanderson," said I, "this has been a pleasant visit here, and when the road is open I'll drop in on you again. There'll be a town here at the crossing I fancy."

"Oh, yes," he said, there'll be a town, but I won't be here. I'm going to pull out for the front."

CROSSING A CREEK ON THE TRAIL

The Northwest Trails

Appearing in Canada West and World To-day

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF

The Trail! What magic lies in the word, especially in the spring, time of vagabonds and journeyers!

The Santa Fee Trail, worn by the feet of the forty-niners over the Kansas prairies; the Allegheny Trail, reminiscent of the colonial days; even the old stage roads of New England, to one who knows them, with their dismantled road-houses where the bluebirds build undisturbed above the eaves; the Roman roads of England—all these and every other way the feet of men have trod, spell Romance.

The Trail! The very grass along the forgotten highways whispers in the wind; ghosts haunt it; legends surround it; it is a symbol of the Old Days.

And where may one find more romance than in the trails of the old Northwest? Here red-sashed voyageur and grim Scotch factor paddled or portaged side by side with Indian packer and sun-browned explorer for thousands of miles in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. The twentieth century, however, is the century of steel. The Canadian Northern has run its metals over the ancient highways. A blue-shirted freight handler slams the settler's worn trunk into the baggage-car, and the settler himself climbs aboard the colonist train, to be dumped out at his journey's end on a bare platform stranded in a limitless sea of prairie, while the train that brought him crawls silently into the golden distance, westward toward the sea.

Step by step the East has advanced upon the West. The New World called adventurers from France, from England; the great Hudson's Bay Company planted its outposts farther and farther toward the Pacific; dreamers who "yearned beyond the sky-line" took canoe and threaded the rivers westward; La Verandrye and Mackenzie sought the wonderful western sea from sunset to fading sunset; and now where their birch-bark canoes pushed through the reeds the Limited thunders by; where the loon laughed and the wild duck rose quacking in the solitude, cities have sprung up as in an eastern tale, and Canada is tamed.

THE INTERIOR OF A TRADING POST, WHERE THE FUR TRADERS BRING THEIR SPOILS

The Dawson Road followed the old Northwest Trails, the trails of the explorer and voyageur. It was as unlike a conventional "road" as one could imagine. Through the course of its five hundred miles between Thunder Bay on Lake Superior to Winnipeg city it bent and twisted, sometimes a rough track over the pine and birch forest country, sometimes merely a portage between waterways, sometimes represented by a tubby little steamer puffing on one of the myriad lakes that jewel the provinces, but in any case it was "The Trail," traversed by a voyageur, trapper, emigrant, or soldier of the Queen. La Verandrye followed practically this same route in 1731, choosing it as the line of least resistance through the central provinces of Canada, and for the same reason the Canadian Northern, some one hundred and seventy years later, surveyed its right-of-way over the same road.

Comparatively speaking, the Dawson Trail is new, only fifty years having passed since S. J. Dawson, a Government surveyor, was sent to look over the district and lay out a road in the wilderness of untraversed lakes and rivers. The stretch of country which is now crossed in seventeen hours by the railway was then a difficult trip of three months. Dawson finally, after much delay, was able to bring the road to completion,organizing a special boat transport service and selecting trained boatmen to the number of four hundred.

The importance of the Dawson Road became very apparent at the time of the Northwest Rebellion. No troops were in the West, and it would be impossible to send them from Eastern Canada through United States territory. Wolseley's force of twelve hundred men assembled in Toronto, proceeded across Lakes Huron and Superior to Thunder Bay, and established the present terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, Port Arthur, then called "Prince Arthur's Landing" in honor of His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur, who was visiting Canada. Fort William was then an old fort consisting of several blockhouses palisaded in a fourteen-acre space once belonging to the Northwest Company, turned over to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1822, and at certain seasons of the year crowded with perhaps three hundred people with rich loads of fur from the interior. Port Arthur now contains over ten thousand people and has huge sawmills and iron works, magnificent coal and ore docks, and the largest grain elevator in the world. Fort William plays St. Paul to Port Arthur's Minneapolis, and Wolseley to-day would feel no

AN INDIAN CAMP

AN OLD TRADING POST

NEEPAWA, A MODERN TOWN

STEPS IN CIVILIZATION

little surprise at the aspect of his woodland camp of 1870.

Wolseley found it impracticable to attempt to follow the partially completed Dawson Road to Lake Shebandowan, and therefore made the toilsome journey up the rapidly flowing Kaministiquia, only to find when he arrived at Winnipeg that the rebellion which he had started to subdue was already a matter of history.

There was pressing need for a real means of transportation practicable for large bodies of men, but nothing really useful to the country at large was completed until the Canadian Northern surveyors tramped over the Dawson Road with their levels and laid out the railroad.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE
The President of the Canadian Northern Railway

The Canadian Northern has arisen as if built by a genie. Twelve months have elapsed since its completion to Edmonton, and already it is handling an amount of traffic that competes with the largest lines on the continent. It has grown from next to nothing in 1900 to over one thousand eight hundred miles in 1904, and three thousand seven hundred in 1907. It is the first important system that is purely Canadian. The Canadian Pacific was built and is managed by Yankee brains. The Grand Trunk Pacific was conceived by an American, and under his guidance is bridging the continent. But the story of the Canadian Northern is the story of Mackenzie and Mann, contractors.

They followed the Northwest trails, surveying over the Dawson route to Winnipeg, through the most beautiful district of Canada, past silver rivers, and leaping falls, through dim stretches of pine forests and of ghostly white birch, among jeweled lakes and deep-grassed meadows, to the West and the prairies.

The prairie was the country for the settler, and this fact was recognized by the Dominion of Canada. The Government assisted the company from the outset, and for certain lines a large land grant was set aside. On account of the large westward immigration movement, and because of the class of settlers who have been attracted from south of the boundary line, these lands have proved of great value, and as years go on and the development

D. D. MANN
The partner of William Mackenzie in building the Canadian Northern

A SUNSET OVER THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE. BREAKING THE SOD IN THE RICH SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

increases, the value of the grant will develop naturally.

With this Governmental assistance Mackenzie and Mann have built the Canadian Northern, mile by mile, from forest to prairie, and prairie to foothills, and always in its wake elevators, mills and towns have sprung up, so that each mile of track as it was turned over to the operating department has been able to earn something above operating expenses, even while it helped to people the prairie lands where, until now, there has been only silence and the sighing of winds in the wild grasses. Verily, these be Empire Builders, these men of the railway.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Simon Fraser started westward, racing Lewis and Clark to the Pacific coast. Up from Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, across the great Lake Winnipeg, through the myriad waterways to the Saskatchewan, the Missouri of the North, he went, pushing slowly westward, winterbound among the snows a thousand miles north of Lewis and Clark, near Peace River Pass. In the spring he went across the Canadian Rockies by the Tete Jaune Pass, and there established Fort St. James, Fort Fraser, and Fort George, deliberately establishing his grip upon that country. But it was spring of 1808 when he learned that he had long ago missed his race with the young Virginians, and lost the empire of the Northwest Coast. Lewis and Clark were by that time back home, and America was going wild over her newly discovered empire.

The story of Simon Fraser is but one of the many stories of the Saskatchewan. Through many years it remained mysteriously unknown, highway only of the furs. The Saskatchewan was still unexploited. The nets came up full of fish in all its branches. Its plains were tenanted by the buffalo and wild antelope. The plover circled about the uplands, the painted wild fowl streamed over its marshes, and the wind blew fresh and clean across the

PEACE RIVER AND ST. JOHN'S FORT
This country is marked on the map only by rivers and peaks and Hudson's Bay posts

unbroken sod. On the Saskatchewan a man did as he pleased. There were little churches at the mouths of rivers where the great fur brigades came down, where a man might confess and be absolved. So for a hundred years the Saskatchewan lay at our doors, the very sign and symbol of a wilderness.

Past these river mouths, past the little gray churches, past the vanished trails of the voyageurs, leads the Canadian Northern, out of Winnipeg City, across the Assiniboine, to the great Saskatchewan Valley. Where the wild fowl and the antelope frolicked, the grade crossing and the right-of-way

ELBOW BRIDGE OVER ELBOW RIVER IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA
One of the bridges that have supplanted the boat transportation on the old trails

stand. Where the voyageur and the Indian held their *boissons*, the Mounted Police ride with a watchful eye to keep law and order in the land. Saskatchewan is no longer even the frontier, much less the wilderness of not long ago. The Canadian Northern has followed the Northwest trails to Edmonton, and Mackenzie and Mann only know how much farther they will go.

For if the dreams of these dreamers come true, they will some day reach the Pacific, somewhere in British Columbia, marking old Simon Fraser's trail with spikes and metals, and whistling for crossings where he heard the cougar cry.

Those who know the builders say they will not rest satisfied until the Canadian Northern becomes a transcontinental system. "William Mackenzie never lets go," is a favorite expression of his friends. The spirit of romance and adventure is not dead. Though the canoe is a thing of by-gone days, the special that moves smoothly over the long metals carries the same courage and daring, the same sweep of vision and breadth of dream. The builders of the railroad work with huge tools, to huge ends, and who shall say that they are not the real pioneers?

The white man has indeed come to the North. In 1906 the old buffalo plains raised one hundred million bushels of wheat, and each year now adds a half million or a whole million to the acres under plow. Soon there will be two hundred million acres of wheat standing in the bull wallows along the Saskatchewan. Soon this Missouri of the North will be sending to Great Britain twenty times as much wheat as to-day. Wheat has come to take the place of flour.

It as a significant fact that the recently located lines of railway in Canada swing to the North on their way to the West. To be sure, this was not without a thorough knowledge of the country. Rosthern, thirty miles north of the Canadian Northern main line, is the largest individual wheat-shipping point in the Canadian West. There is a farm at Carrot River that has been cropped twenty-two years without a single failure. M. H. McLeod, Chief Engineer of the Canadian Northern, has all these things at his finger's ends, and his layout of the line has added millions to the revenues of the company

Beyond Edmonton lies the Peace River country, marked on the map with nothing but rivers and peaks and Hudson's Bay Company posts. Beyond that again lies the vast expanse of Mackenzie and the Yukon, whose future is undreamed. Perhaps the honorable Hudson's Bay Company knew something of what lay in those unmapped miles, but it said no word. The occasional explorer who has traversed a tiny patch of the country can tell you things to rival the tales of Scheherazade. But even he has a small idea of its possibilities. It will take twenty-five years, perhaps, to open that country, but some day it will be

ONE OF THE WILDERNESS PRODUCTS
A captured cub bear

SETTING LIMITS TO THE WILDERNESS
A ranch near Pretoria, Manitoba

done—it is being done already, for the outposts of the settler and the railroad daily move a fraction farther. Some day the New York millionaire will own his "cottage" on the Great Slave Lake, and the hoot of the steam launch and the tallyho will surprise the polar bear on the Arctic Circle.

Having regard to the quiet but effective manner in which lines have been acquired and absorbed into what is known as the Canadian Northern, and keeping in view the men behind the enterprise, Dan Mann and William Mackenzie, it is easy to imagine in the years to come the vast system that will

MEAL-TIME WHERE THERE ARE NO HOTELS
The pioneers dine where the wilderness runs riot

THE OLD TRAIL STILL IN USE
Seekers of fortune to-day travel the same road

organize Canada — Western Canada, Northern Canada—and link it to the East by a million shining metals.

Over these trails journeys a company as varied as the forty-niners of California, or the steady-eyed, daring voyageurs of fur brigades. Here at Winnipeg, gateway to the wheat country, trains full of intelligent, eager, well-educated young fellows, many of them sons of well-to-do Eastern farmers are going to the West to handle big farms of a section or more, carrying with them experience and means of success, and the enthusiasm and courage of youth. Here, too, may be seen the English contingent many of them white-faced with life in cities, but with the spirit of adventure still in their hearts, going out to learn how to handle a farm, and doing it with the speed of all Western Canada events. It is hard to realize that the country to which they are going is still celebrating one-figure birthdays, or that the great industrial development of the Winnipeg-Port Arthur section is the work of but a few years.

The immigration into Western Canada during the present year promises to exceed all calculations. Basing its estimate on the reports of agents and steamship bookings, the department of immigration looks for an influx of three hundred thousand, or fifty per cent. more than last year, and equal to the total immigration of the decade from 1881-1891. The newcomers are arriving in large numbers at different Albertan points, and are impressing those who have come in touch with them as being a very superior class of settlers. The Government is taking extra precautions to keep out undesirables. The fact that a large proportion are from the British Isles and the United States shows the calibre of the men. Iowa alone lost thirty thousand people in two years, not because Iowa lands were no longer good, but because they were no longer cheap. At least seventy-five thousand will leave the United States during this year, settling up the wonderful wheat lands of the Saskatchewan Valley.

Canada will not need to build flats or run suburban trains for some time yet. There is room enough and to spare for many times three hundred thousand people—room for all who will come, and a future that is bounded only by what men dare first to dream and then to compass. It is the country of to-morrow.

The old trails are not forgotten, though the grass has grown again in the track of the voyageur's feet. As long as the Red Gods make their medicine in spring the young men will turn to the West and go a-journeying, and the old men will remember their youth and take to the road once more. The eternal type repeats itself—La Verandrye standing in the bow of his canoe; the eager eyed New England lad, setting out to seek his fortune; and William Mackenzie in his special car.

The Northwest Trails are still there, though they are spiked down over whitewood ties instead of being scarred with Indian blazings. Though men work with railways and elevators and townships instead of canoe-brigades and dog-trains and wilderness cabins, Romance is never dead. The Empire Builders of to-day are as the Empire Builders of yesterday, and Mackenzie and Mann are the new Lords of the North, both dreamers and accomplishers of dreams.

The Delinquent Debtor

A Story of Prohibition Days

By J. J. Armstrong

I had decided to spend my summer vacation in the Canadian Northwest on the Bar N ranch, the guest of the manager, old Jim Boyd. He and I had been together for about a month the previous year, when he was East with a large shipment of cattle for the Bar N. Our firm handled nearly all the cattle sent East by L. N. Mason, the principal owner.

Boyd had been with the Bar N since its first existence, and he had established very comfortable quarters, nicely arranged. The walls were literally covered with all kinds of firearms, knives, belts, branding irons, and all such paraphernalia connected with a ranch. I took great interest in examining the different specimens for they were many and varied.

One evening I was standing with arms akimbo, admiring his collection, when the old man pointed to a Winchester resting on a pair of elk horns.

"That old fellow has put many a puncher to sleep," he said, with a sly wink; "I've seen many a poor fellow knocked out with its contents." As he was speaking he reached for the rifle and handed it to me. I was astonished at its lightness.

"Why," I said,"It's tin,and hollow."

"That gun," said the old gentleman, reaching for his pipe, "done yeoman service in the old prohibtion days. They'd fill 'er full of licker, shoulder arms and march." The old man chuckled at the recollection: "The police never tumbled, although, like as not the owner often did, after gettin' a charge from that 44-40. I got the gun from a couple of boys from Indiana as worked on the Bar N for a couple of years. Them was the devil's own pair. Although they didn't hit the booze much themselves they seemed to delight in bamboozlin' the authorities."

"They was into all kinds of deviltry and never seemed happy unless they was a-worryin' someone, but, mind you, a better pair of boys to work never set a saddle on the Bar N. The only fault I had with 'em was Indiana.

"Say, they'd talk you blind about In-di-ana. I ain't much on jography anyway, and they got me so gol darned mystified I'd begun to think that New York and Brooklyn was suburbs of Indianapolis. Well sir, after them kids was here two months you couldn't make me believe all the liars came from Missouri, but I didn't care as long as they was good-natured, and it didn't hurt them for work."

"Fill yer pipe and I'll tell you a little game they played on another George Washington from Indiana: One day old man Mason come out and said for us to run a bunch of about four score horses out to M—, and dispose of 'em The settlers was comin' in thick and fast and buyin' everything with hoofs on. As a rule, in sellin' horses you have to halter break and sometimes bust 'em, that is, ride 'em until the buck is out of 'em, and you have to do it in sight of 'em pink-eared dogies, before they'll buy them, for they won't believe you on your oath.

"So I selects my bunch and takes Hall and Curtis, my two Indiana cherubs, with me, and started for the grain country.

"Arrivin' at our destination I had sold a few when, one day, my two laddy-bucks comes saunterin' along with a prospective buyer in tow. He had just got started tellin' me he was agent for the McCormick Implement Company, and wanted a team of drivers, when Hall puts in his oar, and says,"You work for a good old Yankee firm; why they don't use any-thing but McCormick machines in Indiana.'"

" 'Do you come from Indiana, pard," asks Connor the agent, 'if you do just give me a good old American grasp,' as he extended the glad hand.

"You bet yer life. Me'n him's both from God's country,' says Hall, rubberin' towards Curtis.

"Well sir, you may think I was batty, but when I saw they was three of them and all from Indiana, I went out behind the corral, stuck prairie wool in my ears, and, if ever a human bein' sent a little plea heavenward it was me, beseechin' the powers above, that, if ever I died they would spare me the mortification of bein' resurrected with the Indiana contingent, when old Gabe blows the blast.

"Howsomever, the boys succeeded in sellin' Connor a nice team of blacks and promised him to help break them, and a pretty nice figure his team cut when he got 'em in shape.

"One day not long after the sale, I was settin' on the corral fence, lookin' at a immigration map when Connor come along.

" 'Hello, Mr. Boyd,' says he, studyin' geography?'

" 'No,' says I, only tryin' to find out in what corner of Indiana the United States is located.'

"He just laughs, and says, 'Indiana's alright. You should take a trip to that state and see things worth seein.'

" 'Not on your life,' I growls, 'I might catch it too; if you fellows keeps on I'll be seein' things as it is.'

" 'Where are the boys?' he asks.

" 'Gone back to the corn belt to feed some of 'em hogs that's heavier'n our steers,' I puts in.

" 'No joshin'. I put the black team into a field south of the town, and they're out and away.'

"Well, the upshot was, he was to give the boys ten dollars to round the team up and bring 'em into town, which they did in about two hours. Then Mr. Connor hands over five and said it was plenty for two hours work.

"Curtis was tellin' me how dirty Connor had acted and vowin' he'd get even with the lump-jawed maverick. I knew enough of them imps to kind of pity Connor, and was goin' to speak in his favor, when I heard Hall who was talkin' bronco to a prospective buyer say—'Now down in Indiana—'and thinkses I to myself, they're all from Indiana; let them fire ahead.

"Connor had taken up a claim a few miles out of town and had built a shack, and he drove out there every evening, and slept there nights for six months each year, to satisfy the Government that he was a permanent resident and so get his patent when the three years was up.

"Often he would ask a few chums out to spend the evening. This time he had ast sevrul to a stag party to come off the following week, had got a drummer friend to smuggle in a case of Schlitz, and had it cached under the lounge in a room back of his implement office. so as to be out of the sight of the M. P. or any stray spotters.

"Well sir, in some way them Indiana cherubs got wise to the fact, and decided to swipe the juice that made Milwaukee famous, and make it a thirsty feast unless Connor divvyed up the other V.

"They held a council! Then Hall went over to Connor's office, friendly like, and started chatting with him. Then Curtis loomed up on the scene in a hustle, puffin' and blowin' and tryin' hard to control his wind. When he got his breath, he says, excited like, 'Say Hall, I've struck a vein—pay-dirt galore. The old man, (meanin' yours truly), has had a couple of gallons sneaked in to treat the boys election night. It's cached in his room; try and get some keys some place, and we'll unlock his door to-night, and vamoose with the whole brewing before he goes to bed.'

"'I can't get any keys,' grumbles Hall.

"'Borrow some some place. Get two or three bunches and I'll try and do the same.'

"'You can have mine when I lock up to-night,' chips in Connor (as billed), if you have 'em here first thing in the morning.'

"'Good,' says Curtis, 'what time can we get em?'

"'About six or a little later, and say,' continued Connor, 'get a rig and bring it out to my shack. Here's to Indiana!' and then he laughs like a bug-house tenant.

"The boys were on deck at six to get the keys, and, as soon as it was dark strolled down to Connor's office, picked out the key that fitted the lock, went in and collared his cherished beer and transplanted it to their bed-room at the hotel.

"They were on hand when Connor drove in in the morning, and handed back the keys saying, 'Thanks awfully, we'll see you later.'

"I went down to the corral that forenoon with the boys to help them push the outfit out on the prairie for a feed, and was just coming back when I met Connor.

"And say, I've seen men when their wrath got the upper hand of 'em, and I've heard a few that knew all the cuss words in the vocabulary, but Connor got them all off, and started manufacturing new ones, chewin' em up and spittin' 'em out like a defeated politician, and gesticulating like a sheeny.

"At last I got to the bottom of the affair, and says I: 'You go and divvy up that five dollars you owe the boys and your Dutch tea will be restored.'

"After a while he cooled off and began to see the fun himself, and when the boys brought the horses in he was a-sittin' on the corral fence, and, as they rode up he calls out.

"'Say, I've come to settle up the balance of that account:

"'Can't accept it without interest,' says one of the boys.

"'How much?' asks Connor.

"'A bid to the stag dinner and we'll supply the Schlitz.'

"'It's a go,' he says, 'and we'll drink to old Indiana, the finest state in the Union.' "

A Pictorial Story of Indian Head, Saskatchewan

W. L. BIRNIE
SECRETARY

A. M. FRASER
PRESIDENT

S. W. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRESIDENT

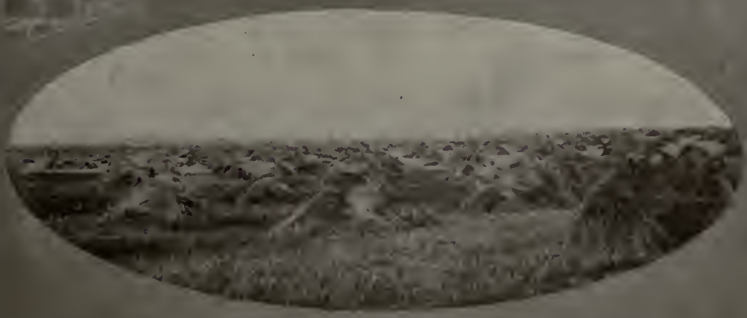
BOARD OF TRADE OFFICERS

THE LONG LINE OF ELEVATORS

THRESHING ON JOHN BROWN'S FARM

HARVESTING ON T. VERNER'S FARM

CUTTING OATS, EXPERIMENTAL FARM



A WHEAT FIELD AS VIEWED FROM ONE OF THE ELEVATORS

WHEAT FIELD WITH BINDERS AT WORK, JOHN BOYD'S FARM

BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON ISAAC JACKSON'S FARM

PELCHLE'S BREAKING OUTFIT

A RANCHING SCENE

BREAKING THE PRAIRIE LAND

BISHOP'S COURT AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

SUPERINTENDENT MC KAY'S RESIDENCE, EXPERIMENTAL FARM

A HUNTER'S PARADISE—25 MILES FROM INDIAN HEAD

INDIAN MISSION AND SCHOOL, LE BRET, SASK., NEAR INDIAN HEAD

EXPERIMENTAL FARM

The Passing of the Old West

By T. Bradstock Evans

After many years' absence, the fascination of the West, "the call of the wild," again appealed to me, and I decided to revisit the town of Macleod which I remembered as it was in the old days, years before the railway with its fast engines and comfortable club cars had eliminated our old ideas of distance; in the days when a trip to Winnipeg was something to be considered carefully, and provision made for a long and serious journey.

The town as I remembered it, with its log buildings, the ever present cow punchers, half breeds and Indians, appealed to me as a restful change after the busy life of the East, and though had there been time, I should have preferred to have taken the old route with its trials and inconveniences, still one has to bow to the inevitable, and getting a comfortable berth in the Pullman, I eventually found myself in Macleod. Then my eyes began to open.

My first intimation of the changes which had taken place was received at the station, where in place of the cow-punchers, half-breeds and Indians, whom I had expected to see, I found a well dressed crowd, all strangers, and all full of business; well filled busses taking the travelers to the different hotels, and other evidences of a modern commercial prosperity, which made me feel that I was doomed to disappointment in my expectations of seeing the old Macleod I had known in the past.

Refusing the invitations of the hotel touts, I started off on foot to take in my first impressions of the new Macleod. The first thing to force itself upon me was the presence of mills and elevators, at the former of which were about a dozen teams, waiting their turn to unload their wheat. Then the origin of the change was forced upon me. The rancher, the old king of the Southwest, had given way to the farmer; the lands which had for so many years been the home of thousands of head of horses and cattle, had been appropriated by the farmer for the raising of wheat. This then was the cause of the marvelous change, not only in the town as I could see it from where I stood, but also in the change I had noticed in the people themselves

Walking on towards the town, looking for the old landmarks, the alteration was still further impressed on my mind The old log buildings of which I had such pleasant recollections had almost entirely disappeared, giving place to substantial looking frame and brick buildings, though in places I caught sight of an occasional log shack, which, owing to the altered surroundings, I was unable to recognise.

Before leaving the residential portion of the town, I paid a visit to the large new hotel, which had just been completed near the station, in the hope of finding someone whom I had known in the old days, and to my surprise found that Barney Grier, the joint-owner, an old-time rancher, was there himself; though there was a change even in him, for now in place of being simply a rancher he was mayor of the town, a prosperous farmer, and the joint-owner of an up-to-date hotel. From him I discovered that the changes were even more far-reaching than I had deemed possible.

Taking a walk down toward the business portion of the town, I passed a large open square, all neatly fenced, which at a first glance I took to be the public school grounds, enclosing a large square building which I subsequently found to the court house, where the Supreme Court for Southern Alberta holds its session; the public school being a similar building, a couple of blocks east of this point.

Coming to the Main Street I missed the old "Queen's Hotel," finding in its place a fine three storey dressed stone building replete with all modern comforts. This the new "Queen's," cost the proprietor no less than $60,000.00 to build.

The old Cawdry Bank was also missing, its place being occupied by the large brick building of the Bank of Commerce which took over the business; the old Hudson's Bay building was still there, though even it was doomed, as the new building almost completed; showed. The new building is one of the finest at present in Macleod, being built of dressed stone, and having a frontage of 58 feet, and a depth of 99 feet.

Next to the Bank of Commerce, where most of the old business houses stood, there was a blank, where the fire ran through in the latter part of last year, but already the contractors were busy preparing for the new business blocks which are to be run up this summer, all of which are to be built of either brick, stone or concrete. Still further east is the town hall, a large brick building which combines the municipal offices with the opera house.

Another feature of the town which struck me was the prevalence of the real estate agents, all looking busy and prosperous, a sure sign that property was changing hands at a fairly rapid rate. In connection with this in the course of a conversation with E. F. Brown, the secretary-treasurer of the town, I discovered that the Government some time ago presented the town with the town-site. This has turned out to be a very satisfactory gift from the town's point of view, as about $60,000.00 still remain the property of the town. The first visible result of this accumulation of funds by the municipality has been the introduction of a very complete system of waterworks, and fire protection; also a modern electric lighting and power plant.

Wishing to see for myself the changes in the surrounding country I strolled down to where old Dick Kennefick used to have his livery stable, and found that he was still doing business at the same stand, though in place of the old log stable, he had built a modern brick barn. Taking a team and driver, I started to view the town and country, and was much surprised to see the large number of residences outlying from the business portion of the town, which I had missed in my morning's stroll.

The country was even a greater surprise. Passing the beautiful Island Park, which is the property of the town, we struck north, and where in the past I had seen nothing but open range I found that every acre was fenced. In place of the old log shacks, I found the fine frame buildings and outhouses, which the wheat has purchased for the farmer. Calling at some of the farms, I found the farmers enthusiastic about the wonderful crops they were getting, and the wonderful climate which prevailed; at last I had found something which had remained unchanged. The climate, at any rate, had withstood the test of time.

Next day one or two of my old friends showed me over the powerhouse, the telephone exchange, and various other institutions which marked the surprising progress of the town.

But my visit was not one of business and I could not refrain from thinking of my lost ideal. The old Macleod which I had known was gone forever, and in its place I had discovered a progressive Western town. It was with real regret for the old days which will never return, that I hit the pike.

THE FURNACE

By Philip Payne

Author of "The Mills of Man," The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly, as advertising manager for Worth & Ware, a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Partice Powell, a breezy, "nice" young woman, and Mr. Worth's ward; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Mrs. Eccleston, a high-bred, refined woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes up to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Jack Wytcherly goes out to the "Sea Fox" to deliver this message and is jovially invited to join the gay crowd aboard for a cruise.

CHAPTER NINE

(Continued)

As Wytcherly reluctantly got over the side, he wondered whether the Sea Fox did not afford a rather good solution of the problem of what to do with one's days. Joviality without stint, the freest of good fellowship, the broadest of good humour, obtained upon her decks. Fain he was to stay awhile—to eat, to drink, to laugh, to snore, to steer a course, to stand a watch, to scan the stars.

Mark followed him into the boat. "I'll go with you," he said. "Our tars are busy fixing things shipshape, and I can get the keeper's boy to row me back to Idlenesse. Husbands are supposed to kiss their wives good-bye, you know."

Wytcherly was waving his hand to the gentlemen on deck—he swept his hat off in a final salutation—had they not laughed at his sallies, warmed him with their urgings? He rowed slowly away.

"Mrs .Eccleston tells me," began Mark, after settling his bulk as comfortably as was permitted by the space, "that you and she make a hit of it."

"We do," said Wytcherly, recurring to an interest greater than the yacht. "We do: that is, we find many things to talk about, to agree upon."

"Glad to hear it," Mark announced tolerantly. "To tell the truth, I've been regaled by nothing except accounts of you since I've been here. According to Mrs. Eccleston you're quite a man—ha, ha, ha!"

Wytcherly laughed also. And he replied: "She cannot be half so much impressed with me, as I am with her. Why, I think she's marvelous. I have seen women before with minds, but never until now one whose mind seemed beautiful."

"The clever men all think about her as you do," Mark asserted with some pride. "Bandy, the colourist, you have heard of him—says she knows more about art than any woman he knows, and Senator Scott of Ohio says the same thing of her in regard to politics. Well I'm classed as a dub myself; but suppose I am—haven't I a wife whom the smartest men in America envy me?"

Wytcherly did not believe that the little he had seen Mark drink could have

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affected so seasoned a veteran—yet, why this efflorescence? "I can well understand that," he agreed. "Mrs. Eccleston is certainly the most intellectual woman I have ever met."

"She ought to be," her husband declared. "Do you know who her father was, and her grandfather? The best lineage in all North America, though between ourselves blessed with more blue blood and brains than with estate. Then you should have seen her mother, one of the Montreal Romains. You'd have to have seen her—proud as a peacock, and selfish as the devil! As Romaine says: think of lavender, old silver, old lace, and you'll have Mrs. Whiting. God rest her haughty bones—she never approved of me."

"I never knew what fine lady meant," confessed Wytcherly. "But I knew I saw one, when I first saw Mrs. Eccleston."

"By Jove, I'm glad you see it." Mark slapped his knee. "The Worths, they do and they don't. They know she is a gentlewoman, as they have been told; but that's all they know. You understand? Now you, you not only know Mrs. Eccleston has a mind, but you appreciate her intellectual side. I know it, but I can't, I'm too much a dub."

"Yet you seem to know enough to have a pretty high opinion of her," suggested Wytcherly with a smile.

"More than she gives me credit for," Mark sighed. "Since you do," he added generously, "I hope you'll go to see her just as often as you can, every day in fact, as long as you are here.—Bear to the right a little, if you want to fetch the lighthouse."

"I'll go," the young man replied. "I couldn't be better pleased than to be allowed."

"You see I am away so much," the husband explained. "I am away so much that Mrs. Eccleston is more than ordinarily dependent on her friends. I always tell her that whenever anyone congenial turns up, to make the most of him, if she's inclined. I say to her, if anyone objects, it won't be I. Rather liberal on my part, eh, Wytcherly?"

"Also wise," the latter affirmed.

It may not have occurred to Mark in that light before. "May be," he said dubiously. He added: "To tell the truth, Jack, you must see, I'm not exactly everything that a woman of her kind has a right to expect. I bore, my conversation does, and that's one reason why I keep away. Some people of poor taste esteem my company as not half bad; but she doesn't, not a little bit—she has too many brains. So I drift where I am appreciated, just as any other dub; but I'm not going to be a low down dog-in-the-manger on that account. If some interesting chap like you happens along, there's no reason she shouldn't enjoy you all she can."

Wytcherly between his strokes, surprised a tender expression in Mark's face. His sympathy was touched. "It takes a little chivalry to see it that way," he ventured.

"Thank you, Jack." Mark Eccleston was grateful—flagrantly grateful, his companion felt. "She and I"—did he accent the conjunction?—"she and I have never had a child. Sometimes I wonder, if we had, whether we might not be still a little sweet on one another as in the early years."

Wytcherly recoiled. Knowing the man's life for what it was, knowing the man himself, the images conjured by his confidence, sickened the listener. Mark might be sentimental, might cherish a sodden worship for the wife whom he neglected, but this emphasis upon past possession, this lack of reticence, amounted to atrocity. In thick voice which remorsefully regretted the nearness of the paradise from which his own deeds had shut him out, he, as it were, proclaimed an intimacy besides which intellectual companionship, however genuine, faded to inconsequence.

Looking up, he encountered Mark's indirect glance. Was he imaginative, or did Mark's expression intimate a triumph and convey a taunt?

CHAPTER TEN

HER HUSBAND

With what he considered the punctilious courtesy that he exercised in little things towards his wife, Mark Eccleston asked whether he might not put on his hat while in the gallery. "We bald-headed men you know——"

"To explain is the offense," she drily interruped.

Mark consoled himself with a humourous grimace. His wife bit her lip.

As usual he was idling, lying prostrate in the hammock with cushions to support his neck and head. One foot just touched the floor, while the other, thrust straight out, exposed the red silk stocking that encased his fat leg. If immaculate condition and fresh clothes constitute the gentleman, Mark was well up in the class.

Mrs. Eccleston, seated in a rocking chair a few feet from the hammock, was bending over sewing in her lap. She disliked sewing and she disliked in particular her present task. But the yacht unexpectedly was to sail at seven o'clock and in her remorse for her thankfulness therefor she had undertaken to meet the emergency by mending the buttonholes in a half dozen shirts. While her needle worked, she was irritably conscious that Mark was pleased to watch her as she sewed for him. She fancied she could detect the smile lurking under his drooping white mustache.

Abruptly she dropped her hands. "Mark," she said in keen irritation, "please refrain from taking off your hat every other minute to stroke the crown of your head. I find it extremely annoying."

He reddened. "Excuse me," he pleaded in much embarrassment.

She resumed the sewing but with the irritated consciousness somehow that she was affording sport.

And in fact Mark was experiencing a quiet laugh. Without defining it he appreciated the dilemma of his wife. He reflected while watching her needle's play that not every chap had so fine a lady to sew for him. To be sure she might converse with Wytcherly upon subjects she would never condescend to mention to him, but she didn't darn the poet's "socks." Such was the substance of the chuckle in Mark's mind.

He was remarking how her concentration puckered her smooth brows and rather ignobly affected her expression. "I wonder, Romaine," presently he drawled, "if you've any notion how funny you look when you stitch."

She cast the garment from her lap and shot at him a withering glance. Which quick action further amused Mark, and lest she discover his diversion and insist upon destroying comfort by a scene, he discreetly turned his head and smiled at the lake. In amend he murmured: "I apologize, Romaine."

Mrs. Eccleston, ashamed of the little outburst, picked up the rejected shirt from the floor, and silently applied herself to the completion of the task.

By the time the last buttonhole was finished, her vexation had been stitched into the linen and she was experiencing the satisfaction which is supposed to result from duty done.

She even shared with Mark a smile that was confessedly somewhat at her own expense. In truth, if mutuality in recognition of their own incompatibility could have rendered the condition tolerable, this wedded pair might have saved their marriage through the grace of humour; for humour, as nearly as it can be defined, is a sense of incongruity. Both perceived the incongruity of their relationship; but one, although she often smiled, could not always keep her smiling up.

Mark reclined listlessly and swung a red-ankled foot. Mrs. Eccleston gently rocked and continued feebly to smile. Neither talked, since Mark was lazy and his wife had nothing to say. When neither talked they got on most pleasantly.

While she was not a cold woman, neither was she a patient sufferer of wrong. She was not unfitted for the estate of marriage; but she had found that her own marriage did not improve with time. On the contrary—the growth of her intelligence, the diminishing refinement of her husband, rendered year by year more irksome the penalties of marriage, as marriage existed for her.

Respect for the institution was in her

blood. Her traditions held its requirements to be paramount, whatever the revolt of the spirit, the repulsion of the flesh. She believed that marriage was a social necessity, and had faith in it as a sacrament. Her own hostility was not encouraged by philosophy or provoked by desire—it proceeded from her highest spiritual demand.

That demand she had been forced to recognize as a truth. But it had not occurred to her to regard herself as a heroine in a sex-problem play, or to pity herself as an outraged martyr. Quite otherwise, since in a manner, sneakingly as it were, she sympathized with Mark. She scarcely blamed him for his delinquencies, as he was a man, while she recognized his chivalry (she did not deem the word too strong) in refraining from exactions he was privileged to make more often than he did.

His consideration, in fine, had sometimes convicted her of her own want of generosity, so that she had found it impossible consistently to refuse him what he did solicit, although the granting cost her some days of self-loathing. And Mark was not insensible of her disposition, for he frequently remarked: "My wife's tremendously intellectual and damnably stuck-up; but she's an awful good fellow just the same away down in her heart."

She must have been. Indeed, as she surveyed him now, she felt some vague inclination to relent. The man was not unattractive in his yachting clothes, whose whiteness accorded with the grey tones of his skin. She liked him better with his cap on, too, although his baldness was not unbecoming when he did not pet it with his palm. She fancied the cruise must have reduced him by a few pounds—at any rate he seemed more graceful and to have gained in youth.

At intervals he turned from gazing lazily at the lake, to glance at her. His dark eyes were liquid and luminous with health; they twinkled pleasantly and she knew that in an instant she could make them blaze. To make them blaze, merely as act of power on her part, she recognized as a temptation.

Yes, masculinity existed still for her, and Mark and not another was her mate. True, he was minus mind; he was a mere magnetic specimen of the "*moyen sensuel homme*." Yet he was man and hers—for her he represented passion and the fellowship of passion.

The half-defined emotion of her brain perhaps conveyed itself to the man's sense. He stretched forth his arm lazily to caress the hand lying in her lap. The warm touch stung to life the blood within her veins, and instinctively, she averted her regard, ashamed for the sudden carnal fire that leaped into his eyes. But her hand was not withdrawn.

His fingers hunted over hers, measuring their contours. By chance he touched their tips, and momentarily his own shrank away—in the matter of feminine flesh Mark was so choice a sybarite. "Why, Romaine," he exclaimed in surprise, "your finger-tips are like a seamstress' for all the world."

His hand was flung back to him by the force of her spring. Before he realized that he had given provocation, he found her standing over him, her eyes glittering. Had she had a dagger in her hand she would have poniarded him, where he lay, with no more compunction than would have troubled some sixteenth century great lady.

"That to me!" she cried. "You dare, you dare! You trader, you commercialist! Is it not enough that I, my mother's daughter, must stitch and mend for you? Must I also hear your insults because I am in your service marked, vulgarian that you are?"

With the superb gesture of outraged majesty she stalked across the gallery into the house.

Mark Eccleston with open mouth stared after her. Faith, as he said himself as soon as his wits returned, he admired her, nay, approved of her tantrums, considering the cause.

"By Jove," asserted Mark, as he relapsed again into an easeful posture, "she's mettlesome, the filly. Shies like a thoroughbred, needs a nice hand on the rein. Gad, 'twas worth the price to see her heels go up!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

HER ATTEMPT TO BE A WIFE.

He called towards the doorway. "Romaine, I'm sorry; I did not mean anything." His tone simulated a contrition, while he smiled for the humour of the case. "Please come back, I'll do my best to behave. Do come—we were getting on so famously, when I put my foot into it. Almost it seemed as if we might renew the dear old times, when I was young and you were younger."

He pleaded, but he scarcely expected her return. Therefore he was surprised when suddenly she stood framed in the doorway—a reserved but not resentful woman, who looked down at him with a deep look of inquiry in her clear eyes.

Secretly very much amused, he was a trifle awed besides. "I'm sorry," he faltered. Gathering assurance: "Excuse me—what was it all about anyhow?"

"About nothing—nothing that mattered. Nothing does matter, you know." And with a sigh at her own expense: "And so I suppose I may as well sit down."

"That's right, Romaine," Mark cheerfully approved. "Nothing matters much—it is philosophy. And let everything go—go hang if it will—is the way to get peacefully through this happy-go-lucky world."

"No, nothing does matter," with a forced assumption of a vast indifference she acquiesced, "if one only gets enough to drink, and something to laugh at. So provided, it is highest policy to let the rest go hang."

"Well, life's awful short—at the longest," he moralized, "and if anything presents itself that a fellow can find tolerable, he is wise to annex it quick and not bother for what can't be helped."

"But about the disagreeables," she interjected in another tone. "You leave them for others to bother with, no doubt."

"Oh, come, Romaine, don't lecture—I'm off in an hour," he importuned.

"I'm not sermonizing; don't think it," she assured him. "I'm striving instead to see life in your way—to find out if perhaps you are not right after all."

His eyes twinkled. "Good Romaine, you're coming to your senses finally. Take it from me, it isn't worth the tribulation to do anything you do not like. Life isn't serious, and if you insist it ought to be, you only get bored to death for your pains."

"Then I think I'll not sew any more," she announced, as if moved to a definite conclusion.

Mark chuckled. "Don't; I wouldn't if I were you. What else will you not do, ha, ha!"

"You don't understand, Mark," she warned. "This means much more besides than that I will never again try my eyes threading needles." She seemed as if anxious lest the whole import of her changed attitude fail to be realized in its full gravity by her auditor. Having spoken, she studiously considered him, his features, his expression, as if she were trying to come at something, to frame an estimate. "Why not, why not!" she asked herself half aloud.

Mark was impressed. He said: "I'm glad, Romaine, you say so. I never should have asked it of you. I'm commoner clay than you are, I know that; but I'm immensely proud of you"—his face glowed; "it's a great thing to me that a gentlewoman, a lady of distinction, is my wife, the wife of such a fellow as I am. I—I wish we had not lost the money; I wish I made more than I do, so that you never had to think of the house. But I do give you all I can—you never ask for money without getting it, do you?"

She was touched. For it was true, within his means he did deny her nothing. Slothful as he was and self-indulgent to excess, he passed most of the money he received to her, and got his indulgences in the main part at other men's expense. Now that she was trying to see as he did, to be as he was, she apprehended that this conduct entailed considerable self-sacrifice of a sort, and demonstrated that an ideality existed in the man.

"Why not, truly?" she again inquired of herself. There was no good reason for the negative, while duty lay with the affirmative—her duty as a wedded wife, to cheer, to comfort, to obey.

She considered him once more. He was indeed a comely creature, one who proved attractive to most women. She should be drawn to him—she was his by right, and it was natural and good that she should be possessed.

She fancied herself to be romantic in temperament; for, if her brain was cold and northern, her impulses, like her gaiety, were French, so she believed. Asceticism, renunciation, were foreign to her spirit—she was spontaneous, eager; she loved life, or could love it, were she allowed; she had burned with passion, and could burn again. She had great need for fondness, very human love, and human pleasure. True, she was patrician, and was offended by vulgarity in enjoyment; but Mark was indubitably a gentleman, although very candidly a materialist.

Why not indeed? She had suffered without gain—had striven to her cost—had held herself aloof, developed her mind, cultivated her æstheticism—to what good? Mark was much the wiser. At least he was obtaining from life something—such as it was—that was positive, that savoured of pleasure, not of pain.

"Mark," she began, "I mean to sew no more. I mean several other things besides. I am tired of my books, tired of chasing art, weary of opinions as of the men who utter them. I desire only to let such things go, and to descend or ascend to you. I would become and stay a mere woman, if I can. What do you think?"

"Think?" he echoed joyously, his eyes gleaming, his face flushing with colour. "I don't think, I yell. Good for you, Romaine!"

Her gravity was not to be infringed. "I want you to take me, Mark, and keep me, make me just an ordinary fond woman, a dutiful wife. We will begin a new life together, human, usual, natural, and my one aim will be to give you pleasure in your own."

He sat up in the hammock with the spring of a young man. "Now you are talking sense, Romaine. No more artists, politicians, no plaguey literary fellows—no more high lights, regenerations, soulful ecstasies, no more! I thought you'd see through them all some day, Romaine; I thought you'd arrive at sense. Three meals a day, a loving wife, good jokes, good fellowship, they're the substantialities, they're all there is to it, that's worth while in the game."

"I quite agree with you." She spoke judicially.

He spread his arms to clasp her. "Then now are you my girl. It will be as it used to be, and better too."

"I hope," she said.

"Then come to me, Romaine. Let me kiss you quick and hard."

He stood over her—she heard his breathings.

She pushed him away gently with her hands.

"That is a poor way to commence—our new life," he excepted.

"Wait," she bade. "There is tonight. I—I will not fail you."

"You forget." He showed surprise. "Tonight? The yacht sails tonight."

"You think of going?" Her glance was sharp.

"The men expect me. Of course," he replied.

She got upon her feet and confronted him. Angry spots burned in her cheeks. "What, you prefer those men, that yacht, to your—wife!"

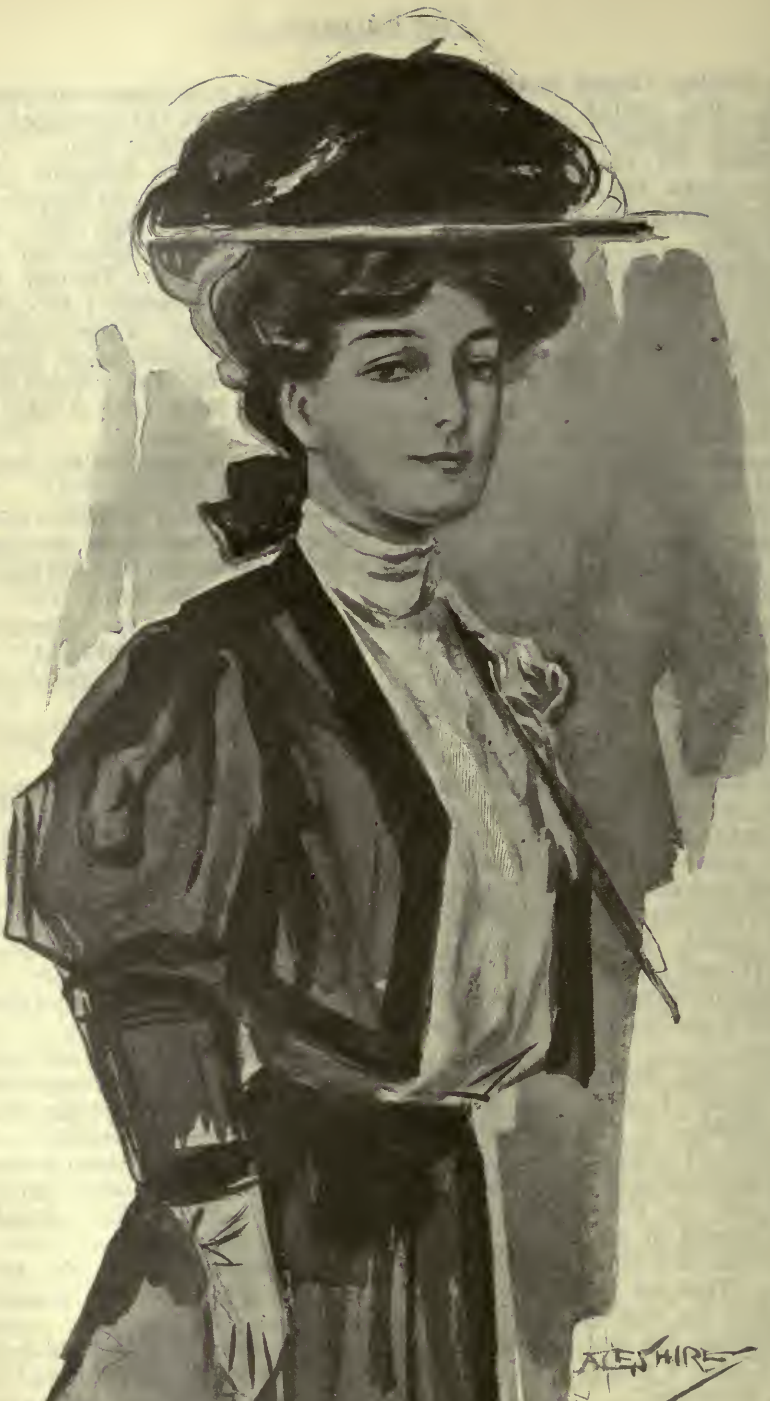
"But I promised them before; I am pledged for this cruise." He twisted in annoyance. "You mustn't be unreasonable, Romaine."

"You will leave me?" she challenged. "I suppose I'd bore you, if you stayed. Domestic—"

"So. There's a price to be paid, is there? I might have known."

"Exactly. What is the price? I offer myself, my tenderness, my company, in lieu of your men, their fellowship, their ribaldry. What do you say?"

A sullenness settled upon Mark. "Then why didn't you say so before?



PATRICE

It would have saved a lot of fuss. What you're up to is to reform me after all. When you've got me out with my men friends and settled down to humdrum in the cottage with you, you'll next try to make a man of me. Mr. Worth on a small scale, I suppose. You will insist that I amount to something.''

"I believe I should, to be fair,'' she acknowledged coldly. "Although I had not got that far in my own thoughts.''

Mark smiled with the pleasure of proven perspicuity.

''Romaine, you can't change me.'' he began in an indulgent tone. ''What you ought for your own sake to have done is to have married a man like Worth—you could have done a lot with him. Oh, I know you look down on him as commercial; but commercial is on top nowadays, and until you're there too you'll never feel at home.''

''I can respect Mr. Worth,'' she disdainfully rejoined. ''He is not flabby. I can respect any man who makes a stout fight of it, whatever may he his—good fortune or bad.''

''Well.'' retorted Mark, jocosely impervious to shame—''well, I get more for my flabbiness than Mr. Worth from his busy-as-a-beeness. He's rich and has his worries with him. I'm poor and eat his dinners for him. I'd lose by an exchange.''

''Mark, you are hopeless.''

"Of course I am, Romaine, and with any sort of encouragement I hope to remain so long.'' He let his trunk down carefully into the hammock, in which finally he deposited his feet, and then wallowed with the shoulders in the mass of cushions.

As she noted the characteristic motions, contempt, compunction, wistfulness, repulsion, flew successively across her face. But he did not so much as trouble himself to look up, and finally it struck her as humourous that he should so little value the riches offered him. ''It's the old case of pearls and pigs again,'' she thought.

"Ah, Mark,'' she said, ''you don't know what a wife you are missing, how much your slave I was prepared to be. I shall always like you, Mark, against my judgment; but you never will allow me to indulge my weakness to the full.'' She laughed silently. In another voice: ''And so I warn you, Mark, if anything should happen, do not blame me. I will not blame myself.'' She turned and walked towards the door.

He was so unimpressed that lying easefully he did not even shift his head to watch her go. ''You're too intense, Romaine, you always were,'' his words followed her. ''You miss the real enjoyments to be had along the way by refusing to enjoy anything unless it's tuned to a high falutin' pitch.''

She stopped. Apparently she struggled with herself, coerced some force within herself—was it hurt egoism or merely her best aspiration?

She went back slowly to the hammock, standing over it, and flushing like a girl. ''Mark,'' she said gently, ''I know I've been a bore, too ridiculously in earnest, too intolerant of averages. But I'll try though, Mark, I will, I will. If only you will meet me half, a quarter of the way—if only you will stay where you are until I come.'' She ended entreatingly.

Mark whistled—a single note. ''Romaine there's an old saw, you can't teach old dogs new tricks.'' He rolled his lazy head to look at her. ''Let well enough alone—can't you understand that that's good sense. We're doing fairly well the way we are—there's no demand for a reformation or a revolution that I can see. I let you do about anything you choose, while I gang my own gait, the only one I know. I'm aware, of course, I'm no hero to my wife; but then I'm comfortable, tolerably, thank you.'' He returned his head to view the lake again. ''No, we'll not disturb things as they are, I think, not yet awhile,'' he drawled.

She did not stir, and he did not see the sudden glitter in her eyes. ''That is it,'' she said in a low voice, vibrant as a strung cord. ''What you find passable becomes horrible to me—more and more.''

Again she turned to enter the doorway, and again she halted. Mr. Worth's voice was calling up from the lake.

Mark Eccleston was nimble in getting out of the hammock and to the gallery rail. His wife advanced also.

"Come down," spoke Mr. Worth from the broad stern of a boat, manned by two oarsmen. "I'll take you over to the yacht—it's getting near the time. I want to talk business a few minutes with you, Eccleston, if your wife will consent to part with you a little before the time."

"Oh, his wife will cheerfully consent," laughed Mrs. Eccleston, who, seated on the rail, was swinging daintily a slippered foot.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

"IDLENESSE."

The lighthouse was a red brick cube, surmounted by a gable in the Holland style. Upon its peak a conical short cupola sat, and this held the revolving light, which winked alternate red and yellow at the straits. In calm weather many ships preferred the passage sheltered by the island to the doubling of the rocky head upon which stood the castle of the Worths. For the straits themselves afforded plenty of sea room, while the southern channel into them, although narrow, was deep. The light marked the entrance.

Wytcherly, awake in his bed, could look through the window in the gable-end across the half mile of intervening water, and see the cottage's wet shingles glistening in the morning sun. So transparent was the air that he was half convinced he could hurl a stone and hit the eaves.

Each new day invited him. He zestfully flung on his clothes and ran out upon the pounded beach to a rock he knew. From its top delicious plunges could be had into deep still water, out of which he came up shivering. Then he would bathe in air and warm sunshine a while, lolling on the even sand perhaps, while his inquisitive fingers hunted on a pebbly bank.

The beach was as clean as if its million particles had severally been polished by a lapidary. The sands were grains of gold; the pebbles, glistening white, or banded zones of iridescence, or lumps of solid green and red and blue and orange. Also were bits like jade, as black as coal. The pebbles he sorted singly, as they were gems; the sand he scooped in handfuls, letting the fine stuff drain between his fingers. But those stones he found exquisite he would pitch into the lake to produce rings of momentary ripples, just as a man with the things that count in life will toss the one or two most precious into the mire in obedience to perversity.

In no wise did Wytcherly require a stimulus of love in order to dream dreams. The natural vapours of his mind engendered them. He had dreamed in crowded streets, and now with time upon his hands he dreamed, if not more readily, at least more. Idlenesse like a provoking cause swung constantly within his ken, and his imaginative faculty would have been commonplace, had it failed of its romantic function here.

The chatelairie—such was his title for the mistress of the humble cottage—had invited him to come at any time, a permission which before two days had gone he was liberally interpreting. In the morning he rowed over, as he might have stepped across a neighbor's green. In the afternoon he rowed over, in order to supplement or to explain a thing said in the morning. And in the evening he rowed over too, since he felt forlorn on one side of the channel and could not bear to think she might be lonely upon hers.

Long poles, planted in the water, to which boats at the landing underneath the gallery were moored, reminded him of masts he had seen in prints of Venice set in clumps before the palace doors.

Venice, the mere name inspired Wytcherly; the meagre poles sufficed for him to see it all. A gondola on a black canal, a soft singing under the high window of a foe, a white fluttering from the casement in response, exchange of passionate regards in the cathedral, secret notes, clandestine meetings, stolen kisses, fervent vows,—

and then a midnight stabbing on some water stairs! Had he read it in a poem years ago, or was it simply the construction of his brain? He did not know; he only knew that to play at it amused him now.

There were two approaches to her dwelling he discovered—one, the waterway; the other by the garden. Sometimes, having tied his boat, he took the steps leading to the gallery, and sometimes he went roundabout, through the garden gate, as happened to be his whim.

Resting on his oars two boatlengths from the dock, the rogue would halloo to the gallery. And it might be the maid who would answer for her mistress.

Leaning on the rail, looking down, and blushing richly like some dark peony upon discovering who she knew was there, the pretty creature would manifest a sudden interest in the horizon. "Yes, sir, Mrs. Eccleston's at home," she would state before he had had time to speak. "I'll tell her at once, yes sir."

Wytcherly would doff his cap with a little flourish of his own. It pleased him to show courtesy to a serving wench, and it flattered the serving wench's very soul.

Agnes would in a moment reappear at the gallery's edge. "Yes sir, Mrs. Eccleston will see you. She says how you are to tie up your boat and sit up here until she can come out, yes sir."

Or, making a landing a hundred yards above, he would leave the beach, and so come upon the garden that hedged Idlenesse upon the landward side. An unpainted fence, entwisted with vines and enriched by flowering shrubs, held a gate that hung depressed upon his hinges and refused to close. From it ran the garden path as irregularly as a drunkard's steps, infringed upon by bush and plant and tree, being at best but a worn trail through lush grass. Within the garden there were beds of vegetables and of flowers, scattered according to no plan, and the scents were sometimes heavy, sometimes delicate, from the profusion of growing things.

Often he found her in the garden, gathering vegetables or picking fruit. Perchance she would be standing under an apple tree, the wind in her rich-colored hair, or else bending above berry bushes staining taper fingers with the juices of the fruit. Once he had caught her cutting tender lettuce on her knees beside the plants, and at another time she was digging potatoes from the hills, and she used a hoe.

"No," she laughed, refusing to part with the utensil. "You consider I don't handle it, as if to the manner born. But I do not mind working with my hands, you see. It is not at all derogatory to one's dignity, I find."

"It isn't," he testified. "I have worked with my hands myself, and I always felt clean when I did."

"On the whole I think I respect working men," she speculated. "Although they do not properly respect ladies who neither toil nor spin. They impress me as the one class who are not vulgar nowadays."

"In a few of your views you are so hopelessly old-fashioned," he smilingly commented, "that you anticipate the regime that is destined to arise."

"Oh, you yourself are not so decidedly modern," she retorted. "My Agnes says you are the most of a gentleman she knows. She avers that your politeness to one woman is the same as to another, that you are as courteous to her, although in a different way, as you are to Mrs. Worth. That in these times is delicious, and even original, I think."

He learned the charm of her these mornings, a charm not sexual, yet physical. A playfellow on the lawns of Arcady she seemed, sportive, innocent of desire. The brilliant hair, the warm-tinted skin, were in harmony with the dewy freshness of the scene. She could not have been long out of bed, she came newly from the bath, and her pliant body swayed with the vigourous grace of a leaf-laden bough in the arms of a friendly wind. The little wrinkles near her eyes, the lines of some experience around her mouth, were negligible as factors in her beauty, so strong was the life of youth within her limbs, so clear its spirit in her hazel eyes.

"Do you like me in my apron?" she would challenge, fluffing out the linen by hands concealed. "Does it not become me—more so than a dinner gown?''

"Faith, I like you both ways,'' he replied. "But I confess I feel more at home with women who have aprons on."

"Then I vow I'll wear aprons afternoons,'' she said. "For there's nothing I now wish so much as to make you feel at home.''

"I do not fear you as I do when it's off,'' he confessed a little sheepishly. "I am not used to having women grand. As I remember my sisters and my mother, it is always with their aprons on.''

Her face divinely melted. "If I could be remembered in your thoughts with them—But,'' she changed, "my lettuce, it may wilt, and I want it for a salad. You did not suspect I could be useful?''

"Is it required you be useful?'' he rejoined. "So many can be useful, anyone in fact.''

"Oh! then I am lowered in your respects?'' she curtesied in mock abjection, while the pan of lettuce slipped slantingly at her waist. "My mother would have agreed with you,'' she added, and commenced to walk towards the house.

"Bring the basket,'' she bade him, "and do not forget the hoe. Yes, my mother would have agreed with you,'' she talked across her shoulder. "I am a sad decadence from my mother—half United States, wholly useful, easy as an old shoe. My mother was a woman of the old regime, of the eighteenth century. She was feudal in her soul, a fine lady of the day before the variety became extinct.''

"She would not have approved of me,'' Wytcherly smiled ruefully.

"I'm not so sure,'' said Mrs. Eccleston. "True, my mother might have denied you her acquaintance on worldly grounds, but she never would have been so stupid as to classify you with tradesmen.''

"I'm comforted,'' said droll Wytcherly.

The humour escaped Mrs. Eccleston. "Put the things down here, Agnes will get them.'' They had reached the kitchen door. "And come in, you never have come in, or been farther than the gallery I believe. I wish you to see how my mother looked, and some of my pet things besides.''

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

HEIRLOOMS.

Idlenesse was no better than a dove cote. If the outside of the cottage raised the presumption, to be inside confirmed the fact. The rooms were tiny, the gallery, which overlooked the water, being as spacious as the whole ground floor.

But the gallery compensated for the limitation of the rooms. It was protected from the water it overhung by a broad balustrade, upon whose flat top the mistress liked to sit, her knees drawn under her chin, her arms encircling her knees, her back against a pillar. For a dignified matron of some years the habit constituted a comical reversion to the ways of a girl.

Mrs. Eccleston in fact managed to pass the majority of her waking hours in the gallery, and, were the truth told, she had slept many nights in it as well. She was devoted to its views, which for every day consumption she preferred to those high-angled ones characteristic of the Castle. For brief whiles, perhaps, the desire would come upon her to stand on cliffs, to look down upon a spread-out map, to imagine that she could discern the great bend of the earth. But for companioship she favored the outlook of a lowlier station. Water, studied from a plane nearly level with itself, exhibits aspects of a more iridescent and delicate beauty than beheld at a vast prospect from a height.

Her visitor's occasional glances had sometimes penetrated dimly beyond the cottage doors, but until now he had never passed the threshold of the rooms themselves. Their walls seemed to him oddly bare and yet happily decorated. The furniture was of pieces evidently fitted for a great house and of a fashion older than his acquaintance. It was all mahogany and rich with age, each article constituting a valuable and rather uncomfortable relic, as it were. He knew that he had neither the knowledge nor the taste adequately to appreciate the wide colonial sideboard, the carved tables, chairs and chests; but he was rather solemnly impressed with the historical portentiousness of their array, while the longer he looked the more he became sensible to the quaintness of their charm.

"Part belonged to my great-grandmother," the owner explained. "But the most my great-aunt left me five years ago."

"I should think they would make you feel as if you were a woman of another century," he ventured timidly.

The lighting of her face enlightened him. "I do feel at home with them," she said with pride. "And I never will consent to admit one single modern piece, although Mr. Eccleston declares it to be the most bone-bruising house he was ever in."

Imaginative Wytcherly felt impressed. He had read of heirlooms in the sentimental English novels that he liked, but he had never seen an authentic heirloom in his life. Yet here was a cottage stuffed with heirlooms exclusively and in variety. The mistress handled heirlooms as less well-descended folk handle the ordinary utensils of civilized existence. She was served by things which had come down to her, things which fine gentlemen and ladies, dead two generations, had once used.

She exhibited her books. "My poets and my heroes," quoted she, and ran a caressing finger along their backs.

"I don't know that I know books," he said regretfully.

"I am so glad," she answered in a flash. "I am so sick of men who read books, of their opinions, all at second hand."

"I have often thought my ignorance was my fatal handicap," he regretted. "And I never seriously improved myself as I might have done, for I always preferred the living street to any old book."

"How fortunate you did!" she declared with shining eyes. "Thereby perhaps you have retained the savour of the individuality—you've not been dispossessed of your own self."

"My individuality has been precious little use to me," he grinned—"The world secretly resents individuality I've found."

She made a surprising speech: "I'm so glad, so glad, that you don't know a thing. For that very reason you're a joy. Seriously, you are the one I have been looking for, oh, for the dickens of a time. By tradition I have supposed myself a woman of the world; but actually I have lived pretty much as a recluse, my hours divided between keeping house and poring over books. Will you help me to get myself outdoors again, since I wish you to?"

"Put me down for anything you say," he enthusiastically rejoined. "Though for the life of me, I don't see what I can do to help a being so superior."

"Do nothing! I don't wish you to do a thing," she said. "Just be what you are—that is what I need. None other of my friends can help. But I know you can—I recognized you from the start."

Thus they talked. Both by temperament suffered a necessity to express themselves. And each admired and enjoyed the facility displayed by the other in the art of colouring speech. His utterance with its smack of the vernacular was grateful to her present intellectual mood, while hers with its occasional use of words in their old sense, with its sometimes startling innocences, gave him pure delight.

She told him of her life at Idlenesse. "I have everything up here, my mother's things, my father's books. This wee cottage more than any place is my home. I'm happiest here. Some years I manage to escape with but a few months in the city, and I've stayed up here until winter, time after time. Come over to the window.

I've seen the ice pile up in the straits out there until it was higher than my my roof. I've seen it go out in a storm with shock and grind and roar like Niagara released. I have seen the snow lie on the lake and land for miles, glistening like the sun in heaven. I have seen dazzling days and cerulean nights with the wind dead north sweeping from the Pole. And I've seen the Aurora Borealis in a glory, leaping, dying, flaming, as if the gates of high Valhalla were rolling back. I've played all of Wagner's music to myself o' nights up here.''

Wytcherly's face grew rapt. ''How wonderful the world you see!'' he said.

She gave him an inquiring look. ''But I am not happy. Did you think I meant I was?''

Involuntarily he turned his head. He felt it sacrilege to behold what momentarily her eyes revealed—utter loneliness, complete desolation.

(To be Continued.)

This Canada of Ours

By J. Duncan Harley.

Dear Canada. No other land can boast
Such fertile fields as thine, such length of coast.
Thou are the land of promised peace;
In thee shall nations all be blest
And borne upon thy mighty breast.
The toiling sons of every race
Shall find indeed a resting place.

They sing of lands where love and romance live
And tell of climes that inspiration give;
But Canada, thou are their peer!
And races from the alien shore
Shall learn to love thee more and more,
And gain new life and happy be
In this new land of liberty.

Then Canada, upon the wings of fame
Thy sons, both far and near, shall bear thy name
Till in that name shall romance live,
And freed from deeds of wrong and hate,
The nation strives to emulate
Great deeds of valor and of mind,
And in God's truth her people bind.

Then Canada arouse thy sons to-day!
And bid them to the gracious Father pray
For strength to suffer, hope and toil,
Till all the land from shore to shore,
From Esquimalt to Labrador
The shouts of victory shall raise
An honor God in all her ways.

Twenty-to-One

By Cy Warman

At last the long hard winter has passed and people interested in the Canada West are asking how it has affected immigration for 1907.

In as much as the winter was almost world-wide in its severity, most people, preparing for a pilgrimage from the Old to the New World or from the States to the Dominion will be able to console themselves with the fact that, by comparison, Canada does not, after all, come off so badly. The mean temperature in Ontario for the winter months was higher than in New York State. One day, for instance, when it was thirty below in New England and forty below in Michigan it was ten below at Parry Sound, the cold-storage port of Ontario. At all other Canadian stations from which reports are sent the thermometer stood above zero.

We do not hear of Chicago as a cold city, yet throughout one winter the writer kept tab on the temperature in that town and found that it averaged ten degrees lower than in London, Ontario.

After all it depends upon the locality. Zero in Boston is infinitely worse than twenty below at Medicine Hat. The same is true of Washington, D. C., and Denver. It was three degrees warmer, one spell covering a period of several years, at Edmonton, than it was in Toronto. That was the story told by the thermometers, but as a matter of "feeling" and of fact, the weather at the Lake Port would be much more severe than the weather at the Gateway to the Wilderness.

A German farmer once ranched for twelve years just south of Edmonton, never housed his stock save the colts, calves and lambs and in all that time, never lost a hoof or a horn because of the cold. This rancher, one in many who have proven that the cold in Canada does not always kill, is now proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, Lacombe, Alberta.

When we read that ranch-cattle by the hundreds have huddled and died during the past winter on the Western plains, we are apt to count the ranchman's failure to provide shelter and feed for his stock as almost inhuman; but when we are told that for twenty years the cattle have roamed these plains, finding their own fodder on the Chinook-fanned fields, we understand why the ranchman has taken this chance. It is a twenty-to-one shot.

Now, they say, the ranchman will build sheds and store food for his cattle, but I doubt it very much. The average white man is a born gambler and he will continue to take the chance, twenty-to-one.

By the time this reaches the printer the warm Chinook will be blowing full blast, the hills will be growing green, rivers running full and free and the melancholy moaning of the dying kine will be forgotten in the lisp of laughing waters and the songs of birds. The memory of nineteen successful seasons will suffice to make the ranchman forget the one hard winter, and you will find him re-stocking his ranch and going on, just as the early settlers in Kansas and Nebraska, eaten out by grasshoppers and burned out by the hot wind, came back to plow and plant again, persevering until these once "doubtful" states have become the surest crop producers in the American West. We soon forget.

And taking every industry of the West, Western Canada has fewer failures than most new countries. The average, in all agricultural pursuits is about as it is in the cattle business. And when we remember that the Canadian farmer may lose, utterly, one crop out of four and still fare better than the farmer in the States, even if the latter were sure of every crop, the risk in Canada is really nothing, so long as the average is twenty-to-one.

A pioneer, near Battleford, has had two failures in a quarter of a century. He has been hailed out twice. Last year he got forty bushels per acre from a twenty-year-old field. Anothes man, still north of him, has thirty years experience with never a failure.

I asked a German Mennonite near Rosthern what his land was worth and he answered $100.00 an acre.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "it pays 7 per cent. on that amount, and has paid it for years."

And this land, lying north of the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, can be bought still at from $20.00 to $30.00 an acre, some of it within three miles of a station. It can be bought at this price in a district where forty bushel yields are not uncommon; where last year one field of fifty acres gave forty-six and one-half and two hundred and forty acres averaged forty bushels.

Some people will argue that land values have reached high tide, when as a matter of fact good wheat land is now selling so cheaply that it will, when properly farmed, pay thirty to forty per cent. upon the purchase price. Land in this "Last West" will never be too high until it is higher than land lying immediately south of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. I say this without fear of contradiction because it is better land in a better climate. Also the chances for success are to the chances for failure as twenty-to-one.

Of course the time will come when the price of lots and lands in this booming West must cease to soar skyward, but I no not expect it for some years yet. Values in the city of Saskatoon, a point of great importance, being on the main line of two and on an important branch of a third railway, doubled every thirty days for a period of six months last year, and so far there is no indication of a slump. As a matter of fact the year 1907 should be a banner year for this future commercial metropolis of Saskatchewan, for during the coming summer the Grand Trunk Pacific will begin running regular trains into this town, will complete the splendid bridge that is to span the Saskatchewan, and push on and possibly reach Edmonton before another snow falls. The completion of this line will shorten the road from Winnipeg to Saskatoon by at least fifty per cent. as they can, over their level line, make the run in ten hours. Of course this opening of a splendid competing line of railway will greatly enhance the value of land along the right of way and bring thousands of new farmers to these new fields.

And the successful and satisfied settlers are about twenty to one who fails or is dissatisfied. A watchful Government, and a watchful Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa makes homesteading as easy and attractive as life can ever be made for those who are pioneering in the Canadian West. In a little while, say ten years from now, there will be no free lands worth squatting on anywhere. This is, of a truth the Last West. Wherever good land is available, regardless of railways, the homeless man will do well to stake his claim, for it is only a matter of time, and very little time, until a railway will reach every fertile field in the great wheat belt. The Grand Trunk Pacific will have more miles of feeders than it will have of main lines. Wherever two or three small settlements are gathered together the Grand Trunk Pacific will go after them. And they will go straight—straight as the bird flies—regardless of expense. The builders of this new road calculated that if they secure, to all the important points in the West, the *short line* the advantage gained will more than justify the tunneling of hills and the bridging of valleys that ordinarily are avoided. Competition in Canada is keen and will grow sharper with the passing years and the road that can deliver the goods is the line that will secure the bulk of the business.

At this moment the "unholy war" that is being waged against the railways of the United States is not raging above the boundary to the same alarming extent. True Canada has its Railway Commission, but it is not so radical and seems to be endeavoring to do the right thing as between the common carrier and the public. Already the Canadian Commission is being accused by those papers which live only that they may die for the public and a greater circulation, of being the tool of the Corporations. This is the best evidence that the Commission is only trying to be fair and deal justly with those with whom it has to do.

In the fairly well settled state the railways are protesting and will fight in court against the compulsory two-cent passenger rate, claiming, justly no doubt, that the arbitrary imposition of this rate would compel many railways to run trains at a loss, which would be a great wrong, not merely to the men who manage the railways, but to thousands of innocent shareholders who have no voice in the matter but are helpless in the hands of the politicians and public men who, for votes or for other reasons, are out against the railroad.

It is fortunate for Canada that the present Government refuses to ape the Yankee Jingos who are engaged in disturbing the commercial peace and prosperity of that country, largely because it is the popular thing to do at this time.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to regulate and Mr. Bryan immediately wants to operate, the railways of America. And so the war goes merrily on.

In a little while, if Mr. Roosevelt can find an engineer who will stick to the job, American railways will have to compete with a new water route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. That day the shrinkage in railway values on the continent will run up into the billions, for traffic can never cross the Rockies against a short water route. Here, again Canada is fortunate, for the new national highway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, will cross the Great Divide where the Rocky mountains have practically pinched out, at an altitude only a little over 3,000 feet above the sea.

Through Children's Eyes

By Flora Baldwin

When the settlers began to come in, bringing their wives and children, the first step towards the permanent peopling of Western Canada was assured. Bachelors might come and go, take up homesteads and abandon them, buy farms and sell them again to wander farther or go back whence they came; but when the man came out of the sky line in a prairie schooner with his wife and bairns he tacitly said, "We will not wander more," and settled down to stay. The olive branches pe ged him down to the prairie.

For years a house with a child in it was a novelty, and a baby in a prairie shack an attraction with a drawing power a dramatic star might envy. But things are different now, as the school-houses scattered all over the plain will bear undisputed testimony.

There is other evidence also that Western Canada has been invaded by the children. It has been my good fortune to receive during the last year letters from seven hundred or more children—a few lines from British Columbia and Ontario, but the very great majority from the two new provinces and Manitoba.

A glance down the list of names serves to show the cosmopolitan nature of the population. Here are Gentile and Jew, German, American, English, Irish, Scotch; the natives of sunny France and Italy; fair-haired Swedes, Danes and Norwegians; children of oppressed Russia, and a few of the darker-haired race whose fathers ranged these plains in former years. There is the usual proportion of little Browns and Smiths, youthful Johnstons and Robinsons, but in addition an array of names bespeaking anything but an English origin. There are children represented in that list who, when grown to citizenship, will forget that they are anything but Canadian, even though they bear names like Leduc, Schultz, Stanovich, Bellaire, O'Kelly, Bawtenheimer, Fleming, Lucci, Sigurdson and Ullerich.

Race suicide is not a problem if one can judge by these epistles, and the best part of Canada's population a decade hence is growing up in Canada *now*—sturdy, rosy youngsters, well-clothed, well-fed, well-bred. A lassie from Saskatchewan says, "I have seven sisters and one brother," another "I have five brothers and five sisters," and from a quaint little boy, "I have three brothers and two sisters of which I am the eldest." The first baby born in Lang, Saskatchewan, was given a hearty welcome and presented with a town lot. Another baby was called North-West—"a funny name" the little sister said, but showing the feeling of the parents to the home of their adoption. A tiny Russian baby boy was born on the train at Aylesbury, Sask., just the other day, and the reeve offered the father of the child a town lot if he would locate there, as the baby was the first man-child born in the village. Hazel Dewey Jones says, "We are all Yankees except little sister Alta, who is a Canadian."

The great majority of my correspondents are under fourteen years of age, but it is wonderful what a healthy interest they take in the country itself, its natural products and cultivated crops, and surprising what a wealth of information as to agricultural conditions their little missives contain. Louise T. describes her home in Southern Alberta in this way:—"The land in the surrounding country is very rich and raises wonderful crops. The land is rolling and is not as monotonous as the flat prairie. The summers are very pleasant and the air is healthful and invigorating." A Saskatchewan boy is equally enthusiastic over his surroundings:—"I live on the banks of the Pipestone. It is a beautiful place approached on either side by large hills, the south of which are studded with trees, while the north banks are clear. In the center flows a stream of water, broken here and there by miniature lakes, forming in all a chain called the Pipestone Creek. It is a pleasant place for a walk as the trees are filled with birds some of whom sing very sweetly. The air is heavy with fragrance of the vines which run up the trees and vegetation."

From many letters the presence of wild fruits and flowers in some parts of the West can be inferred. They speak of strawberries, raspberries and cranberries, and the varieties of flowers are vouched for by a hundred children who tell of roses, bluebells, orange lilies, Indian moccasins, anemones, golden rod, wood sorrel and honeysuckle.

Out of the mouths of these babes you can get as much reliable information about crops and stock as from the statistics of an expert. They are enthusiastic over the soil belonging to them, interested in everything that goes on within the boundaries of the farm. Father's possession and achievements are simply marvelous in the child's eyes and approached only by his own. "Dad has one horse that is a trotter, and he can go a mile in 2.28," is the proud boast of one lad; and "We have five pure bred Shorthorns" comes from another able to judge of the true value of things. The prizes won at fairs delight their hearts, and they talk learnedly of Red Fyfe and Minnesota No. 3, prize yearlings, colts, and three-year-olds that capture the coveted ribbons; and nothing could restrain the joy of the boy whose horse won the prize in harness, and whose mother was declared the best lady-driver on the ground.

Quite early the girls and boys undertake some duties which henceforth devolve particularly upon them. The care of poultry is one of the chief, and they easily know more about incubators and poultry foods, Silver-laced

Wyandottes and Brown Leghorns than you and I do. One family of three youngsters have thirty Pekin ducks for their very own, and a boy who raised turkeys last year on shares with his mother made money enough to buy a calf now worth twenty dollars. Bertie Brown, going on eight, has broken in a bronco to ride to school, though he adds in a Washingtonian love of truthfulness, "She was not very wild." A boy two years older plowed ten acres and harrowed thirty; another works on the round-up, and another drives the horse-power and hauls grain to town. (The technicalities of the language used make their achievements more impressive—band-cutting and out-fits, round-ups and broncos are mysteries to town folk.)

Sincerity is primarily a child virtue and you can usually depend on the truth of what comes from the lips of children—often it is more truthful than flattering. But in all the hundreds of letters, nearly every one written by children of new settlers contains some reference to their opinions of the new home, and very, very few,—not more than a dozen at most—have criticised it adversely. Two or three from old Ontario bewail the lack of the fruit which was so plentiful there. One girl hesitates and shyly admits. "I think I would rather live in town." Another has a stronger dislike and is correspondingly bolder in her declaration: "I came from the United States of America to Canada and do not like it here as well as I do the United States of America." No half-way measures about that, is there? A little girl who arrived here in the rainy season was so depressed that she broke into a low wail of poetry—extremely bad verse it was too—in which she lamented having left old England for *this*. I'm sorry I lost that poem—it was a gem. But most of the writers give testimony favorable enough to please a patent medicine manufacturer.

Here are some specimens chosen at random. "We came from Iowa four years ago, but we like the West as well as we do Iowa." "I would rather live in Saskatchewan." "When we came here to Alberta ten years ago there wasn't many houses, but now there are quite a few." "It was pretty cold here last winter but we enjoyed the winter and we all like Canada very much." (This is from an English girl.) "We feel so queer, living in a wooden house, after so long living in a brick house in England. All things are quite different here to what they are in the Old Country, even the spellings and tables and lots of other things. I think I shall soon get used to this country—at least I hope so."

"When we came here to Saskatchewan three years ago it was simply barren prairie, now it has a post office, several good stores, restaurant, livery, hotel, elevator and school. I dearly love Canada and would not like to leave it. Spring and autumn out here are lovely."

This from a practical lad: "I have to haul the wheat about fifteen miles, I am twelve years old. I have been here a *long* time and like this country fine. My father cut fifty ton of hay last summer."

Other evidences of prosperity besides the extension of the farm from a quarter section to a whole one, or even more, can be gathered from these childish epistles. They tell of the big new barn with cement or stone foundations, and of the new house with a furnace. The telephone in the Western farm house has ceased to be a novelty in the more thickly settled districts. Dozens of these children have their own ponies, riding to and from school every day. At Christmas time it was a common occurrence to hear that father and mother had given Mary a piano for a present, and she was going to start music lessons at once. Other instruments, the viol n, cornet, piccolo, flute, are heard in these homes and books and magazines are not rarities. In fact, except in the farthest outlying districts the hardships of pioneer life are a thing of the past and not to be considered when contemplating a home in Western Canada. If you do not believe me, ask the children.

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* * *

"I Would Not Live Always"
Without accompaniment.

* * *

"See The Conquering Hero Comes"
With full orchestra.

* * *

"When The Sun Shall Set No More"
In C.

* * *

"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden"
In three parts.

* * *

"The Tale of the Swordfish"
With many scales.

* * *

"After The Ball"
For second bass.

* * *

"Home, Sweet Home"
In one flat.

If the readers of the CANADA WEST discover a bit of spice in its columns we assure them it is not alspice.

PATTI'S FAREWELL

Long years ago in an opera box
Sat a youthful and ardent swell;
Who paid full dear with his father's rocks
To witness dear Patti's farewell.
Ah! the tears ran down his innocent cheeks
As there at the opera sat he,
And he sobbed full sore as the curtain fell:
"Oh, fare you well, Patti dear!
Farewell! Farewell!"

Two decades later a middle-aged man
To the opera went again,
And gazed on the stage while the big tears ran
Down his bearded face like rain.
For the same old sorrow wrenched his heart,
As there in his swallow-tail natty,
He sat once more in an opera box
And bade farewell to Patti.

And yesterweek a toothless wight
(For he's young, alas! no more),
To the opera went on a stormy night
To hear the "bird-notes" soar.
Oh, his joints were twisted with rheumatiz
And his locks were thin and ratty,
But she was as young as when, long ago,
He had sobbed "Farewell to Patti!"

"THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE"

By W. E. Moran

"'Friend Smith,'' I asked one day, "Can you explain,
(You've been upon a farm some time and baching it),
Why certain days bring trouble in their train,
And on such days a Hoodoo seems a-hatching it?

"Most times the farm runs smooth; when things go right
Then all is joy and bliss, to-day the Hoodoo
Has struck my homestead like the red-rust blight;
In such a case, please tell me, Smith, what *you* do.''

Smith smiled and ran his fingers through his hair,
''I know those days,'' he laughed, ''they're something chronic,
My cure is just a pipe, a book, a chair,
While Hoodoos work I take a mental tonic.''

Arriving home fresh trouble I detected,
I looked around my humble meal to make,
With Smith's bull pup I instantly connected
The absence of my little bit o' steak!

Then from his calm advice my heart took grace,
Although one dismal fact recalled itself,
Two volumes constituted all the book-case.
I reached and took them from the dusty shelf.

Then sought the easy chair, the pipe, and so
I lolled me back this novel cure to take on,
And read grim tales by Edgar Allan Poe
And pithy wisdom by Sir Francis Bacon.

I read until I realized anew
Poe's meaning in ''The Imp of the Perverse,''
For from his gruesome tales the smoke I blew;
My nerves were every minute growing worse.

And as the evening shades were long and narrowing
I rose and stretched myself and scratched my wig,
Though Edgar Allan Poe had done some "harrowing,''
Sir Francis Bacon hadn't fed the pig!

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

ONCE MORE, LEST YOU FORGET

IN our February number under the caption "And Yet Once Again," we printed the following:

> "We want the people of the growing centers of Western Canada to use this magazine to their own best advantage. Every section of Western Canada has some story peculiarly its own. And these stories can be woven into an article. Put yourself in the place of the man outside—the interested man outside. He takes a map and hunts up your particular city. He learns from the text its population, its height above the sea level, the area of the surrounding district and many more details more or less interesting. But there is nothing there to tell him just what you want him to know about your particular city. To him there is something lacking. It isn't the size of the city that particularly interests him or the number of acres of arable land that immediately surround it. What he would ask is, 'Is there a corner there for me?' 'Can I with my capital, my brains, or my handicraft make good there?' 'Is it the city of my opportunity?' And this is just wherein the particular advantage of this magazine lies. In it you can, from month to month, tell the world your particular message, what you have to offer the newcomer and the special kind of new citizen you will most warmly welcome. So send along your copy for the next issue. We want to help you help yourselves."

If you are interested in Western Canada cut this out and paste it in your hat. Then, every time you see it, you will remember that The Canada West is waiting to hear from your town. You will remember, also, that this invitation comes from the editor—not from the advertising department. In other words, the article on your town will be published without cost to you. All we ask is that it be well written and absolutely accurate, and that it contain no criticism of any other town or district.

"THE WELCOME OF THE CITIES"

MISS Sara Hamilton Birchall, who has recently spent a month in Canada, came into the editor's office on her return. "It's a wonderful country!" she said. "I'm proud of my English

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO

ancestry. Distances and people and cities and ideas are big in Canada."

The editor thought that was a good beginning, but he found the ending even better, for it left him in possession of a series of poems written especially for the CANADA WEST, on the different Canadian cities, interpreting their spirit with remarkable insight and force. Miss Birchall has seen the North Country with fresh eyes, and has felt its charm to an unusual degree. We believe these sympathetic studies of the Canadian spirit will appeal to all Canadians, and to all lovers of free verse, to whatever flag they may owe allegiance.

"A QUICKSAND BOTTOM"

A new country brings out the elemental—some say brutal—qualities of the men who strive with Nature for their scant living, and endure cold and hunger and loneliness for the sake of the rainbow Future. The advance of the railway, the wild scramble to get land next the line, the platting of future townsites, the uncertainty of what to-morrow may produce, are matters wherein many men have found their courage and unselfishness and honesty severely tried. Such conditions are dealt with in "A Quicksand Bottom," which appears in the July number. It is by Robert J. C. Stead, who writes with a keen insight into the hearts of men. It is the story of Canada and the "Inter-Ocean Railway"; the story of a man who loved a woman and lost her, ruined her husband and—but that's telling. You will find the story worth reading, and perhaps re-reading.

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON'S NEW STORY

GIVEN: one happy-go-lucky, stubborn, energetic, young son of a California millionaire, who has indulged in the luxury of a quarrel with his "Governor" and is reduced to the necessity of earning his living as a janitor in a city flat. Given, one pretty girl who writes to him every week, and who comes unexpectedly to town with a letter from the "Governor" in her muff. And you have the material for a very pretty romance.

You will laugh when you read it next month, for it is very clever, as anything of Hubert McBean Johnston's is bound to be. You will wish you could have been present when the irrepressible Bobby had to confess. You will end by respecting the boy and liking everybody in the story. They are most pleasant people to spend an hour with, after the supper dishes are washed and Mother sits down with her mending basket.

A MAN WHO KNOWS CANADA

EVERYBODY knows Cy Warman. He has been over every mile of railroad in the country, and many miles that never saw a spike or a tie. He needs no introduction; his stories are always good, and you'll read the one in our July number with a real appreciation of this man who knows Canada and loves her from Vancouver Narrows to the Bay of Fundy.

SOME OTHER GOOD THINGS IN JULY

WE are going to have several other good things in the July number—it is going to be a big magazine, a Seven-by-Ten-by-Two Magazine, and we're proud of it.

Miss E. Cora Hind, one of the editors of the *Manitoba Free Press*, will have an article in the next issue on an interesting undertaking of a corporation that has done big things for Western Canada. Miss Hind, being

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W. L. BIRNIE, Secretary

the market editor of the *Free Press*, says, "My specialty is wheat and pigs," but she knows other things than the average yield of Alberta Red, or the daily fluctuations in value of Philip D. Armour's private pork-barrel. The story will hold your interest. Then there will be a poem by Charles Sands on the tenderfoot hero, celebrating the ultimate victory of the much-abused English ranchman; an article on Regina's new hotels by Mr. F. C. Lawson, secretary of the Regina Board of Trade, that tells how Regina people are no longer shy of saying, "Stop off at Regina when you're passing through"; a story about a little boy who took his daddy fishin'; and a whole armful of other "good stuff" that litters our desk this minute in a most enticing sort of way. We think the July number will be worth a four weeks' wait, and if you don't agree with us, we'll never make another editorial prediction.

THIS IS PRAISE INDEED

"What a very good magazine you are making of THE CANADA WEST," writes Madame Frechette of Ottawa. "I read and enjoy every word of it, every month."

This gentle reader, is the opinion of the sister of William Dean Howells.

The Editor.

Harvesting Scene 8 Miles from Lethbridge, Alta., August, 1906. Farm of J. Silver, 2,100 acres. This was all Wild Land in 1905.

¶ We own and offer for sale either in small parcels or en-bloc **Ten Thousand Acres** of choicest open prairie Winter Wheat Lands, in the famous Lethbridge District—Free from stone or scrub—Admirably adapted for colonization or steam plow proposition.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific, is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and greatest West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate the advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired information will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand Club & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

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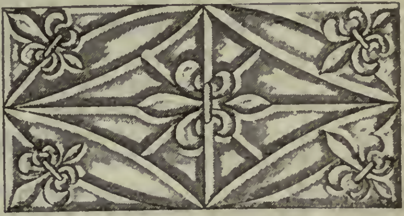

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

MOOSE JAW.

Moose Jaw, a progressive city of Saskatchewan, is backed by a rich agricultural hinterland of 1,500,000 acres. The district offers investment in farm lands at prices ranging from $10 to $30 per acre. In the city proper, capital to invest in building houses to rent is a good and safe investment. Spur track accommodation has been made by the C. P. R. upon which locations for buildings can be secured at reasonable rates, and special openings exist for wholesale and distributing warehouses. There is a splendid chance for the right men to make money in brickyards, stock sales market, an abattoir, a tannery, shoe factories and woolen mills. For the last industry wool is procurable from the sheep ranches in the territory west and southwest.

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs; and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer; a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware; blankets and horse clothing; horseshoes and nails; coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

SASKATOON.

The most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg: situated in the heart of the great and fertile Saskatchewan Valley. The three great transcontinental railways converge at Saskatoon and it must become the great distributing center for an immense district, in the most fertile wheat country in the world. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill, packing plant, shoe factory, soap factory, biscuit factory, agricultural implements factories and wholesale jobbing houses in all lines. Assessment increased from $2,500,000 in 1906 to $6,600,000 in 1907.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

STRATHCONA.

Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins; the market for an exceptionally productive mixed farming district, with abundant fuel, timber, power and water, offers especial advantages to manufacturers, wholesalers, investors and farmers. Strathcona has begun a new era of progress and is receiving a large number of incoming settlers. There are openings here for a biscuit factory, dairying, machinery manufacture, cement block works, a shoe factory, coffee and spice mill, a wholesale grocery, a wholesale drygoods house, an up-to-date hotel would also find a splendid opening.

THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE OF THE SUNSET PROVINCES

EDITED · BY · HERBERT · VANDERHOOF

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF
WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

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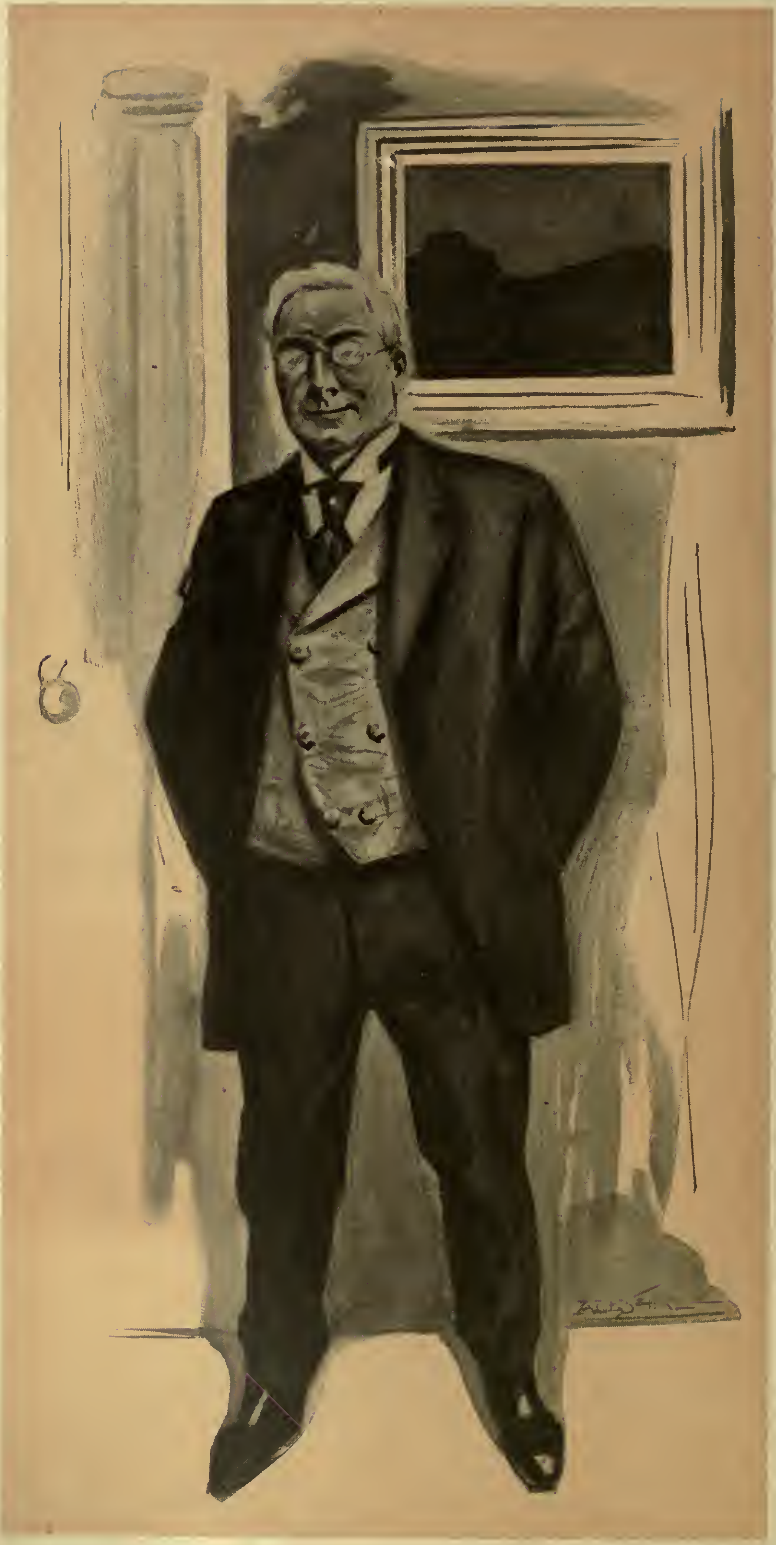


Mr. Worth re-entered, smiling. "It works like a charm," he said

The [illegible]—See Page 322

THE
CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE
of the SUNSET
PROVINCES

VOLUME II.
NUMBER 3

A Growing Country for Young Men

By F. T. Griffin

YOUTH is always interesting both to itself and to those who have it only as a memory; and there is nothing that appeals more strongly to people of healthy, human sympathies than the problem that meets each young man as the time comes for him to take his place in the world of men:—What shall he do? Where shall he go? Where is there an opening?

To many of these the answer to the problem lies in the West—in the new land; and all over the civilized world thousands of young men are turning their steps toward Western Canada. Canada is a young man's country—virile, rich, responsive; ready to test his energy and skill and perseverance, ready to give him the return that energy and skill and perseverance have a right to demand.

It has been said that Opportunity knocks but once at any door. This is not true. I have always been a strong believer in the message of hope contained in Walter Malone's beautiful lines, entitled, "Opportunity's Reply":

"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

"Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

"Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind, and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come."

Eastern Canada began the migration into Canada West, and Minnesota, the Dakotas and Iowa were the first of the States to follow. Now from every state and territory they are coming. The young American farmer finds the people and the life this side of the line not very different from the people and the life in the States, particularly if he be from one of the Western States; and he finds land as good and perhaps better than that he has left selling for a fraction of the price. The Americans claim to have discovered Western Canada and its possibilities. However that may be it is certain that they and the country seem to fit each other's needs.

The Old Country, too, sends a regularly increasing stream of immigrants. The people are far better informed in Great Britain about us than ever before, and the interest is very widespread. They are beginning to realize that a visit to a few cities in Eastern Canada does not mean that they are seeing Canada. Even if they travel through the wonderful wheat belt and view the waving fields, and get some idea of the other productions of these provinces, and of the extent of the cattle business, and of the enterprising nature of the cities; and even go on over the mountains and find other beautiful and progressive cities of the coast, and perhaps learn en route something about the mining and the timber: they are beginning to realize that even then they have only commenced to see Canada.

From Continental Europe, too, the settlers are coming. During the five years preceding July 1st, 1905, Canada had something over 500,000 immigrants. Of these the United States sent, in round numbers, 182,000, the United Kingdom 186,000 and the continent of Europe 152,000. For the year 1905 seventy-four per cent. of the immigrants were English speaking. Nearly one-half of those who come bring money and buy land. Naturally this country is building up rapidly and safely.

A growing country is the place for young men and if one thing is more certain than all others about this, the Last West, it is that it is growing. Winnipeg thirty-five years ago had a population of 200. Now it has over 100,000. Then the citizens had to import their flour. Now they export some 70,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. Then there was not a mile of railroad west of Winnipeg. Now three transcontinental lines center here. And this history of one city is illustrative of the progress of Western Canada. The twentieth century belongs to Canada, they say. And Canada belongs to the twentieth century and to the twentieth century's young men.

Of course, no matter how wealthy the land, how many the opportunities, how equal the chances, the young man must do his part, or success fails to come. Earnest work and a high standard—these are essentials; and from what one sees and hears, it would seem that the majority of young men who settle here possess them. On every side one hears stories of homesteaders who have come here with little beside determination and have succeeded far beyond their hopes.

There is in a new country a neighborliness that is delightful. It gets smoothed out into conventional indifference as a country gets older. But where all are striving together under similar conditions and with similar hopes and fears, neighbors rejoice in one another's achievements. And so from here and there come stories of how this one and that one have worked and won; how one man has paid for his farm with his first year's crops, and another has bought more land and has money in the bank, and a third has gained health and strength from the outdoor life. Western Canada is not a land of "gambler's chances," but of safe and abundant return for honest work.

All good settlers are welcome in a new country; but Canada seems to beckon with particular cordiality to young men. And for the right sort of young man, steady, willing, level-headed, ready for his share of the world's work and looking forward to a fitting return for his labors, I can wish nothing better than a place in this new West.

The Welcome of the Cities

Prince Albert

By SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

NORTH lies the river; north the unmapped wild;
I am the North; my emblem is the pine.
My men have dared the rapids and the trail,
And wrested from the wilderness its yield.
The logs go thundering down my skids, and dart,
Swift-borne, to meet the mercy of the saw
That rips them to a thousand golden piles,
And raises my keen anthem to the sky.

Look well, Outlander, ere you brave my house.
No dainty place it is; my bearded men
Labor and sleep and labor yet again
In camp and dredge, by dog-train, trap and field.
Look well. To those who come clear-eyed and strong,
Greeting, O Brothers, from my Northern pines!

The Finding of Bobby

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Author of "The Gore Valley Viaduct"

BOBBY Graham was right up against it. His watch, his scarf pin, his overcoat—in fact, everything that could be converted into ready money, were already in the hands of an esteemed relative whose worthy nephew was stoney broke. Sitting on a bench in the Square, Bobby meditatively punched holes in the gravel with a bit of a stick and kicked the smaller stones from in front of him. He had four pockets in his coat, four in his waistcoat and three in his trousers, or, in all, eleven pockets; Bobby had gone through them five times over, making, he estimated, a gross total of fifty-five pockets—and without finding a single copper.

True, a collect telegram to Graham, Sr., San Francisco, Cal., would have brought on funds by return wire. But Bobby had allowed himself the luxury of a disagreement with his pater and a reconciliation brought about so would mean that Graham, Jr. must eat humble pie for some time to come.

Bobby picked up a small stone and shied it across the walk at a sparrow who disdained to notice the "Keep off the Grass" sign.

"Got any tobacco, stranger?" said a voice behind him.

A short, stocky man was holding out a pipe expectantly.

"Not even that!" replied Bobby with a mirthless laugh.

The other man looked at him.

"What's the matter?" he questioned "Are you up against it?"

"Blind against it," replied Bobby tersely.

The stocky one looked him over in much the same way as a bookie or a prospective buyer would size up a race-horse.

"A sport, I reckon," he drawled, at last finishing his scrutiny. "Would you take a job if it was offered you?"

"Try me," replied Bobby laconically.

Five minutes later, Robert Graham, Jr., son of the head of the firm of Graham & Co., Bankers, San Francisco, rejoiced in the proud title of assistant-janitor to the Gainsboro apartment house.

To say that Bobby liked his new work would be exaggeration. But to do him justice, he made the best of it and buckled in with a will that made his new employer chuckle. A treasure of Bobby's type capable of doing his work properly—including that of his employer as well—was not to be picked up every day for four dollars a week and board. Inheriting the persistence and stiff upper lip that had been the making of his father, Bobby Graham never flinched from what came his way. Anything—hanging the sign "Self Contained Flat To Let," helping new tenants move their piano to the third floor, or rolling the garbage barrels out the rear entrance, was all in a day's work and, as such, he did it. As a matter of fact, he did the dirty work all the way through, while Brinks, the janitor, reserved for himself the lucrative privilege of appearing before the tenants.

"I'll hit something yet," argued Bobby, "and get home in proper style."

But four dollars a week does not go far, and to the people at home, Bobby wrote little news. He told them he was living at the Gainsboro—he would have kept even that to himself had it it not been that there was a certain regular, blue envelope for which he looked. Finances were something that Bobby never mentioned at all and for all that he occasionally felt very sorry for himself, the experience was doing him good and he was coming nearer to guessing the riddle of life than he had ever been before.

It was a Wednesday morning and Bobby had just finished taking out the garbage. The negro hall-boy, resplendent in all the glory of gold buttons and gilt braid, came down stairs. "You're wanted at the telephone," he announced.

Bobby looked up in surprise.

"Who the dickens—'' he began and then halted. "All right, my brass-bound friend," he replied.

"Hullo,'' he called into the receiver, "Who's this?''

"Don't you know?" replied the wire.

Bobby gasped for breath. Involuntarily, he put up his hand, smoothed his hair and, forgetting that he lacked one, endeavored to straighten his cravat.

"Well, of all the—where in the world did you come from?" he at last articulated.

Celeste Colling's soft laugh was his answer.

"I'm spending a week or two here with Grace Arthur, an old school friend of mine," she said.

Bobby mentally cursed.

"When are you coming to see me?" sung the wire.

Bobby cursed again. But it was bound to come sooner or later and there was no way of skirting it. The question flashed through his mind where was he to get a decent suit of clothes, but that was not the point. *Here* was a question to be answered, and answered now.

"Why any time you say,'' he responded in his best company tones.

"Well, I'll tell you,'' said Celeste, "George Mann and Grace are going to the Grand Opera to-morrow night. Of course, Grace insists that I shall go with her; but George does not know that I am here yet. Why can't you get a couple of seats in the same box—lower G—and call for me here to-morrow evening?''

Bobby groaned inwardly.

"The very idea!'' he assented weakly. Couldn't be better!"

"Very well, then'' said Celeste; "I'll see you to-morrow evening.''

"Yes, to-morrow evening,'' replied Bobby. "Good-bye!'' Hanging up the receiver, he added, "Damn!''

Now, considering that it is a manifest impossibility to take a lady to the theatre, provide her with flowers, carriage and supper (all of which is right and proper), under twenty to twenty-five dollars at the very least, Bobby Graham was unable to figure it out. It was within a day of the end of the month and he could draw twelve dollars from the janitor toward the amount; but there was still twelve unaccounted for. After a satisfactory interview with his employer, Bobby called up the theatre and reserved seats. He was still twelve or thirteen dollars shy, however, and on the top of that lacked evening clothes. It was with vague notions of attempting a hold-up on the first prosperous citizen he chanced to meet, that he pulled on his working clothes and started down street.

As Bobby passed Cohn Brothers' big clothing establishment on the corner, a crowd in front attracted his attention. The window had been cleared and built to represent a miniature stage and in the middle, a hypnotist performing with a couple of subjects, paused at intervals to bring forward various signs descriptive of the wonderful values and low prices of Cohn Brothers' fall goods. Bobby watched him for a few minutes, idly listening to the comments around him.

"They say,'' said a man at his elbow, "that he will give ten dollars for a fellow who will go to sleep in the window from now till to-morrow morning.''

"By Jove!'' muttered Bobby to himself. "Here is something worth considering.''

Half an hour later Robert Graham, Jr., slept the hypnotists' sleep of the just in Cohn Brothers' window, greatly to the consequent advertising of sundry fall overcoats which stood about his couch.

It was four o'clock the following afternoon when he got out. The first thing Bobby did with his ten dollars was to make a rush for a near-by florist and order violets.

"Now," he mused to himself, considering a daring plan which he had concocted, "here's for that dress suit."

From the janitor's key-board at the Gainsboro, he carefully selected a key, Had the worthy soul who occupied "Apartment 22," chanced to come in a few moments later, a surprise would have awaited him.

"My, but that's good!" said Bobby to himself in praise of "22's" soap. "A very fair steel too" he added, critically inspecting the absent gentleman's razor; "and what a fine thing it is to be an average sized man," he added as he slipped into the other's evening clothes and drew on his patent leathers.

Then, his overcoat collar turned up and his hat pulled down, Bobby walked down the stairs, carefully avoiding the elevator and walked out of the door. It was just a quarter to eight when he called for Celeste.

Celeste, dressed for the evening it was true, was on the edge of tears.

"O Bobby!" she cried reproachfully; "how could you do such a thing?"

The expression on Bobby's face was one of mystified innocence.

"Do such a thing?" he questioned vaguely. "I don't understand."

Celeste looked hard at him.

"Now Bobby," she said, "this afternoon—Cohn Brothers' window, you know."

"Cohn Brothers," he replied at last as though trying to recall a name he had once heard somewhere. "Cohn Brothers. No, I don't believe I ever heard of them before. Why? What have they been doing?"

Celeste straightened up.

"Bobby Graham!" she cried indignantly. "Don't you try to tell me. I saw you there myself hypnotized and asleep in their window today and—What are you laughing at?"

Bobby Graham's air of superior wisdom was a masterpiece.

"Celeste," he said, "I'm ashamed of you; first, that you should be taken in and second that you should have believed such a thing of me. Why, dear, that's what that man's paid for —to mesmerise people looking in the window and make them think they see things that aren't there at all. That's what he did to you and you never knew it."

Celeste looked at him half convinced and then the expression of absolute truth on Bobby's face inclined her to believe him.

"O Bobby!" she gasped in relief, "I was sure you wouldn't do such a thing. And just to think that I thought you were—"

"Tush, tush!" cried Bobby magnanimously. "That's all right. I don't know what you thought and don't care; but I do know this: if we don't hurry, we'll be late."

"We are to meet Grace and George at the theatre," said Celeste.

In the darkness of the carriage, Bobby heaved a sigh of relief. Everything was going splendidly. Oh, if it might but continue.

Celeste laid her hand across Bobby's arm.

"Bobby," she said softly, "would you like to go back home. I—I think they would all like you to."

"Not unless the governor says so himself," replied Bobby gruffly.

"He did. He said so himself as I was leaving and he gave me this to give you." Celeste slipped an envelope into his hand as she spoke. To tell of the further conversation that took place in the carriage would be a grave breach of confidence and it is to be hoped the reader will not ask it. Sufficient to say that in due course of time they arrived at the theatre and found Mr. George Mann and Miss Grace Arthur already there.

Bobby was introduced, and Mr. Mann regarded him with an expression of the utmost astonishment. Horror of horrors! Mr. Mann was not in evening clothes and was regarding Bobby's unpleasantly.

"I think Mr. Graham and I have met before," said Mr. Mann icily.

"If I am not mistaken—"

Bobby winked and gesticulated frantically. Mr. Mann paid no attention.

"As I was telling you," he said turning to Miss Arthur, "someone broke into our apartment this afternoon and stole my evening clothes and as Mr. Graham here is our assistant janitor and as these clothes—"

Celeste's tone was like a Greenland icicle.

"Bobby Graham," she cried, "you don't mean to tell me—"

Bobby sat down on the nearest chair.

"Yes," he confessed desperately, "I do mean to tell you anything you've a mind to know."

And then out came the story. Long before he had finished, the whole party—with the exception of poor Bobby—were convulsed in paroxysms of mirth. Even Celeste, angry as she was, finally yielded, with the rest. As he finished, George Mann clapped him on the shoulder.

"You'd better come and stay with me till you go back to 'Frisco, old man," said he laughing. "And I guess my other clothes will fit you as well."

The Silver Trail

By Evelyn Gunne

IT dips beyond the mountain,
It lies beyond the lea:—
And where it leads we follow
To learn its mystery.

It shines against the morning
A jewelled thread of light;
It lures, it calls, it beckons
Through all the day and night.

Where leads it? That we know not
Only its silver gleam
Compels us and we follow
The vision and the dream.

No straining eye may sever
The thin ethereal veil,
That at the wide horizon
Enfolds the Silver Trail.

BRICK YARDS, ROSTHERN

Rosthern: a City of Elevators

By George Braden

Secretary of Rosthern Board of Trade

EARLY in the nineties a small party of Russian Mennonites made their little homes in the great Saskatchewan Valley where Rosthern now stands. It was a meagre handful of huts then, and to the traveler who leans out of the window of the Canadian Northern train today to count the eight huge elevators standing beside the track, and the rows and rows of red boxcars that carry away the wheat of the largest individual wheat-shipping point in Canada, possibly in the world, it is hard to believe that only fifteen or twenty years have elapsed since the first peasant unloaded his settler's effects from his ox-cart.

Not until 1898 did the settlers begin to come in good earnest, but since that time a steady influx of people has yearly been added to Rosthern's census. The population is drawn from a great number of the nations of Europe, and almost a dozen different languages are spoken. They are a thrifty and orderly folk, who have in no small measure helped to build up the prosperity of Rosthern, and make for the welfare of the country.

While in many other districts the question of labor has assumed alarming proportions, in this district the supply has always equalled the demand, which proves a distinct blessing to the farmer in many ways.

The soil of the district is of a rich black loam, usually from twelve to twenty-four inches in depth, with a sandy clay subsoil. This is more easily cultivated and much more economical for the intending settler than the heavy gumbo soil met in some other districts. The water supply is abundant, and the two branches of the great Saskatchewan River flow through the settlement. The fuel question is not one that troubles the people of Rosthern, for the situation of the town on the southern edge of the great northern timber region, and with the wooded banks of the Saskatchewan Rivers to draw upon as well, is in a position in this regard that is unusually convenient for a "prairie town." Scattered through the district are also large bluffs of poplar, which have a rapid growth and add a new beauty to the landscape.

With some fifteen years' record, Rosthern has yet to suffer a crop failure of any sort. The warm, well-drained soil enables the district to rank as one of the earliest in which seeding can be started in the spring. The rainfall has always been plentiful in the right season and the nature of the soil ensures the early ripening of the harvests.

As well as the grain elevators with their capacity of over a quarter of a million bushels, there are the white pens for cattle along the railway, and the red backs of Durham and Hereford cattle are glimpsed as the train passes by. The abundance of water and the richness of the prairie grasses which cover the ground to the extent of about two tons to the acre, make this a splendid stock country, as both cattle and horses thrive exceedingly well on the native grass made into hay. In fact, horses winter on the open prairie and do well without any care whatsoever, only the young stock needing to be fed at all. So the cattle pen is put up beside the red elevator, and the stock car is run on the siding in the same string where the box car is backed up under the spouts to take in the golden grain.

CROSSING SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER

The marketing of grain and stock is an easy problem. Cattle, hogs, and coarse grains, as well as hay, find a ready market both to the north and on the plains to the south, in districts where conditions do not allow of their being grown with the ease and in the quantities that the Rosthern district affords. The Canadian Northern's Prince Albert branch carries the produce directly to this market. Besides the eight large elevators, there are two grist mills in Rosthern, for converting the raw wheat into flour, and the stores and other places of business are ample evidence of the town's prosperity.

Besides the wheat and cattle, there are fields of a splendid brick clay, recognized as one of the best available in the province, on the north side of the town. One large yard is in operation, and another is now being organized, but there is room for several others, the market being considerably larger than the supply, so good is the reputation of the product that has already been made and sold. The closeness of fuel and the abundance of labor make the manufacture of brick at this point cheaper than at any other place in the West.

But Rosthern people have not been so busy raising forty-bushel wheat and prize cattle and thoroughbred horses that they have forgotten to provide for the children and the higher needs of the community.

A staff of six teachers are engaged in public school work in one of the most attractive school buildings of the province. There are between two hundred and fifty and three hundred students, who are taken through the sixth standard and fitted for teachers directly at home, without the need of "going away to school." A college where high school work only is taken up is maintained by the Mennonite Church, and has an attendance of some fifty pupils. The prospective settler need not worry about Mary and Johnnie and the baby's securing school advantages in Rosthern, and Mrs. Settler can pack all their books in her trunk without fear of their remaining unused.

The church steeple is a prominent feature of Rosthern's landscape. There are no fewer than seven large church buildings in the town, and regular services are held by the following denominations: Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Mennonite and Swedenborgian. This speaks for the progressiveness and the prosperity of the community, for no "frontier town" possesses seven churches, or the desire for them.

Rosthern is a business town and a busy town, and it is constantly growing. Where the Russian settler looked over the bare, gray prairie fifteen years ago, and saw only the grass waving in the wind; where the coyote and the deer wandered along the silent banks of the great Saskatchewan, and the Indian war-party not so very long ago followed their trails, the farmer sees miles of rippling wheat and pleasant homes dotted over the level. The smoke of the railroad stains the pale azure of the prairie sky; the bricklayer and the carpenter are busy; the children frolic on the side-walks at dusk. Rosthern has arrived.

Mother Goose Up-to-date

By Caroline C. Curtiss

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And a hairpin
And a collarbutton
And a penny
And a match
And a tack—
And he said, "My, but ain't that cook careless?"

A Paternal Corporation

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Pacific Railway

By E. Cora Hind

PAPER NO. 1

IT is possible in this year of grace 1907 to step from a transatlantic steamer at Quebec aboard the waiting "Overseas Limited" and in eighty-eight hours step from the same train to the waiting Empress of China, India or Japan at the Vancouver docks, making the distance of 3,055 miles in four days and four hours. In this journey you are never once off Canadian soil, but traverse portions of six of the nine provinces of Canada; view the oldest city of the Great Dominion, the homes of the Habitants of Quebec, made famous by Dr. Drummond; the stock and dairy farms; the lumbering of the Ottawa valley; the heavily timbered regions of the north shores of Lake Superior; the twenty-four mile inland water front at Fort William with its array of elevators, freight sheds and coal docks; the further timber and rich mineral region of New Ontario; Winnipeg the gateway city of the prairies; the nine hundred miles of wheat fields that stretch from that city to the Rocky Mountains; the unsurpassed scenery of three mountain chains; the glories of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, and pause only

> "Where west is east beside the land
> locked blue."

This is the most gigantic "one company railway system" the world has ever seen. So perfect is its system that children of the tender age of six, and invalids of advanced years have made the railway journey from coast to coast without attendant, without mishap and without discomfort. The chief grumble of the newly arrived British immigrant of the feminine gender, is that she never sees her box from the time it is checked in Quebec, until it is delivered to her in Vancouver. She admits, grudgingly to be sure, that it does turn up in Vancouver, without fail when checked for that point.

An enterprise so gigantic in construction and so far reaching in the scope of its influence (for it is no exaggeration to say that the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been one of the prime factors in welding the scattered provinces into the Dominion of Canada) is well worth studying. It is not possible in the space of one short article to deal adequately with so large a subject, but a sketch of the early history of the enterprise may pave the way for an intelligent understanding of subsequent papers on the same subject.

A short route to China via the Ottawa valley and across the plains of the West was a favorite dream of La Salle, and it is supposed that he valued his grant of land just above the last and fiercest of the rapids of the St. Lawrence largely as a base from which to carry on his explorations of such short route. Tradition has it, that Lachine Rapids got their name from "La Chine" the name given in derision by La Salle's friends to this homestead. La Salle never even saw the Rocky Mountains, but just two hundred and twenty years after his day of dreams beside the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the first through train of the Canadian Pacific, carrying mails, passengers and freight, thundered across the old homestead on its long journey west to the Pacific coast, and mail for China was among the bags. Thus was the fulfilment better than the rosiest dream of the great Frenchman.

As the Canadian Pacific was built primarily as an immigration road, the next article of this series will deal with the number of immigrants carried, the methods of conveyance, distribution, etc.—Editor.

Who was the first projector of a railway from coast to coast through all Canadian territory seems to be a somewhat disputed point, but a letter from one Major Carmichael Smyth addressed to "Sam Slick" and dated in 1847 is still on record, in which he strongly urges the construction of such a road as an Imperial enterprise.

It was twenty years later that the "Act of Union" bound Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into the then Dominion of Canada, and one of the conditions of that Union was the building of the Intercolonial railway to bind these provinces together. When in 1871 British Columbia entered the Dominion it seems as if the question of a transcontinental railway was first seriously considered, the Pacific province insisting upon communication being thus established between the widely severed East and West. Perhaps the rebellion of 1870, when it took Colonel Wolseley ninety-five days to reach the Red River from Toronto may have lent point to the arguments. Be that as it may, preliminary survey work was seriously undertaken in that year. When in 1877 Sir Sandford Fleming, chief government engineer, made his second report to the Parliament of Canada, it was shown that $3,136,615.75 had been expended on survey and prospecting work, and though the line was determined with a fair degree of definiteness through what were known as the woodland and prairie sections, the best route to take through the Rocky Mountains was as undetermined as ever. In those days the idea seems to have been firmly fixed that the road must run through Prince Albert and Edmonton. And the Yellowhead, Pine River and Howse passes were all talked about as the possible route through the Rockies.

Sir John A. Macdonald, with what in those days seemed mad recklessness, promised the British Columbia people that if they would come into the Dominion the road should be built in ten years. Sir John's idea was to have the road built by private enterprise, subsidized by the Government to the extent of thirty million dollars in cash and a land grant of fifty-four million seven hundred thousand acres. But these offers of subsidy, prodigal in their liberality as viewed from the knowledge of to-day, were entirely ignored by capitalists and contractors and no one made a bid for the honor of building the new line. Time drifted along to 1874 when Sir John's Government was defeated, this railway proposition being one of the elements in its defeat. The Liberals, coming into power, seemed readily to have assumed the burdens and pledges of the previous Government. Perhaps the feeling was that Canada was too strongly in favor of the national railways for them to do anything else.

The year following the election of the Liberal party, it was seen to be impossible that the road should be built within the time named in the original agreement and a new one was sought and obtained with British Columbia, by which there was to be a large yearly expenditure on the construction of railways in that province, and the line of the Canadian Pacific was to be completed eastward as far as Lake Superior, by 1890.

The new Government altered the form of subsidy and offered ten thousand dollars and twenty thousand acres of land per mile of the road, and a Government guarantee of four per cent. on all such additional capital as might be required by those tendering for the work. As far as capitalists and contractors were concerned this offer met with the same fate as the first. No one would touch it. The Government then decided to build the road themselves and at once set about it. Considerable work was done, notably a large part of the section lying between the Red River and Fort William,

In 1879 the Liberal rule came to an end, and with the return of Sir John A. Macdonald to power, the new railway was pushed with the utmost vigor. The scheme of building the road by private enterprise was returned to; Sir Charles Tupper was made Minister of Railways in the new Cabinet, and whatever his friends or foes may have to say of him politically or otherwise, and no matter how adversely they may criticise the bargain he made, there can be no two opinions about the vigor with which he prosecuted this great project.

It was a momentous date in the history of Canada, when Sir Charles Tupper introduced into the House of Commons, of Canada, a resolution giving effect to the provisional agreement that had been entered into between the Government and these men, who were afterwards known as "The Syndicate." The agreement met with fierce opposition from the Liberals in the House, though Sir Charles Tupper claimed and with every show of truth, that it was a more advantageous agreement for the country and the Government than any that had yet been proposed. The war waged hot and judging from the Canadian Hansard of that time the arguments were by no means always wise or patriotic on either side, but in the end the resolution passed and on February 17th, 1881, the agreement received the Royal assent and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company its charter.

The contract in brief was about as follows: The Government were to complete and hand over to the Company the lines then under construction, amounting to some seven hundred and thirteen miles, which represented an outlay of thirty million dollars. The remainder of the line from the terminus of the then unfinished Canada Central Railway known as Calendar, a distance of 1900 miles, was to be constructed by May, 1891. The standard of construction was to be up to that of the Union Pacific Railway. The subsidy was to be twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of land. Materials used in first construction of the road were to be admitted free. The company's lands, if unsold, were to be free from taxation for twenty years, and its property was to be exempt from taxation. Right of way over Government lands was to be free and no competing line was to be allowed to enter the Canadian West over the southern boundary for twenty years. All the world knows now that the Company got the long end of the stick, and that it would have paid the Canadian Government twice, nay, three times over, to have borrowed every dollar necessary to construct the road and have retained the twenty-five million acres of land. It is always easy to be wise afterwards, but at the time the bargain was made the value of the land grant was by no means an easy thing to prove. Very few Canadians themselves had any faith in it. The people of Great Britain, where the money would have had to have been borrowed, absolutely none. The men who undertook the work probably did know pretty well how valuable a thing they were getting, for some of them, at least, were familiar with the country, but they showed their faith by subscribing one million sterling before the Canadian Government paid a dollar of the subsidy. They had before them the example of the Government spending thirty million dollars on the construction of seven hundred and thirteen miles and they had two thousand five hundred in all to build in order to reach tidewater on each coast. The majority of the men were shrewd Scots, either by birth or descent, and if they knew how to make a bargain they also knew how to keep it, as the building of the road is absolutely without a parallel in the annals of railway construction, for the speed and quality of the work. When they took up the work over three and a half millions had been spent on surveys and yet about all that was known of the section to be built through by way of the Ottawa valley was that the country was badly adapted for railway construction, and of the mountain section that no really desirable route had been located. It was not very encouraging.

At the start the new company made a most momentous change in the route, by which Prince Albert and Edmonton were abandoned along with the Yellowhead and Howse passes, thus losing all results of Government surveys. It is amusing now to remember how the war raged about this change of route. Every child who was in school in those days, got better grounded on what was known or thought or dreamed about Rocky

Mountain geography, than on any other part of the world's surface. "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas" and all the others who write to the newspapers, usually about the things they are most ignorant of, filled columns of papers all over Canada with the merits and demerits of this change of route. It was debated in country schoolhouses, and was a bone of contention at all political gatherings, but while the country wrangled the road was growing. The Canada Central had been purchased and connection made at Brockville with American roads, the line from Ottawa to Montreal had been secured from the Quebec Government which gave connection to tidewater for the summer-time at least. The proposed line did not touch the richest part of Ontario, and in order to be able later to compete for the carrying of these products of that section on their way west, an arrangement was made for leasing the Ontario and Quebec railway between Toronto and Montreal.

The new Company devoted its energies to the section of the road west of Winnipeg, for, with the change of route, Winnipeg had come into the game.

Compared with the north shore and the Rocky Mountains, the prairie section was easy and yet the amount of work put in on that section was enormous. In three years nine hundred and sixty-two miles were completed, together with sixty-six miles of sidings. The average earthwork was seventeen thousand cubic yards per mile and every stone and stick of timber had, together with food for men and teams, to be brought from an ever-receding base of supplies. All timber for bridges was brought from Rat Portage (now Kenora) one hundred and forty miles east of Winnipeg.

An official record of the time made on the prairie section shows the greatest length of mileage made in any one month was ninety-two miles in July of 1883, the highest daily average for several weeks being 3.46 for the eight weeks ending August 5th of that year and the greatest distance made in any one day being 6.38 on July 28th 1883.

The bulk of this work was contracted for by Langdon & Shepherd of St. Paul and sublet in sixty small contracts. As soon as a gang completed one section they were moved one hundred and fifty miles ahead and in six weeks they were pretty sure to hear the toot of the engines behind them.

The organization appears to have been almost perfect in the matter of both material and food supplies.

One of the toughest pieces of work on the whole line, from coast to coast, was round the north shore of Lake Superior. Something like seven million dollars worth of dynamite was used on this section alone and ten million dollars altogether was expended on one stretch of ninety miles.

The route through the mountains having been definitely changed from the Yellowhead to the Kicking Horse Pass, with all added difficulties, no time was lost in getting to work on the new surveys.

Up to "The Great Divide" which from this time onward acquired a new meaning, the work, though difficult, was not extraordinary, but the trouble from this point on, lay in climbing down again, a difficult task to accomplish with grace. The Kicking Horse River, which from this point flows westward to the Pacific, is a wild stream flowing through limestone almost as hard as granite and has a drop of eleven hundred feet in three and one half miles. It is forty-four miles from the summit to the mouth of the pass and the road was built with a total drop of two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven feet in those forty-four miles. The Kicking Horse River was crossed nine times, beside a number of lesser streams. One million five hundred thousand cubic yards were excavated, exclusive of the tunnels, and of these three hundred and seventy thousand were solid rock. The drilling had all to be done by hand because it was impossible to get in machinery.

But troubles did not end with the Kicking Horse Pass. That was bad, but the Selkirks had yet to be crossed. By the spring of 1885 the road being built eastward from Vancouver, or rather from Port Moody, had neared Kamloops; in fact the two roads were only two hundred and twenty miles apart, but those miles were across two ranges of Mountains, the lofty and awe-inspiring Selkirks and the Eagle range. Through the latter Mr. Moberly, the Government engineer, had found the Eagle Pass, literally by following the flight of an eagle, but there was no pass known through the Selkirks. Mr. Moberly suggested that if found at all it would be up a branch of the Illecille-waet River, and Major Rogers, the chief engineer of the Company at that time found it. He was the first, either white man or Indian, who was known to make the crossing, but the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railroad followed very closely upon his trail. As the months of 1885 flew by, excitement as to where and when the two lines would meet became intense. The year 1885 was an eventful one in the Canadian West, as it saw the rise and suppression of the second Riel rebellion and then and there the country at large knew what it was to have a transcontinental route, even though the soldiers had to walk in ice water half way to their knees around the gaps of the north shore. They went home at midsummer in first class coaches.

At last came the announcement that although several miles still separated the two railway gangs, the first through train for the Pacific had left Montreal. Winnipeg lived on excitement that year and thousands thronged the stations to see the train composed of sleeper, diner, first class, colonist, mail, and express cars as it passed through the city. Westwards it tore across the prairies and every little hamlet on its way greeted it with cheers and flags flying. At Calgary the representatives of the Blackfoot nation came down as guests of the Government to witness the great event. The train steamed in at night and when they heard the noise and saw the great headlight they fell down and worshipped, and small wonder that they should do so. On passed the train up, up, down, down, and up again, and at last on the fifth of November there was just one rail to lay. Out there amid the awful grandeur of the everlasting mountains stood the little group of men who had conceived and carried to a successful issue this gigantic undertaking in just five and a half years less than the time stipulated in their contract. It was a characteristically British scene, no bands, no flags, no applauding multitude, no banquet, no speeches. The rail was placed, Sir Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona),one of the promoters and a director of the road, drove the last spike, a silver one, the waiting train passed over it, while the united gangs of workmen cheered and then the little party of directors went fishing.

There was one little ceremony however, that showed the bond between the Motherland and the new. The telegraph had followed the line and the driving of the last spike was duly wired to Ottawa and cabled to Britain, Before the sun set that day the following message was received in the mountains:

"I am desired by the Governor-General to acquaint you, that he has received Her Majesty's commands to convey to the people of Canada her congratulations on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Her Majesty has watched its progress with much interest; and hopes for the future success of a work of such value and importance to the Empire." Kipling voiced this characteristic when he wrote in the Seven Seas,

"Deeper than speech our love,
  Stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck or kiss
  when we come together."

And thus was the great work accomplished and Canada had her transcontinental railway. By June, 1886, a regular daily service was running and since that every year has been one of progress, until at present the Canadian Pacific Railway controls 9,487 miles of road in Canadian and 2,394 miles in American territory. In 1,887 the monthly earnings of the road were three hundred thousand dollars; in 1907 they were six and one half millions monthly.

A Quicksand Bottom

By Robert J. C. Stead

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWING

When the street gate clicked behind Robert Brown he felt that all in life that was worth striving for had escaped his grasp.

For the third and final time he had pleaded his case; for the third and final time he had been told, kindly, gently, almost lovingly, but with the firmness of a woman's unalterable intention, that his case was hopeless. He had accepted defeat like a man, with a steady voice agreeing that she did right, that her own judgment must prevail, but vowing a love which, while it might be concealed, could never be extinguished. But now the fresh night breeze beat up against his flushed and burning cheeks, as, utterly dejected, he made his way along the deserted village street to his lodgings.

In his room he sat down on the bed, chin on hands, and elbows on knees, staring blankly into the past and scarce daring to think of the future, while the little clock ticked loud in sympathy until the first flush of the sun's glory crept up the eastern sky. The early rays shot in at his window before he stretched his exhausted frame on the couch, and the cheery ringing of the dinner-bell was his next recollection.

After dinner he walked far over the brown prairies, just springing to joyous life with the breath of spring. At first his step was slow and purposeless, but as the Manitoba air pumped vigor into every muscle of his lithe young body resolution again took shape in his mind, and he returned to the village with something of his former spirit. He was now calm and decided; he had accepted the inevitable. He would leave Fairview forever, and lose himself in the wonderful West that was then beginning to attract general attention. All his wordly possessions would not muster a hundred dollars, but he meant to make use of his rival, who, he felt, apart from matters of the heart, would prove a good friend. Howard Archer was a private banker, a young man of good standing, marked abilities and splendid prospects in life. As Brown thought of these things he was forced to admit that Miss Raymond's choice was not surprising.

Brown made his way into the banker's private office, and for a moment the two men faced each other without speaking. Brown was the one to break the silence.

"Howard," he said, with an effort at composure, "I need money."

"Yes."

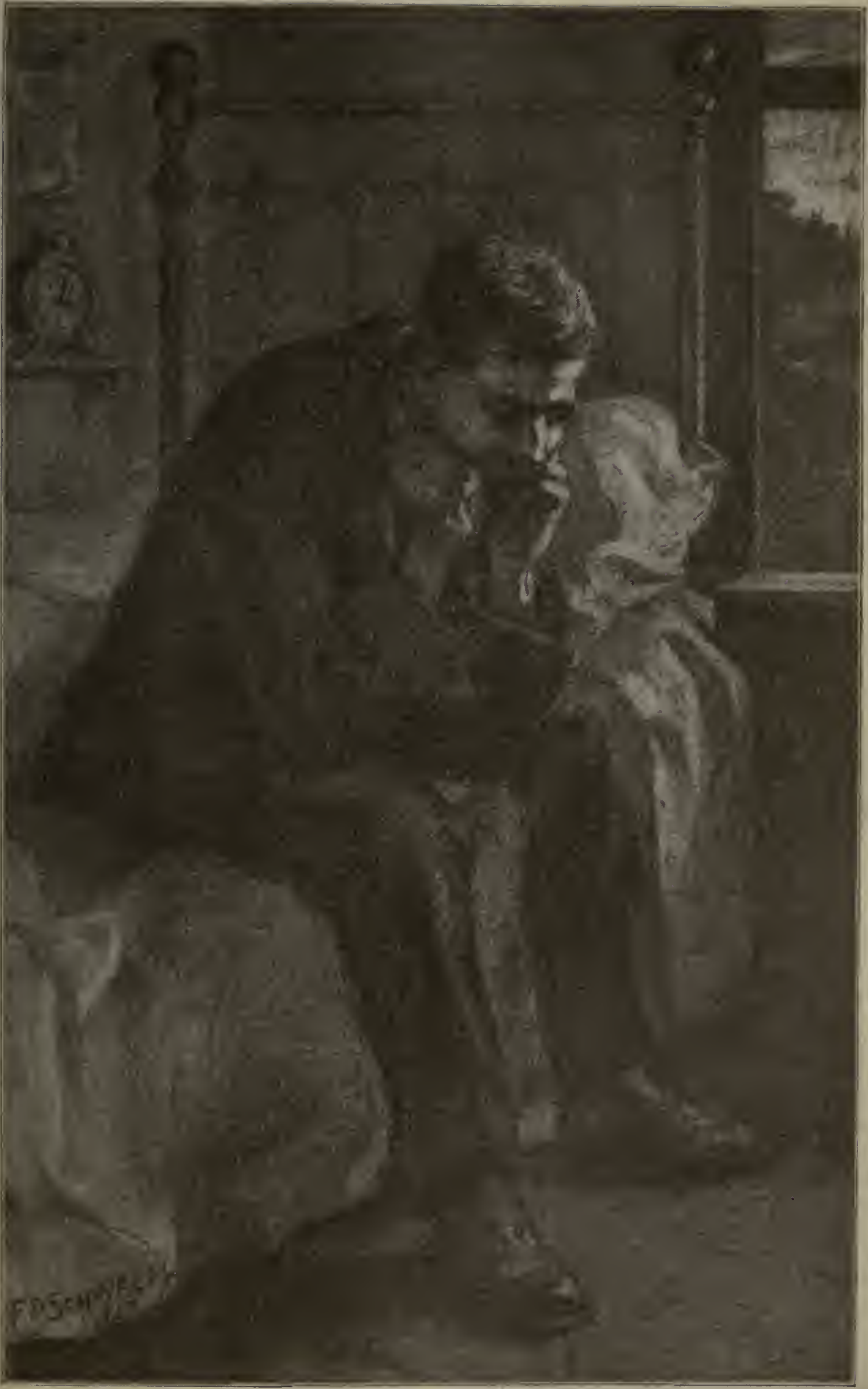
"As a financial security I am valueless, but I mean to go west — the farther the better. I think there may be a place for me somewhere in Saskatchewan. Will you help me?"

Into the banker's quiet eyes leapt an expression in which sympathy and satisfaction were oddly mixed. This was the first intimation he had received of the result of the last night's meeting.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars would help me to make a start."

The banker drew his cheque book to him, and in a minute the money was paid over. Archer extended his



HE SAT DOWN ON THE BED, CHIN ON HANDS, AND ELBOWS ON KNEES hand. With just the slightest hesitation Robert took it, and the two men grasped each other warmly. "I congratulate you,'' said Brown, and, as his voice broke, he turned away. "You are man all the way through,'' said the other.

II

Six years later a well-dressed stranger entered the bank at Fairview and requested a private interview with the owner. In a little room in the rear, after a complimentary reference to the banker's snug premises and the prosperous district, the stranger launched into business.

"My name is Forely—George Forely,'' he began. For several years I have been a broker, a real estate dealer and general commission agent in Winnipeg. I number among my clients the heads of many of the best houses in the city. If they have confidence in me, it is not without reason. Men who could count their money on three fingers four years ago are rich to-day as a result of the opportunities I have placed in their way. Of course, had they failed to grasp these opportunities they would still have been among the plodders. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men'—you know the quotation. We have made money in Winnipeg property—everybody has. Men who were clerks when you started this bank, Mr. Archer, are captains of finance to-day. Oh; it's been a mint, Winnipeg has.'' This, with a deep, complacent sigh.

"But that isn't what I came to speak to you about,'' he went on. "You doubtless know Winnipeg as well as I do. Maybe better. But I have something now that beats anything we have ever done in Manitoba, or Canada, for that matter, *by a mile.* A genuine ground-floor proposition, into which I am admitting a few men of character and standing in different parts of the country. Character—position—is what I want, rather than capital; I can get barrels of capital for a cinch of this kind. I want men like you, whom I can point to and say, 'Mr. Archer, of Fairview, is one of our principal stock-holders.'

"Now our scheme, briefly, is this,'' continued Forely. "And while you are under no obligation whatever to join us in this venture—this certainty, I should say—what I tell you is of course in strict business confidence. I have secured an advance report showing the location of the new Inter-Ocean railway, and have definitely located their principal division point in one of our Western provinces. For obvious reasons I do not state the exact spot as yet, but everything I tell you is absolutely correct—absolutely. Ask your Winnipeg agents who I am and what my word is worth. Now sir, I know to a hundred yards where that railway center will be. On the bank of an important river, surrounded by excellent country. To-day it is a settler's homestead; ten years from now it will be the home of a hundred thousand people. At least four branch lines are to be built from it at once, and more will radiate from that center as the development of the country requires. I have in my grip the deed from the homesteader of the land—I have bought for $2,000 a property worth millions. That's what I propose to let you into. We will form a company with a million dollars capital, subscribe it ourselves at twenty cents on the dollar, give a block of stock to such officials as seem to need it—I have already sounded both Governments—and throw our land and our stock on the market at the same time. The land is bought now; all we need is money for its organization, management, and advertising. Every daily paper in America will be heralding the possibilities of the new city within a month. That, in brief, is our proposition. How do you like it?''

The banker sat silent for a time. Then, "I am deeply interested,'' he said.

"I have come to you because you were said to be a man who would entertain a good proposition, and whose name would add weight to the directorate. I can name you many good men who are already with us, and I can give any reference desired. We were expecting you to take $50,000 stock, and have reserved that amount for you. At twenty cents on the dollar it means only $10,000 cash, and within a month it will be worth a hundred times that. I rest the case now on your good judgment.''

Mr. Forely remained in Fairview for some days, while the banker made such inquiries as satisfied him as to the character of the investment that had so unexpectedly presented itself. He ended by subscribing the $50,000, and wishing he might have doubled it.

Then followed days of anxious waiting, days in which routine business was performed as in a dream. But at last it came—the mail in which all the daily papers announced the location of the new railway center, with photographs and maps and big headlines. And the boom was on.

The banker's elation was unbounded, and as the new company's advertising began to appear and to take effect, every mail besieged him with letters offering fabulous figures for a share of his stock. But he held on.

"If it is worth all that to others it is worth it to me,'' and he held on. He had risked much, for, although his standing was good in the financial world, he traded on his character rather than his capital. It was depositors' money that had gone into the deal. He had taken the chance, and he was determined to reap the benefits.

III

On the eastern slope of a valley that angled across the route of the Inter-Ocean railway were pitched the white tents of a survey party. The first general outline of the route had been made, and engineers were now at work running trial lines and fixing the exact location of the road. The day's work was ended, and men were chatting and smoking before the tents, when from the scrub below them emerged a horseman. He was of the kind typical of Western Canada; swarthy, well-knit, clad in garments whose very strength and plainness made them seem neat and appropriate. The stranger rode his "cayuse'' as though the two were one.

Reining up before the principal tent, the horseman inquired if he might see the head engineer. A short, sturdy man, in flannel shirt and top boots, rose from the tomato case where he was sitting, and indicated that he was the person named. The stranger, with a nod, suggested that his business was of private nature, and dismounting, followed the engineer down into the valley.

When they were safely out of hearing the visitor spoke. My business with you, sir, is of an unusual nature, but I shall be quite frank. It may be that we can be of service to each other. I own 200,000 acres of as fine prairie and scrub land as the sun shines on. Most of it lies just south of this valley. To-day it is worth six or seven dollars an acre, but if the Inter-Ocean were to run south of this valley every acre of it would be worth a fortune. Do you see?''

The engineer nodded, and the other continued. "I am willing to consider the claims of others. I have no one dependent upon me, nor am I likely to have, and I can reward service liberally. In fact, I have almost decided to give away a whole township of my very best land, if the railway runs through it, and if I can find a man—an engineer, for instance—who will accept such a return for a service. I have fancied that such an engineer might discover some cause—quicksand, perhaps, or some natural obstruction—that would render it necessary for the road to run south of the valley.''

The speaker paused, but the engineer remained silent, and he resumed: "Of course that will upset some present arrangements. A bunch of grafters are already selling city lots where the new railway center is to be. No doubt they have let the head engineer into the good thing,'' he cautiously added.

"Not they,'' returned the other, with a touch of bitterness. "I'm good enough to find their mints for them, but not good enough to share in the currency.''

The sun had set, and the valley was in darkness save for the reflected glow in the western skies. As the two men walked back to the camp the engineer remarked, after a long silence, ''I have a wife and six children at home.''

His visitor made no answer. The engineer spoke again, as though to himself, ''At fifty-two a man is tired of wading sloughs and sleeping out.''

Presently the camp came in view, the white lights of the tents marking off the hillside in beautiful triangles. The two men stopped, and for a long time the engineer thoughtfully kicked the gravel with the toe of his heavy boot. At last he said, ''I am an honest man, and have always done the straight thing with my employers. I have seen them grow wealthy while I grew—old.'' He paused, as though swallowing something, and added, ''There *are* signs of quicksand in the valley.''

''Good,'' said the other, mounting his horse, ''Let me hear from you soon as you know anything definite, and you'll find Bob Brown a man of his word.''

In a moment he was lost in the darkness.

IV

No slightest intimation of the change in the railroad's plans reached Howard Archer until, with bursting eyeballs, he read it all in the daily paper. There it was, in hard, cruel, crushing type—the Inter-Ocean had altered its route, owing to quicksand encountered in crossing Red Plains Valley. The great city would remain a homestead; the dreams of the promoters were shattered at a blow. Seizing the telephone, Archer called up his Winnipeg agents and demanded the facts. It was all too true. The route was changed, and the company was wrecked. The principal promoters had known of the impending smash for forty-eight hours and had unloaded their stock, but Howard was caught. His depositors would demand restitution. He was liable for $40,000—his entire fortune was less than $20,000. Before him he saw bankruptcy—ruin—disgrace—prison . . . . It was an old man that turned from the telephone.

* * * *

When a correctly dressed stranger registered that afternoon at the Fairview hotel not one of his old acquaintances recognized Robert Brown. Independence, self-reliance, had become his dominant characteristics, but he told himself, the old love flame still burned on. Now, after six years, he would see her again.

Was it love he felt for his former sweetheart, this warm bright afternoon? Love is humble, and in him was only pride. She had had her day; now he was to have his. He had known humiliation, but out of his defeat had he victory—ill-gotten as it was.

Was it not a self-satisfying thing to come back, a millionaire, to scoff at the woman who had rejected him for a country banker? He recalled with pride his resolution to pay back Archer's $500, with the interest to date at 2% per month—the ''tough'' rates.

Brown rang the bell at the residence with a firm hand, and waited.

Presently the knob turned, and the door swung slowly open. In the hall stood a little girl, a tot of three summers, with bare little dimpled knees and sweet, childish face. But it was the face of another. From the strong chin and sympathetic mouth to the deep thoughful eyes it was the face in miniature of Jessie Raymond. Brown had not thought of this, and he stood, dazed, on the threshold.

'' Will 'oo tum in, thir?'' said the little girl. Oh that voice, with its baby lisp. Brown had faced a wild country, wild beasts and wilder men, and he had never trembled nor known fear. But to-day, before a little child, he was broken, crushed, abashed. Words would not come, and the child spoke again, her eyes filled with strange wonder. "Tum in, thir. Mamma'th up thairth."

With an effort Brown drew himself together and said, "No thank you, little girl. I must have mistaken the house."

He turned from the steps, and before long found himself out in the country on the same road he had walked six years ago, now fragrant with the smell of ripening wheat. And, strangely enough, when he retraced his steps they led him, as before, to the banker's private office.

Brown could not trust his voice with commonplace, but rushed right to business. "Archer," he said, "six years ago you let me have $500, and I have come to settle. I invested the money in land, and have prospered amazingly. To-day my holdings are 200,000 acres, worth at least a couple of millions. Now, Archer, no articles were ever drawn up, but I have come to feel that we are partners. You invested the capital, I did the work, and we divide evenly. I have come to tell you that you are a millionaire."

Archer sat dumb. Strangely enough when at last he spoke it was, "I lost $50,000 by the Inter-Ocean changing its route."

"And I made a half a million for you by the same deal," said Brown.

* * * *

Two men and a sweet-faced woman sat late that night, discussing the past and their altered relations for the future. Even little Jessie was allowed to remain up long past bed time in celebration of the great occasion. When at last they were about to retire Brown held the outstretched hand of Mrs. Archer as a brother might have done. Then Baby Jessie clambered to his breast, and, with arms around his neck, laid her cheek against his, saying, "I love Papa and Mamma and *'oo.*"

Suddenly the little girl sat up. "Oh Mithter, 'oo'r cheek ith wet," she exclaimed.

And Robert Brown was not ashamed.

SHORTHORNS PASTURING ON THE PRAIRIES OF ALBERTA

The Mecca of the Stock Raiser

By Franklin J. Spencer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE agricultural history of North America reveals some surprising evolutions. One of these is that of the stock feeding industry in the Central Western States and Western Ontario. The natural adaptability of the soil of those districts for corn, grass and grain raising, the fostering of the industry by the packers of meats and the suitability of all environment to the requirements of stock, have all operated to convert rich, rolling prairie and fertile woodland into corn growing and stock feeding farms. With this evolution in methods has also gone on an evolution in men. The business of stock feeding has developed a peculiar type of man, Its facinations have drawn to it and evolved from it men of special bent, men who follow it for a purpose and men whom no other occupation attracts. Nor is this stock feeding industry a transient one. A certain type of farmer has evolved from it and this type is being perpetuated indefinitely until the excess of the men who adhere to a stock feeding career have begun to look about for opportunities to strike the roots of their enterprises into the earth and to rear about themselves the mammoth industries which their inherent talents and accumulated experiences make possible of accomplishment. Their home land has been becoming crowded until land, rich, deep, black land, the prime essential in the meat producing business, has become higher in price and increasingly difficult to obtain. The situation presages the extention of the stock raising methods to newer haunts and broader fields, and the land of the great opportunities is the Saskatchewan valley, which stretches for nearly two thousand miles across the breast of the continent.

Stock raising represents the highest attainment in the agricultural pursuits. It calls into play more diverse mental processes than does any other branch of farming, and because of the demand of the industry for mental employment it so facinates those engaged in it that they are loath to follow any other business. Men are continually aspiring to the more complicated tasks, they shun the simple duties and for this reason as well as owing to natural processes the ranks of the stock raising fraternity are continually upon the increase.

Most large industrial concerns are wholly the creation of man's enterprise and skill and are readily modified by the employment of capital and labor. This fact tends to make a career in such industries less interesting than an occupation where intuitive instinct to modify natural laws and agencies is the key note of successful accomplishment. The stock raiser's is such a vocation. It is with him not simply a matter of keeping cattle and hogs until they are ready for market, but he has to begin preparing his stock for market before they are born and even before their parents are selected. He has to consider the demands of the market, his facilities for rapidly developing his stock and endeavor to modify natural tendencies so that the market may be satisfied and a competence left for his trouble.

Stock raising also demands peculiar conditions of soil. The rich downs of England, the fertile counties of Western Ontario and the deep, rich soils of the Mississippi and the Missouri valleys, are the localities in which the industry has flourished. In these places the soils have by their adaptability for the profuse production of grasses, grains and field roots eminently assisted in the modifying of the types of cattle and hogs best suited for the production of meats. With these crops every inherent tendency of stock to convert fodder into flesh has been intensified. The environment of rich pastures tends to make short legged cattle still shorter in the legs, to broaden their backs and to increase the weight of their quarters, and these are main essentials in economic production. As far as the beef animal is concerned legs are of comparatively little value and the shorter they are the less food material will be required to produce them. Wide backs, deep bodies and heavy quarters are the storehouses for flesh; hence the advisability of having them full and heavy. Formerly cattle were well developed in those parts used for defence, the horns and fore quarters; in the regions of locomotion, the legs; and in the vital organs, the heart, lungs, and respiratory track. These were valuable for purposes of retaining and replenishing the species, but for domestic purposes they were not the prime essentials. The work of keeping the tendency of these parts from predominating in the animal form has been the accomplishment of the breeder, and in making the parts to which greater value attached more prominent he has been assisted by the environment of rich pastures and plentiful fodder. This work of specialization in breeding has gone on to such an extent that to-day we have a type of cattle evolving and already evolved that makes the maximum amount of flesh with the minimum of waste in the frame. These cattle have practically the entree of the world's markets. They cannot be produced on every class of soil nor by indifferent stockmen. The market for them is broadening, and the numbers who would engage in their production is continually upon the increase. In these facts lie the assurance that the land which lies in the north of the great American spring wheat belt will be called into immediate requisition for operations of the stock feeder.

The illusion that the climate of the northern country is not suitable for stock raising has been proved to be groundless. Cattle and hogs have demonstrated their ability to adapt themselves to various climates, and in the extreme temperatures of the north have shown as much capability to produce flesh economically as they do in the more uniform climates of the older stock raising districts. Cattle have shown a greater tendency to deteriorate through exposure to dampness than they have to low temperatures with a clear dry air. Low temperatures as we have in the north, only

FISCHER
Creek Ranch

THE RANCH OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER

result in a longer coat of hair and with a thick dry coat no discomfort is felt in the coldest of climates. I may quote here the opinions of the winner of second prize for the best car-load of export steers at the Spring Show held in Calgary in April last, as illustrating the convictions of those who are extensively engaged in stock feeding in the Canadian Northwest:

"Those in the bunch that had white faces were from a white-faced bull, Hereford, purebred. They ran with their mothers till weaning time, October, and when weaned were turned on my stubble fields and bush land for the winter. From then on they practically lived on the open range on wild grass.

"I commenced grain feeding Dec. 1st, whole oats, and from March 1st till show date fed chopped oats. These cattle never were in a shed or barn; I feed in small dry yard always. I have never stall-fed a car of cattle. My favorite plan for feeding cattle is to have self-feed bins, cattle to have these bins open to them at all times—what we term on full grain feed.

"I would say that there are a few things necessary to be a successful feeder financially. First, have the best quality steers, *without horns*, rather dehorned, or breed the horns off. I find the Galloways suit me fine. Second, feed plenty of the best quality of feed you can find. Third, be sure and have a bunch of hogs in the same yard with the cattle; and last, but very important, with the least possible expense, with the largest profit for this reason, I find the self-feed bin in the open yard very satisfactory."

Another quotation from the feeder of one of the best lots of cattle that left the Western feed yards this spring: "Our bunch that went off this spring were by a purebred Shorthorn bull, one of the right stamp, low down, thick, sappy, easy handling sort, extra well sprung in the ribs from a lot of grade cows, our own rearing from purebred bulls (Shorthorns). We wean the calves about the first of December, then give them all the hay they can eat. We always give the calves the best of the hay; that is, the earliest cut stuff, keeping them in as long as possible in the spring, so that they can get a bit when turned out and have a chance to go right ahead. Their second winter is spent with the bunch. In an ordinary winter they are out all the time. One small feed of hay in a day is all they get. They generally come through in thrifty condition, so that we can either ship them in the fall, as threes, or hold them over until the spring, when they are four-year-olds. When we feed them we have hay in the rack all the time, putting fresh stuff in three times a day. We don't like to keep them waiting for it, as they soon get uneasy if we are not on time. We keep water running through the yard, salt before them all the time, a big shed, open poles in front, where they go in on stormy days. We never dehorn; not feeding grain they don't crowd so much, having plenty of room and getting plenty of hay. They seem to do well enough.

"Owing to the deep snow coming last November we had to feed the whole bunch right from the start two months and a half before our usual time. We fed them three times a day, salt and sulphur before them all the time, all the shelter they had being some small willow bush. The severe cold never seemed to trouble them a bit. It was just a question of lots of good hay, so that they came out right side up, averaging 1540 lbs., one of them going 1710 lbs. One thing in their favor, they were in splendid shape when put in, in the fall. I should like to remark before closing that if the farmers and feeders were to put the young things up to feed right from their dams there would be more profit and better cattle."

And again from a Canadianized American who has engaged in hog raising in Western Canada, "I used to think that hogs could not be raised without a plentiful supply of corn, but I find the barley we grow here at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre makes better pork and more rapidly than the corn we used to feed in Iowa. My pigs are also more healthy and more prolific than those I raised in the States, and with the market above seven cents per pound there is a good profit in raising hogs."

The foods which any particular district raises and the abundance of their yields are largely what determine their suitability for stock raising. England has grasses, field, roots-grain and millfeeds. Eastern Canada has very much the same. The Central States depend largely upon grass and corn. An examination of crop conditions of the Saskatchewan valley shows that its rich soil produces native and cultivated grass nowhere in the world surpassed in yield and in feeding value, its crops of grain yield higher than those of any other country, and the corn crop upon which the Central States farmers place so much confidence, is gradually being introduced as far north as settlement has extended.

In this immense new country the raising of purebred stock is but in its infancy. A few pioneers have already located with herds of Shorthorns and Herefords, and with some swine. In the Canadian trade the Shorthorn cattle seem to be the most favored, probably because they are most adaptable to varying conditions. In some places cross grades are in most favor, as for instance, with the feeder first quoted above. Practically every kind and type of hogs are raised, and all meet a ready market.

Commercially the Canadian West offers a splendid opportunity for the development of the live stock and meat packing business. There is the country, the crops are being grown, and men are available to raise stock. The whole fabric of marketing facilities and packing has yet to be built up. There are openings in the Canadian West for the investment of capital to form markets like those at Chicago, St. Josephs, Omaha, Kansas City and St. Paul, and already one great American packing house is interesting itself in this phase of the business.

Winnipeg at the present time is the only central market for the cattle grown upon the great stretches of Western Canada, and in this market in 1906, 130,000 cattle were handled. Eighty-five thousand of these were for export and the remainder were used for local consumption and for packing house products.

The country now awaits the advent of numerous extensive and intensive feeders. The railways are ready to foster the industry and a ready market with good connections is to be had locally and in the British Isles. There is no probability of a long struggle to establish a market after the product has been raised, as is often the case with agricultural pursuits in newly settled countries.

That stage has been passed and the country now awaits the extension of the industry.

Where "Number One Hard" Becomes "Somebody's Best"

By Claire Ruiter McGregor

"Or from the bridge I leaned to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers where they sprung
Below the range of stepping stones,
Or those three chestnuts near that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

MILLS and millers have played no small part in song and story, from the Miller of the Dee who went for his famous walk in the evening cool, and the jolly miller who lived in the mill with one hand always on the hopper, to the wealthy miller of Tennyson's poem whose "double chin and portly size" are familiar to us all.

In nursery days we have been told of the sturdy miller who sang so lustily

"I envy no one, no, not I,
And no one envies me"

that bluff King Hal stopped to listen to him and bade him never to sing the same song again, for though he envied no one, it was not true that no one envied him.

Later, we have laughed over the obdurate Miller of Hafbau whom even the charming Princess Osra could not move, and we have sighed over the pretty German folk-song of "The Mill-wheel."

The mill, the mill-wheel, and the miller's invariable daughter, have all been duly celebrated. But the picturesque old mill with its upper and nether stones grinding the wheat and driven by the mill-wheel, that, dripping and cool, revolved as long as the flow of the water lasted, has, for all practical purposes, passed away.

No more does the farmer trudge thirty or forty miles to the nearest "grist emporium" with a sack of wheat or corn over his shoulder to have his grain ground and leave part of it to pay for the grinding. Things are done on a larger scale now, and the labor involved is reduced to a minimum by the employment of machinery that does the work better and in far less time than would otherwise be possible.

As more grain is grown, more importance is accorded to the wheat flour milling industry. In Canada it is growing steadily, owing to the enormous increase of the amount of wheat raised in the country. In British Columbia there are three important flour-mills at Enderby, Armstrong, and Vernon. At Enderly alone, the output is about three hundred barrels of flour per day.

In a typical flour mill the force for driving the machinery is supplied by engines in a separate room which is connected with the main building. A good deal of the wheat milled in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia is shipped there from Alberta, although local wheat is handled as well. The finest pastry flour is made from the Okanagan wheat, while that from Alberta becomes the best bread flour, as it tests considerably higher for gluten. The pastry flour contains more starch, and is whiter than the glutinous flour which has a fine golden cast of color.

When the grain is carried in car-loads to the flour mill, a car is brought to a standstill just outside the mill and the wheat is taken from it, weighed and elevated to the storage bins. Before it can be broken for flour, it has to undergo a thorough cleansing process, being washed, scoured and dusted in three different machines, all of which work automatically—indeed all the machinery in the mill is automatic; the wheat is not touched by human hands from the time it is taken from the car outside the mill until the flour is sewn in the sacks ready for shipping. The whole process is a triumph of mechanism.

In one of the chutes along which the wheat has to pass, are placed large magnets which attract all tacks or pieces of metal which have fallen into the wheat from the harvesting machines or threshers. No iron can pass these magnets; and it is surprising to see the amount of metal that is contained in a car-load of wheat.

Before the wheat goes to the rollers it is passed through a steamer to toughen its husk slightly, then it goes down to the rollers, and the crushing process begins. There are a dozen or more rollers through which the wheat must pass. It is first broken between the large corrugated rolls that are used to separate the bran from the middlings.

Bran is the husk of the wheat, while middlings are the coarser particles left of the white part of the grain after some flour has been ground off.

Flour once ground is not put through the rollers again, but middlings have to go on their way between the heavy rolls in order to be reduced to flour. For this purpose smooth rolls are used, one of them revolving more than twice as fast as the other, thus increasing the abrasion.

After the wheat has gone through the rollers the product obtained is sifted. Several devices are employed to separate all the flour from the shorts—the middlings are no more, having been reduced to flour in the rollers—and care is exercised that no flour shall be wasted.

It is sifted through several grades of bolting silk through a loose, open mesh to one of exceeding fineness. When it has passed the sifter, the flour is taken to bins and immediately sacked for shipping. A tube is fitted to the lower part of the bin and a sack placed underneath. On opening the bin, the flour pours into the sack, and when it is full, the stream of flour is shut off until another sack is in position to receive its contents.

The sacks are sewn by hand with twine and then are stored for several weeks in order to ripen and whiten the flour.

The shorts and bran are separated carefully and done up in sacks after the same fashion at the flour. About two hundred and seventy pounds of wheat, or four and a half bushels, are used to make one barrel of flour, leaving seventy-four pounds of bran and shorts separated from the fine flour. This shows that twenty-eight per cent. of the wheat is not used in making white flour.

Graham flour includes the whole grain of the wheat, but "whole wheat flour" is a misleading term, as in its manufacture the bran is separated from the flour.

The best flour is made chiefly from "Number One Hard" grain, but all kinds of grain may be used, a cheaper grade of flour being made from an inferior grade of wheat.

The export trade of Western Canadian flour mills is growing rapidly, China and Japan receiving no small share of the flour exported. The Japanese trade will probably be a considerable feature of the milling industry in a short time; the shipping is chiefly done through Yokohama.

One thing that is particularly striking about the wheat flour milling industry is its wholesomeness. After a surfeit of journalistic criticism on "The Jungle," with its horrible revelations of the meat packing industry in Chicago, and the Government investigations going on, it is a relief to turn from the exposure of fraud and graft to a clean industry where the chief food-product of nature is handled in a scientific and sanitary manner.

These flour-mills turn out an unadulterated article and place it on the market food for men and cattle. The atmosphere of the mills is wholesome, and the work proceeds steadily, not in the forced rushes of "piece-work." There are two shifts of twelve hours each in a milling day, and employment is thus constantly given to two crews of men.

The artistic effect of the old-time mills is lacking in all the modern structures, but when we consider the present-day mills, and the beneficent power they exercise by distributing food material over all the civilized world, it is impossible to regret the passing of their more primitive and picturesque predecessors. And certainly the artistic effect of the old-time mills is lacking from all the present structures. Their square cut, gray masses, and tall chimneys block themselves harshly against the smoke-stained sky. Still, although they furnish less material for the minor-poet and the sketching class, they are, for self-evident reasons, a more interesting study in economics.

In Cherry Lane

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

HE loves me, he loves me,
And what is that to me?
For many a man has loved a lass,
As may—forgotten be.

He loves me, he loves me,
And wherefore should I care?
For many a lad in April time
Has found a maiden fair.

He loves me, he loves me,
I passed him by to-day,
And O, the lad looked after me
Without a word to say.

He loves me, he loves me,—
Oh, not a whit care I!

* * * * * * *

I'll rest awhile in Cherry Lane,
I wish he would come by.

BUILDING THE NEW "SPOUT"

The New "Spout" to the Lakes

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "The Last Spike," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE builders of the new transcontinental railway have finished their first full year's work, the trail is practically blazed from ocean to ocean, and already they are receiving and sending out mail at Prince Rupert, on the Pacific, which was a voiceless wilderness yesterday and which will be a hustling, booming city to-morrow.

Doubtless the promoters of this tremendous enterprise had faith in the West, and the Government that backed the builders believed that there was immediate need of another transcontinental line, but no one guessed that the close of 1906 would find the development of the West outrunning all the railways. The more we build the more we need to build, for development west of Winnipeg has barely begun.

As the West was the cause of all this railway construction boom, the West is commanding the attention of the powers that direct the pathfinder and the grade-maker.

The Grand Trunk Pacific management is bending every effort to rail the new fields that lie between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the earliest possible moment, for there in the great Saskatchewan valley, half way between the "Chicago" and the "Denver" of the Dominion, is the storm center of a development that would be called a boom were it not for the fact that it has been of steady growth for a number of years. Moreover, it covers a large corner of a continent instead of being confined to a limited territory as booms usually are.

Of course they are working west from Edmonton, and east from Prince Rupert, but the task of locating a line of railway, such as the Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to build, is an intricately difficult one. It will pass through half a thousand miles of wilderness that was practically unknown when the preliminary pathfinders set their faces toward the three passes that were supposed to lie somewhere near the headwaters of the Peace.

Every river, gorge and canyon will be sounded, every possible and doubtless many impossible passes will be examined before the final selection is made, before the president and general manager "O.K." the profile, before the chief engineer pens his official "*Put her there.*"

Meanwhile the Government construction commission is hurrying the work of constructing the section of the main line that will begin at Winnipeg and continue east to connect with the Superior branch of the Company's line now well along and which will, when the Government section to the Wheat City is completed, give the granary another "spout" to the lakes.

If the men who are to be held responsible for the finished line were satisfied to build as the early transcontinental lines were built in the United States, the last spike could be driven years earlier than it will be driven. If they had less faith in the future of Canada, if they could foresee a slump in the near future, they could build cheaply, have less of fixed charges to pay and earn something on the money expended, even in "lean years," but they are building against a future in which they have abounding faith. If fortune favors them, if the good old earth continues to sweat "gold" at the rate of nineteen bushels to the acre as it has done for the past nineteen years, they will be counted wise in their generation.

And so, having faith, they have set a standard for the construction of this new national highway that is proving a surprise to the contractors, who sometimes read specifications hurriedly and pass them lightly, regarding them as form, or filling, not expecting them to be carried out to theletter. And after the line has been properly located, the proper construction is the next important step. If a valley be wide and deep—no matter how wide and deep, they bridge it from bluff to bluff, for a good line with bad spots is a bad line.

Railway competition on this continent is so keen that to keep pace with the progress of railway perfections, the best is demanded of each and every line; the best roadbed, the best equipment, the best service. Otherwise the business goes the other way. But you can't have a line like the Grand Trunk Pacific and fast trains in a new thinly settled country at two cents a mile.

Such a railway as the Grand Trunk will have, from the wheat-fields to the lakes, to the Atlantic when the Whale line is finished—will enable it to handle twice the volume of business that could be handled, say on a "one per cent." road. They believe that they will be called upon to move an immense amount of freight and are building to that end. They believe that, as the years pass, the traveling public will be more and more in a hurry and are planning a passenger service that will equal the best between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

They believe that, with a fleet on the eastern and the western ocean, they will have thrown a short cinch around the sphere, and shortened the run around the world by at least two sleeps.

These dreams, real to the builders, make them anxious about every curve, cut and fill on the three thousand miles of main line; make them patient with the pathfinder and the contractor, and impatient with the unknowing who want it finished *now*.

To be sure the management can never be held to the airy, unauthorized predictions of a magazine writer, but it seems to one acquainted with the country and the line as it is being built in the West, a simple matter to run from Winnipeg say to Saskatoon, easily in one night, and a short night at that. Another sleep will take the traveler to Edmonton, or Winnipeg to Edmonton in twenty-four hours. The same time will be made between Winnipeg and Calgary, for the Calgary line will be more than a mere branch line. It will be the "main line to Calgary" and will be physically fit for quick runs.

A year ago the settlement ran forty To-miles southwest of Saskatoon.

day homesteads are located and are being improved one hundred and sixty miles from that throbbing young city which has already come to regard itself, seriously, as the center of the earth. Here, between Hanley and Lacombe, Battleford and Swift Current,lies a little empire of itself, isolated and utterly empty of railroads. Into this vast valley country, two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long, eighty per cent. of which is open arable land, hundreds of Yankees have gone to buy land in the past twelve months and thousands to settle and to build homes. The land is fair and fertile and that is all the born pioneer asks. He knows the railway will come, and it is coming.

The Canadian Pacific is cutting the little empire on the bias, from Moose Jaw to Lacombe. The Canadian Northern is already surveying south of its main line, while the Grand Trunk Pacific, leaving the main line west of Saskatoon, will go to Calgary almost as the bird flies.

Three years from to-day the vast region that was empty through years will be served by at least three competing railways; in it will be the homes of hundreds of thousands of settlers. The soil here is not so rich as it is further north, not so heavy as it is further east, but it is far enough north to be fertile and not too cold, and far enough west to catch the breath of life that lifts from the Pacific coast and blows down from the Rockies, the warm Chinook, that makes the Northwest worth fighting for.

And it is for this, for these and other unplowed fields that the Grand Trunk Pacific is being rushed with all the speed consistent with good work. For this in the tunnels and sheltered cuts the blasters will blast and the graders grade without ceasing until the line is finished from the Great Lakes, across the fields to Edmonton, the last house.

At Fort William vast stores of supplies and material were gathered, at Portage la Prairie nearly four hundred miles of steel were stored, ready to be rushed to the front and spiked down the moment the frost left the ground again. With good luck and a fair supply of labor the rails should reach Saskatoon before fall and Edmonton in the early winter. But much depends on the condition of the labor market. Yankees will not work with picks and shovels, and Canadians are about the same, so we might as well make up our minds to one or two things. Either we must import labor or wait until the work can be finished with the labor on hand.

At this writing considerable work is done in the Lake Superior Branch, but only a fair start has been made on the Government section west of Superior Javestian to Winnipeg. This section traverses that rough country famous for its iron mines. Some extremely heavy work is to be done here.

Between Portage and Touchwood Hills, Macdonald, McMillan and Company have forged ahead splendidly, and west of Saskatoon the work has progressed, but there remains still to be finished along the Qu'Appelle Valley in the Touchwood and again in the Eagle Hills, some heavy work. It is here that the management have concentrated their fire. The traveler by the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the very crest of the contract, that is to say the summit of the Yellow Head Pass, on precisely the same grade per mile that lifts him from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

To be sure this will cost a pile of of money, but as intimated above there are to be no bad spots on the G.T.P. The idea of taking a standard express train from the Atlantic to the Pacific with a single locomotive and "making time" would have been laughed at as the climax of absurdity five years ago.

To-day it is within the range of things possible. Five years from this writing it will be an accomplished fact.

The close of another year will see the work well under way all along the line, but build as they may the builders will not be able to keep up with the pioneer, the homesteader, the settler, who is heading for the West, and who, in 1907, will come and settle by the hundreds of thousands, for as set forth in the beginning of this sketch, the development west of Winnipeg has hardly begun.

The Yankee Invasion of Canada

By Ernest Cawcroft

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ANOTHER army of the chosen people is marching into Canada. To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a mightier movement of population than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture. From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland; from the peasant soil of Russia; and out from grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented and ambitious of every European clime are seeking to take advantage of the fertile soil and exhilarating climate of the Empire of the North.

They have come, they are coming, and Canada is extending the right hand of welcome. This surging of the population Westward has an economic as well as an historical basis. Two summers ago in investigating industrial conditions in Europe, I was privileged to observe the over-populated tenements, the under-fed workers and the evil social conditions generally, which lead men to think that the promised land of plenty is on the other side of the earth. I observed, too, that the more progressive of these workers were leaving or preparing to leave for the free lands of the Dominion. I was impressed with the fact that while a million human beings throng the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in Canada, being of a better class, come with a more clearly defined purpose. Compared with the Dominion, the weakness of our immigration policy lies in the fact that these people are allowed to settle in the over-crowded cities, while the former directs the arrivals to the better fields of the West.

The movement of population, then, upon the part of Europeans, is rightly connected with the distressing economic and agricultural conditions prevalent in every European state with the possible exception of Germany. Coupled with that fact, the position of the Dominion in this situation should not be overlooked either by those who seek the motive of this vast movement of population, nor by those who desire to gain an insight into the true spirit of the Yankee invasion. You will recall that the closing days of our Civil War found the Canadian people divided into a number of provinces, devoid of railroad connections and subject to radical racial feelings. But the evils of division and discord had been impressed upon the people by the causes and results of our Civil Strike. It was at that hour that agricultural as well as political considerations made the time ripe for a practical discussion of the plan of Confederation. It is unnecessary to retrace the several steps which finally resulted in the formulation of the Dominion constitution and the practical Confederation of the year 1870; but it will suffice to point out that the Canadian statesmen, no less than the people of the several provinces, realized that no real Confederation was possible without railroad connec-

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STACKING

tions between Halifax and the present site of Vancouver. As a matter of fact, it is one of the inside chapters in the history of Confederation, that the people of the Western Provinces were assured railway connections with the market-ports of the Eastern seaboard. The possibilities of foreign markets in the Orient had not dawned on the widely scattered settlements, and every man insisted that the Dominion should render agricultural prosperity possible by connecting the fertile lands of Alberta with the markets of Liverpool. But the promise to build a transcontinental road was easier than the fulfilment. It was not an alluring prospect to capitalists, the idea of connecting small settlements, Indian wigwams, with Montreal and Halifax on the East and the forest-skirted harbors of British Columbia on the West.

But the Dominion appreciated the fact that the successful continuance of the Confederation was dependent upon the commercial uniting of the East and West; then the step was finally taken which is the basis of the movement of population to-day. The Canadian Pacific railroad was chartered; following the precedent so well established in those days in the United States, a money subsidy was given the promoters and more fortunately for the Dominion, the project was awarded an enormous land bounty. Thus the millions of acres of vacant land on each side of the railroad became the key to the situation. The transcontinental road having pierced the wilderness and climbed the Rockies, arrived at the present site of Vancouver in the year 1886. The project being completed, increasing operating expenses compelled the promoters to ask themselves the question: "Where is the passenger traffic and how are we going to get the freight?"

These men of foresight had not been daunted by harder problems; and they soon realized that the strip of land adjacent to the road and stretching across three thousand miles of continent, afforded the key to the passenger and freight business alike. These lands were opened to settlement upon liberal terms; settlers were carried at small rates and agricultural machinery was transported for next to nothing. Fifteen years ago Winnipeg was a city of thirty thousand inhabitants and that Chicago of Canada was made the distributing center of this influx of population. Every year marked the growth of this movement of population from Europe to Canada. In the latter days of the past century the influx approached one hundred thousand souls yearly. Then Calgary, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and a dozen other settlements along the three thousand miles of track, became cities. In the year 1903, over one hundred and thirty thousand persons arrived as settlers; that was increased an additional thousand during the following year; and in 1905, it approached one hundred and forty-six thousand. Last year the influx of settlers passed one hundred and eight thousand in point of numbers, and with prospects for an invasion of two hundred thousand souls during the coming twelve months, the movement of population becomes one of the historic and economic forces of the present day. While the Canadian Pacific has been solving the problem of securing freight and passenger traffic by carrying settlers to Alberta, British Columbia and other westerly points, and in turn transporting to the Eastern sea-board the grain produced by these settlers on their fertile lands, the Canadian Government has also been developing a land policy. During the interval Winnipeg has grown to one hundred thousand in population and the grain of the vast West moves through that city as a funnel on the way to Fort William and Montreal. Prospective settlers have gathered and are gathering in that city and in turn they have been given and are being given the privilege of securing title to an allotment of one hundred and sixty acres by working six months of three successive years on the lands for which they made entry. Thus along the valley of the Saskatchewan, through the fertile fields of Alberta, overflowing into the gardens of British Columbia, population moves and surges. Manitoba, compared with the more westerly provinces, becomes a land of settled renown, although twenty-five million acres still remain open to the cultivating-hand and thresher of the settler.

The previous European investigations of the writer having enabled him to observe these settlers in their native environment, it was a revelation to travel from Fort William on the south through Winnipeg to Edmonton on the north; and thence to move southerly through Calgary and along the towns of the Rockies down to the Pacific coast. He saw these peasants of Europe enjoying the liberty of independent proprietorship; he observed the Scotch lassies as the capable housewives of native Canadians; and around the grazing and fertile wheat-growing regions of Calgary, he viewed the Yorkshire lads doing their best, gaining a handsome living in fact as farmers, having substituted the plow for the shuttle and spindle. The fertility of the farm makes up for the inexperience of the farmer. But in the course of this journey, as he sought to follow the young men and women whom he observed as types in Europe, in their newer homes, the writer was presented with a situation, a revelation:

It is the Yankee Invasion of Canada.

The fact stands out in large letters that last year nearly sixty thousand Yankees crossed the border to become Canadian settlers. Nor must this be regarded as a singular event, because the Yankee invasion has not been confined to any one year. It was during the previous year that fifty thousand Americans preceded their later countrymen in seeking to till the fields of the Dominion. And are you aware

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HIS SECOND YEAR'S CROP

that between 1900 and 1904, the annual influx or exodus of Yankees ranged between twenty and fifty thousand souls?

This outline of the Yankee invasion forced upon the writer the conclusion that the Americans of to-day are repeating in Canada the history of their pioneer forefathers in the western portion of the United States. In the course of a conversation, Senator Perley of the Dominion Senate told how his forefathers, the United Loyalists as they were called, left the United States during the Revolutionary era for Eastern Canada; and how he later astonished his relatives about 1880 by removing three hundred miles west of Winnipeg where the fertility of the wheat lands afforded him a fortune during a score of years. But it was over a century between the first invasion of the Yanks and the later, more noticeable movement which commenced in the nineties.

The Yankee invasion of Canada has been induced and stimulated by a variety of causes. It is not surprising that the sons and grandsons of the American pioneers are aiding the Canadians in pushing back their frontier. More than a decade ago it dawned upon the farmers of the American West that the available cheap land between the Mississippi and the Pacific had been exhausted; and that their sons would have to seek in newer climes the democracy and opportunities of a region open to the settler. Canada, with a population of six millions and an area larger than the United States, attracted the attention of the Western farmers with ambitious sons. The average per mile population of the States is twenty-two, while there are only three persons to every two square miles in the Dominion. The Dominion last year raised one hundred million bushels of wheat and scientists estimate that there is available vacant land for growing eight hundred millions. Population spreads outward like the ripples of a disturbed water-surface, and the young sons of the West are to-day rushing forward to take part in raising the additional seven hundred million bushels of wheat. Railways have aided in pushing back the Indian tepee; the telegraph has enabled the world to learn that the climate of Canada, though cold in winter, is more agreeable than in many sections of the American East; and as an intimate knowledge of the Dominion continues to increase, it dawns upon the world that Winnipeg is not more northerly than Paris and that the Scotchman leaving his native Glasgow, traveling in a line across the Atlantic, will reach Edmonton, the most northerly city of importance on the continent. Thus one by one the stories circulated by the interested agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, which waxed wealthy without competition by leading people to believe that Canada was an inaccessible frozen region, are brought to earth. Thus a virgin continent is placed before the sons of men.

We have been in the habit of associating the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers with their discontent with the religious privileges allowed them in the Old World; we have believed that the Irish sought this country in the rightful opinion that more land and greater political liberty were essential to their happiness; and we do know that Virginia and Georgia were settled by many who were unsuccessful or whose presence was not desired, by the authorities of the Old World. This has prompted the truism that the baron, the duke, the successful men do not leave their hearth-stones to seek fame and fortune in a newer clime. Here is the paradox of the Yankee invasion as compared with other movements of population in the history of North America. The writer entered Canada with the pre-conceived notion that in so far as Americans were going into that country, they must be coming from the less productive farming sections of New England and the middle West. It did not take many conversations with the young, lusty Yankee settlers to teach him that his preconceived notion was erroneous. The bulk of the settlers located in Canada admitted that they were from Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska and the states with which we commonly associate the big crops of wheat and the bountiful harvests of the holiday season. He sought confirmation of this conclusion in the figures at hand; and he found that during the year 1905, four thousand six hundred Yankee settlers entered Canada from North Dakota; nearly six thousand were credited to Minnesota; fifteen hundred came from Illinois and as many others from a score of Western States. Pennsylvania was represented by some two hundred; New York furnished four hundred; while from all the New England States only eight hundred sought the less crowded lands of the Dominion. Thus this invasion reverses a prior maxim of history, and to-day the farmers and their sons are leaving the best known farming states of the Republic to seek the more fertile fields of the Dominion.

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STOCKRAISING IN WESTERN CANADA

But figures do not tell the whole story. Let us go back to the soil, where men talk heart to heart. Along the line of each railroad the trek of population extends. The success of the Canadian Pacific rendered possible the completion of other projects of equal magnitude. Six hundred miles from Winnipeg the Canadian Northern passes through the valley of the Saskatchewan, along the five hundred miles of prairie and into Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. Between Winnipeg and Edmonton the tourist may

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A WHEAT FIELD

observe in Humboldt, Togo, Warman, Prince Albert, two hundred miles to the north, and Lloydminster, a repetition of the history in completed form which represents the Calgary, the Moose Jaw and Regina of to-day. A survey is made by the Government; entries are allowed and attracted by a water supply or some other desirable feature, a few shacks appear. After the stragglers there comes the settlement, then a bank, an elevator in which to store the grain, one church or more, surely a well-built schoolhouse and then the settlers with their increasing prosperity commence to build those more substantial houses which give finish even to Edmonton, that last town on the frontier. Then at Alameda a colony of German-Americans is working out its destiny; along the Rainy river region Swedish-Americans are making a success of their second migration; Lloydminster boasts of comfortable Yankee and English settlements; Battleford, Prince Albert and Warman have become places of importance on the map since the writer took his last examination in geography, thanks to the enterprise of the natives, aided by the Yanks; and Humboldt, Togo, Vegreville are three of many towns whose birth within the past year or two and whose steady growth in the center of a thousand mile circle of wheat lands, need occasion no surprise. The settlers will soon be writing their friends in the States about the excellence of the Vermilion River region, just as the foreign factory hands of Lawrence and New Bedford tell their relatives in Yorkshire and Lancashire of the higher pay and better homes obtainable in this country. While the outlines of this vast movement of population are to be found in the Great North Country, thousands have settled and are settling as a matter of course just over the border line. Calgary, with a three million-acre irrigation scheme in hand, and Lethbridge, the center of a rich mining country, are the centers of American activity.

Surprised by the conclusiveness of these figures, that the Yankees come from the newer and more productive sections of the country, rather than from the regions where the soil is partly exhausted, the writer sought to obtain in the course of many conversations with these settlers the motive of their migration. There were as many motives as there were many men; and perhaps it will be fairer to each and all to let them tell their story in composite:

"It is this way," the Yankee settlers usually begin, pointing out to that elusive circle on the prairie where earth and sky seem to meet. "We liked the States and we haven't any kick coming. Our fathers did well over there and we in adopting their plan are simply carrying out the family idea. It is a good thing to go where you can do best. We are going to dodge this Canadian grain competition by getting right over the line and competing with the Canadians on their own soil. You see the trouble over in the States for the man who wants to grow is that the demand for farm lands in Iowa and the Dakotas is becoming so great that they want fifty dollars an acre. Now most of us owned our places in the States, but the time came when we wanted to secure farms for our sons. We can't get a farm for each of the boys without mortgaging them for the next generation. Crops have been so good in the States that we could sell our lands easily and so we took our fifty dollars an acre and repurchased over here at from three to twenty an acre. In other words, we got a farm for the old folks and each of the boys out of the money from the Iowa place. Then, too, here in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, we can average twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, while the yield in the Northwest averages about fifteen bushels. The railroads will carry our grain down to Port Arthur, Fort William, or Montreal as cheaply as it is taken to market in the United States. We are as near or nearer the Liverpool market than the farmers of the American West. The Indian, the Hudson's Bay trapper and adventurer have just left this region. We are trying to brush it into civilization and enjoying the rich fruits of a virgin soil."

"Those of us who made good in the States have had it easy from the start," interjects another settler composing the group of Yankees. "A little money is a good thing to have in coming into a new country. But those who make an entry or buy lands are able to square things in the course of two or three season's crops. There are hardships in building shanties and then with increasing prosperity getting things into shape for a better house. But affairs go here much as in the States. We have the largest liberty in the world; there is more home rule in the provinces than in many of the states of the Republic. Taxes are slight and with only a million people west of Winnipeg we don't get in each other's way. Our friends over the line probably thought that we would not live through the winter; and while it is cold in that season of the year the climate is altogether invigorating and healthful. Schools are good and encouraged by the Government; the enterprising American promoter and Yankee drummer see to it that we take notice of the latest improvements and best agricultural machinery. Altogether we are as near to affairs as we would be on our farms in the States. Winnipeg bears the same relation to us that Chicago did at home; and Edmonton with the surrounding region, advances as Omaha did in the days when we were as young as the boys yonder."

"We get together here just as they do in the States," we hear the settlers continuing. "The Government has established experimental schools of agriculture and the ambitious fellow is encouraged. This is a great region for grazing and with bulging elevators of wheat at seventy cents a bushel, many of us find time to get over to the Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago, or to visit old friends in the States, during the course of the winter. Every man is taken for what he is worth, or for what he can raise, to reduce it to the currency of the prairie; he needn't tell about his ancestors or even himself, if he does not want to; and in this good air and on this fertile soil, we intend to show friends that we are made of the right stuff—that we are chips of the old block, who populated the American West."

Remarks of this kind are usually followed with sincere declarations that in another twenty years Winnipeg will rival Chicago and that before the close of the century the growth of

AN OAT FIELD

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Canada will have been as great as the development witnessed in the United States during the past century. These things may or may not be true; but that does not interfere with the bulging elevators of seventy cent wheat which stimulate the optimistic prophecies of people working out their destiny in the Last West.

There are five million acres of land now under wheat cultivation; another one hundred and seventy millions await the plow and thresher of the settler in Western Canada. Europe and the United States are to populate these vacant lands. Following this exodus of Yankees, an increasing number of their friends are making summer calls in Canada, thereby furnishing the basis for peace between the nations; Americans have fifty millions of capital invested in Western Canada and Jim Hill wants to project a railroad through his old stamping ground. The American hunter seeks the fields of Canada in increasing numbers; the Yankee tourist enjoys the delights of Banff, the Canadian Yellowstone; and the adventurer rushes to Cobalt and the riches of Northern Ontario. But while some are faintly talking about annexation and others are reading resolutions in favor of reciprocity treaties between the two nations, the one reality of the day is the "benevolent assimilation" of Yankees by the Canadian West.

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THRESHING FROM THE STOOKS

The Furnace

By PHILIP PAYNE

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, a breezy, "nice" young woman, and Mr. Worth's ward; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Mrs. Eccleston, a high-bred, refined woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Romaine Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"DIVINATIONS."

"NOW exactly what do you see in him?" asked Patrice Powell. She was sitting in the gallery of Idlenesse.

"Little, except that he is that refreshing thing, an original man," Mrs. Eccleston replied. "And Goethe said that the older he grew the more value he put upon one thing and one thing only, an original man."

"By that do you mean to deny that my professor is original?" The young woman bristled like a feline mother of small cats.

"Does he pretend to originality?" Mrs. Eccleston lifted her fine brows. "I fancied he considered a discursive culture much superior to a faculty that any unscholarly person may happen to possess."

"Pooh, just the same your Mr. Originality has to get my professor to polish up his poems for him. I told Professor Byram he ought not to supply all the merit and let Mr. Wytcherly get all the credit." The girl's pretty nose became an indignation point.

Mrs. Eccleston's eyes flashed. "He has them then, has he? I hoped Mr. Wytcherly would refuse to turn them over. The man's a pedant, a master of punctuation, an invincible grammarian, no doubt. He will correct the spelling, I suppose, and then fancy conscientiously that he contributed the essential poet."

Patrice laughed outright. "How seriously you take it, Romaine. My stars, you must consider your advertisement writer something great? Hugo doesn't think him any such great shakes."

"Naturally not. When a young professor day in, day out, before his classes patronizes the genius of the ages, complacently commends Shakespeare, and smugly demonstrates the lack of art of Milton, the lack of subtlety in Dickens, he cannot be expected to tolerate the living presence of a little genius off the streets."

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"Goodness, how you do run on, Romaine! I can't understand it, but it sounds well—what you say. I am glad though it is always with a man's mind you fall in love, never with the man. You don't possibly suppose that this is the time, do you, when you care about the man?" Patrice looked penetrative.

"You should hear him talk," her friend irrelevantly declared.

"It looks as if I'd have to, if he's going to produce such an enthusiastic effect on you."

"He talks like a grown-up child of great intelligence, as the Greeks once talked."

"Pooh! you mean you talk, Romaine, as you only can, and he is stunned, and you like him so well because he is, that you think it's he, not you, who talks."

"Here he comes in his boat himself. Patrice. You shall hear him talk."

"You will have to get him started then. I can't imagine what he can talk. What does he talk? Hugo says——"

"He doesn't talk like a professor, if that is what you mean. He is not concerned with literary passions or academic problems, such as are imposed upon us all by education, not proposed to us by any actual need or experience of our own."

"Gad!" exclaimed Patrice, "I can't understand you a little bit, Romaine. I'll have to hear him gabble for himself."

"He is nearly here," exulted Mrs. Eccleston. "Now what you'll be privileged to hear you've never heard the like of in your life. He speaks poignantly; for he, more than any being I have known has exhausted living, common living, of its final bitterness, its rarest sweet.—Here he is."

But Wytcherly, when he was seated, perversely refused to be persuaded; he would not talk to dazzle Patrice, or while Patrice remained, indeed.

Patrice sped a triumphant look in the direction of her friend, as she arose to go. "I can't keep the launch waiting a single minute longer, Romaine. Good-bye, Mr. Wytcherly. I suppose you two, as soon as my back is turned, will burst into fireworks of speech. I've been hearing of what you are capable, Mr. Wytcherly. And Romaine, don't forget what I came to tell you, that Uncle Worth is leaving for Chicago at five o'clock tomorrow. I'll meet you at the lighthouse promptly at three and we will walk up together."

Notwithstanding Miss Powell's expressed incredulity concerning his ability, it was true that Wytcherly had talked. He had talked long, in part earnestly, in part flippantly, and all about himself. What he had talked indeed, he was himself aware, constituted the confession of his soul, or in his own vernacular "the story of his life."

To tell her what he had told no other, babbler though he was, to lisp the sorrows of his soul, had brought a sweet excitement, a vast relief. And she—she understood. Could his pitying God do more?

Oh, cried her heart, could she but have known him years ago! Her prayers, they might have availed to avert some mischances from his head. Her care, it might have sufficed to preserve some harvest from the prodigal spending of his brains. Her love, that might have helped him in any of ten thousand imagined ways.

As it was, now that he was making daily prostitution of his talent, now that she was subdued to an endurance that debased, he had not fulfilled the measure of his design, and she was quickly destined to become, in the famous phrase of Sappho to describe Sappho, "a woman somewhat old."

She hinted at her thought, employing her sad wise smile.—Discoursing of their fates, she looked the Sybil—clasped hands at chin, elbows on knee, the upper figure bending forward from the hips, her contemplative eyes filled as with the knowledge of all grief.

"Why are we two alike, Jack Wytcherly," she mused aloud, "alike despite our differences in many outward ways? Because in this age we both are disinherited for the same cause."

Wytcherly on his side suffered divinations also.

Habitually he regarded each new day as a pirate might, who every morning launches his long boat in keen hope, and until darkness sends him home to port scours the seas in search of any prize that may appear. But of all spiritual looting he had ever perpetrated in his life, the richest in reward, the most exquisite, was his exploitation of the soul of Mrs. Eccleston.

His clairvoyant sense penetrated the secrets of her tragedy, realized the succession in her history. A child, he saw her, oddly charming, piquant prettily, serenely poised. A maid, he fancied her, delectable, of dewy freshness, of clearest truth. What a sweetheart she had made with her credulity, her graciousness, her loyalty of heart! And what a bride, ecstatically proud, meek gloriously, peering entranced across the threshold of new life, amazed yet unafraid.

And the outrage done upon her, her agony, her shame! She who had been glowing with the mystery of love, learned in an hour the brutishness of lust.

Therefore she assumed an eminence in Wytcherly's respect, the eminence of a woman foully wronged and by her wrong made sacred.—If his worship a little could atone for her martyrdom, how eagerly he offered that!

He understood, he understood too well he told himself, that look he had surprised at moments in her eyes, that look of memory and horror. So Beatrice Cenci looked, he thought.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

IN WHICH "GEORGE" DOES NOT APPEAR

"Now that you know Romaine better what do you think of her?" The characteristic inquiry was put with characteristic promptness before Wytcherly had found a chair.

Mr. Worth after consulting his watch had excused himself. "Just time enough before I start, and I'll use it to take a look at those electric bells I'm having put into the servants' rooms. Must see how they work—nothing like your own eye on things, if you want them done. You entertain Mrs. Worth Jack, she's always telling me you are so bright."—With this injunction the energetic little man had quit the room.

To a repetition of the question Wytcherly replied: "I can scarcely claim to know her better. She is not the sort who is known better even when you know her well, is she?"

"Fye!" said Mrs. Worth. "You will before she's through with you, I'll warrant. They all do."

"Pray, who are they?"

"Oh, her casts-off, who've served her temporarily for distraction. And they are not a few, nor were their times in favour long. If you last a summer, you will do better than did most. I inform you now for the sake of your future peace of mind. Don't be getting up expectations—expectations don't materialize with Romaine."

"But I'm not inordinately ambitious, Mrs. Worth. If Mrs. Eccleston is disposed to shine on me a week or two, I'm grateful for the privilege vouchsafed. There's nothing more."

"You are very clever, Mr. Wytcherly, but you can't fool an old woman who has nothing better to do than to keep tab on her friends. Don't think it—you'll make an egregious mistake. And heed my warning: never let her think she can amuse herself at your expense."

"But I declare I shouldn't much object if she did. In fact, if it contributes to her pleasure, I'm delighted to be sacrificed."

"A very gallant speech which much becomes you, Mr. Wytcherly. But you don't mean it, or, if you do, you'll wake up some fine morning feeling differently. And how will you feel then?"

"Like a fool, to be sure, Mrs. Worth. But if to feel so is the price for knowing Mrs. Eccleston, I can affirm it's none too high."

"So you think now. Just now you are what is called '*It*' at Idlenesse, because you're something novel and help divert her. Like every disappointed woman Romaine snatches at distraction wherever it hangs, and at the same time lugs around her secret sorrow in order to excuse herself for acting as a fool."

"She never lets me see she has a secret sorrow, if that's what you mean."

"Dear no, not Romaine. She's too stuck-up proud to show how much she suffers. She was brought up by her mother, whose family came over with

Count Frontenac, and whose notions were all highfalutin'. Romaine wouldn't admit, not if dragged behind wild horses, that anything was lacking in her life, either in the way of means or of her husband. She is too absurdly obsolete."

"But are you not contradictory? First you deprecated her advanced ideas, and said you didn't like their influence on Miss Powell."

"I don't. I dislike them myself, and I fear them for Patrice."

"But is she both advanced and obsolete? You tax my credulity a bit."

"She is. She's worse. Romaine's a jumble, a—what do you call it—a queer mess. She exasperates me trying to keep account of her differences—so much that sometimes I give up guessing in disgust. Sometimes she's too sensitive for common-sense, and then she can be so downright brutal that I'm shocked. She tells me it is my middle-class respectability, and Heaven be thanked if it is, I say."

"She is a *grand dame* I suspect,—at least she accords with what I've read of them."

"Of course. We all know that. She can be the most insulting woman that I know, and when she feels like it rip things out almost like a man. And on the other hand, to give the devil his due and since we are talking, she is the most excessively reserved and delicate creature—I offend her, I know, twenty times a day."

"You confess you do admire her then—you are compelled to, you can't help yourself."

"Some sides of her, yes. But I am determined to lessen her influence with Patrice all I can. I never did believe the friendship of a disappointed woman to be the best thing for a pure young girl."

Mr. Worth re-entered, smiling and rubbing his hands. "Works like a charm. My queen, don't forget to hand me the memoranda of your wants in town. I'll make them the special business of a clerk the moment I arrive. And Jack, you and Professor Byram fix up the poetry at once. I'll mention the matter to a publisher friend of mine, whom I'm sure to meet at the club. I'm glad the idea occurred to us the time we three went fishing. From what the Professor says I believe he's just the man to polish up your verses with his scholarship."

Wytcherly expressed his sense of obligation, adding: "I turned the scrap-book over to him yesterday and told him to help himself. I'm sick to death of the old jingles myself, and if the able professor is able to make anything of them, he's welcome to assimilate the aggregation, I am sure."

"Do hear him, Harriett," said Mr. Worth. "Like all the literary fellows—needs a manager, some one to shove him along. Jack produces the wares, but never thinks they must be marketed. That's no way to succeed, Jack. Suppose I left the goods I make to moulder in my warehouses. Well I'll constitute myself your salesman for this once, and we'll see, we'll see."

Miss Powell romped into the room with an athletic skip. "I've brought Romaine," she announced. "She's here to see you off, Uncle Worth."

Mrs. Eccleston entering was shrewdly watched by the interested invalid. "She can't throw dust in my eyes," the latter said to herself. "She's pretty smart, but she needn't pretend while I'm around that she is not over ears in love with the man."

Mr. Worth took occasion to inform his favourite: "I will return from town early next week, and while I'm there I mean to put our scheme in motion to utilize our Tower."

"Our scheme?" she puzzled. "Oh yes, I remember—what was it?"

"I am depending on you," he replied, "or I would not dare to undertake it. It's a little too big for fun."

"Yes, Romaine, you must take pity on him," interposed his wife spitefully. "Poor good man, considering his lack of early advantages and his absence of culture—"

"Now I remember," interrupted Mrs. Eccleston. "But I fancied that at the earliest it was still a remote event, Mr. Worth."

"Remote events were never in my line," the gentleman stated a little pompously. "Procrastination may steal from time, but not from me. To execute upon the spot has always been my special way of doing things."

"What's this tremendous mystery?" Patrice demanded. "I insist I wish to know."

"Ask Romaine," responded sly Mr. Worth.

"On my word I am ignorant," laughed Mrs. Eccleston. "It seems I'm promised for it, though."

The steam yacht Turquoise waited in the straits to bear her owner to Chicago. The entire household of the Castle descended to the dock to see the master off. The haven was snug, walled on three sides by rock and so deep as to afford no anchorage. The dock, a floating one, was moored by cables to the face of the cliff, upon whose top was built the tower. As they descended in the elevator through a shaft bored in the rock, Mr. Worth drew the attention of his guests to the ingenious construction of the little port, and he continued to dilate upon its excellences, until he stepped into the launch that bore him to the vessel's side.

. . . .

Patrice and Mrs. Eccleston had engaged in a rather warm discussion on their walk that afternoon through the pines.

The girl flourished a letter in her hand. "Came this morning," she excitedly confided. "Guess from whom! George of course. He says a lot, principally how lovely I am, and how nearly he's distracted. My, but I do revel in reducing George to that low groveling state!"

"Naughty, naughty, Sugarplums," reproved Mrs. Eccleston. "George Morton is an honest and a handsome chap, one who can be warranted to be good forever to his wife."

"You needn't print a list of George's virtues," Patrice pouted. "Don't I know he's just the kind to keep deadly devoted the rest of my natural days. And why must you persist in marrying me off to a chap who is just honest and in love and that's all. You wouldn't take him yourself."

"Wouldn't I!" exclaimed Mrs. Eccleston. "I would not exchange George Morton for the most pretentious pedant that teaches in the University."

"Oh, that's fine to talk," snapped Patrice. "You're not the one who has to live with George."

"Well, you are in no urgent need of a home yourself, Patrice. You can afford to revel in the winsomeness of your own company," Mrs Eccleston mocked.

"But don't you understand you simply could not lead an intellectual life with George, dear boy though he is," worried the girl. "George hasn't the faintest sympathy with culture and he hee-haws at advanced ideas. He is just George, plain devoted George, without so much as a hint of the artistic temperament."

"Patrice, you're a *big* little goose!" scolded her friend, vainly repressing smiles.

"But if you had perpetually to live with a man like that, you'd choke him to death, Romaine—you would, I know you."

"No, I'd be so thankful that he was clean and good and wholesome through and through, that I would love him to death instead."

"Yes, but," excepted Patrice, "am I for the sake of just George to sacrifice my whole intellectual life?"

"Couldn't you lead it off your own bat, so to speak?" Mrs. Eccleston asked guilelessly.

"Be sensible, Romaine! How much chance would advanced ideas get in the same house with George? Horses, dogs and now automobiles—"

"But you like horses and dogs, and I daresay automobiles."

"Don't I! But automobiles will not help one to progress a little bit. For what I ever learned that is worth while from George, I might as well have associated with his groom."

"Why do we women only really see truly, when it is too late to do us any good?" sighed Mrs. Eccleston.

"Don't ask me, I don't know," disclaimed Patrice.—"But you needn't look so sad about it as that, Romaine. I don't mean to throw George over today or to get engaged to my professor tomorrow. Not to be sure will not hurt either one of them a little bit."

"Is not that cruel, Sugarplums?"

"It's common-sense, Romaine."

"I never associated common-sense and you."

"Didn't you? I've always known I had it. I'd much rather be brilliant and erratic, as you are, instead; but I can't. I am conscientious about developing my mind; but sometimes I think I'd better give it up. I oughtn't to admit it, because I know he is good for me, but honestly the last few days I've nearly yawned in Professor Byram's solemn face."

"When I see George, I will tell him never to abandon hope."

. . .

That night in his room under the lighthouse roof Wytcherly lay wakeful. With head upon the pillow he could glimpse through the window square the faintly shimmering channel, and see beyond the opaque blotch which contained Idlenesse.

He served her for distraction, did he? He was one in a long succession of entertainers to that majesty, her woe? And when the interest flagged, she would dismiss him with a gratuity of thanks, and immediately hunt another comedian or tragedian to divert her in his stead, no doubt.

The supposition roused him to resentment and then to a fierce male need of vindication. He would prove that she could not afford to take him lightly; he would conquer, make her his.

But there awaited him at breakfast a note that bade him come to Idlenesse that evening. It's tone, rather than its words, stilled his hurt egoism, awakening softer desires.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

MOON AND SHORE.

He was welcomed shyly in lamp-lit Idlenesse that night. The sitting-room, as he observed, had been arranged against his coming, the blinds drawn, a paper dragon-screen set before the unshut door, while on the hearth were placed the pine-knots to be fired to take the chill from the invading air.

Her phase was different, too. The hazel eyes he fancied were luminous and misty both; her hair, the shining net, half crown, half halo burned; while the colour in her ivory face glowed faintly, radiance of flame shut in a crystal lantern. And as he closer drew, he suspected the delicious shiver in her limbs, and felt that the whole heart of her embraced him through her adoring eyes.

. . . .

She walked before him regally as Salome before King Herod. She challenged and invited and forbade him with the fervour of her regard. She retreated and advanced until he felt her fragrant breath upon his cheek. The hot colour of her face vied with the hot colour of her hair, and the scarlet lips curved, recurved, with enticing smiles, with words unspoken. It was the ancient seduction of the sex.

She checked him, nevertheless. "Nay, I never said you were to touch me. I shall have to teach you manners, you rough boy. Hands off, I say! What, you think because a lady loves you, you can manhandle her! You're primitive, Jack Wytcherly."

She taught the lesson. And he, sensitive lest he expose some ignorance of delicacy, learned quickly.

Liberties were her prerogative; she allowed her hand to touch his hands, his hair, even to pat his cheek did she choose, and he, quivering under the light caress, looked gratitude therefor. She indulged her fondness with impunity, he was so tamed.

"Now you make a very proper sweetheart," archly she congratulated him. "You do not startle; you are not rude. Your manner is as gentle as it should be to your lady." Drawing off and regarding him with mocking glance she tantalized; then with sudden burning flush she whispered: "Hope that soon some day you shall receive your good reward!"

. . . .

A peculiar hour theirs was the latest of a gilded afternoon, when the yellow light immersed every particle in a liquid gold. Or when, having accepted the invitation of the beach they had walked miles upon the pounded sands, themselves engrossed with the chromatic variance of the lake, their hands would lock in sudden consciousness of unity, a unity which may have preceded birth. And, too, when seated perchance on huge parts of rock, he idly tossing pebbles in the lagooned water, she with long hands folded in her lap and quiet eyelids shading unquiet eyes, both would be visited by vague oppression falling unannounced, and their regard would merge in mutual hopelessness.

A long evening, memorable to them, was spent in the closed sitting-room of Idlenesse. Without, within the hour, it had turned cold, and the wind in the chimney whistled. He, crouched upon the rug before the hearth, fed pitchy pine to the leaping fire, while she from a chair behind, discovered fancies in the glowing wood, and mused on them

She mused and he was motionless. In the warmth both sank into silent reverie.

She moved a foot at last. He stirred.

She spoke. "When you are great, and I am somewhat old—"

"I never shall be great, and you never should be old."

"When you are great, and I, when I am old—I wonder, I do wonder, will you remember me."

He turned to look. She was bending forward in that familiar attitude of hers, chin in her hand, an elbow on her knee, one arm hanging at her side,—a Sybil of Burne-Jones.

She scrutinized the future. "When you are famous and I am only ancient, will she be as kind to you in your success, as I was when you were forlorn? She may love, but will she comprehend Jack Wytcherly?" Wisely she shook her head. "I doubt it, on my soul I do."

He smiled at her lore. "Dear lady," he continued, "you rate me both too high, and much too low. A great man?" He made his platform of the rug: "A man to be great must needs be not too tender or too nice. And I suspect at heart he should be cold. I may be volatile—I am. I may be other unwise things besides. But I hate to crush a fly, and where the great man shows relentless, I—I vacillate. Never dream that dream for me—I early left off dreaming it myself."

"If so," she sighed—with new contentment possibly—"you will be better for that woman who's to love you. And yet"—she bent still lower over him—"I would not see your wings clipped for a woman's sake."

A mystic night they wandered on the sands. A large moon blanched the shore, and caused the moving crests upon the lake to gleam.

A question formed in the man's heart out of his humility: "Tell me if you will, or if you can, how or why you care—if you do care."

She drew her fingers from his clasp, and stopped and looked at him. "Can I express, define—so limit it? I only can compare it, or so it seems to me. Perhaps as a solicitous mother loves her son, or a young girl her earliest love. Nay, more! There's tenderness, an infinity of it, and passionate desire, if only it might be granted me, to make up to you whatever life and fortune have not brought. All that you haven't had, that would I be. All that you are bound to fail in, that would I supply. Is it a vast ambition for one fond and foolish woman? Yet 'tis mine. To compensate in some poor measure for your trouble of having lived."

She stood distinct upon the shore, still as some silvern statue, while the moon drenched her substance in pale light. Lithe and tall, the intense face raised a little, her long hands gathered at her breast, she invoked of Fate fate's pity upon her beloved and herself.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

HOPE AND FEAR.

"I am a strong woman," said Mrs. Eccleston. "And you—you are a man. 'Twould be a pity if between us we could not have a little of our way in the world."

Wytcherly made some faint assent, but kept his face turned from her. This night the futility of ideal sentiment, the ineffectuality of himself, was borne home to him

Presently he arose from his position at her feet and stepped to the window. Pitch-black stood the night, penetrated only by the alternating flash of the revolving beacon across the channel. But of sound the air was full; the north wind howled, and the fall of breakers on the lakeward shore shook the cottage.

Half turning, he studied in a fixed glance the woman sitting by the hearth, her idle hands upon her knees, her great eyes staring, as into the beyond.

A compunction softened him. How heart-weary somehow was her pose, how old her body seemed for once!

How could she, more than any other woman know the world! Despite her intelligence and abundant hearsay knowledge she remained ignorant, as a watcher from a tower is ignorant of the reality within the labouring ship he sights. This room, suffused with mellow light, the books in their carved wooden cases, the few charming pictures, the antique stately furniture,—in their distinction was not her quality expressed, as by their exclusiveness her limitation indicated?

The world without, the world known to a man, rough, vulgar, crowded, in which advancement was secured by the baser virtues, she knew that it roared, as sitting in protection she knew the lake was wild. A clever woman is condemned to be a doctrinaire. To Mrs. Eccleston the problem of success, if exacting, appeared simple, since she assumed that of necessity a high justice governed in the end.

But he had been taught in a hard school. He knew that a few men were made and many broken; he had seen the pit in which the fight went on; he had learned the governing conditions, death for him who fell, existence for a period to him who kept upon his feet. The value in the arena of the terms of cant, human brotherhood, the equity of rights, he knew. Opportunity, sleek, treacherous, flattery-feeding Opportunity, was the deity to be propitiated, to be invoked. That his own opportunity was Mr. Worth, his whole previous experience testified. His duty—to himself, to the children dependent upon him—demanded that he wheedle the money-prince.

His clear perception of what he styled the facts did not preclude compassion for the woman who was their victim, as was he himself. In response to a feeling akin to remorse, he slunk back to the place upon the rug at her feet and pressed his despondent cheek against her knee.

Her light hand caressed his hair And she resumed, as if she had but broken off. "Yes, I am strong and you are clever, and we both know what we want, Jack Wytcherly. And if, what I do not believe, I sin, God, who sees into the very heart, must pardon me for my devotion's sake. He must, —He will."

She brooded over him. "My own poor boy, my dear, mine own! All I can do for you I know, I know. Oh we'll work, we'll suffer, we'll do whatever is required. And we will win.—I think the trouble has been always that you've not had me."

Was it the conceit of woman, the conviction of the sex that she is a blessing to a man, however much the cost? Or was it the divine maternity, which feels the weakness of the male and even to the pitch of sacrifice would strengthen him.

"And if we fail"—her voice deepened—"if we fail, Jack Wytcherly, at least we shall have known that we deserved well, that we did our best. Even so, it will be given us to look into one another's eyes at last, to feel that we have had the courage of our love."

Fail! The word strummed in his ear.

She voiced the argument within her mind. "Yes, I can rely upon myself, I know. And I am convinced I'm justified in disengaging my life from conditions that degrade. I will to be free that I may be noble and sincere, that I may live unselfishly—for you, Jack Wytcherly." The clear exultance in her tone was the ring of courage and of faith.

His was the sodden mood. "Have you considered what the cost to you will be?"

"Cost?" she queried, groping for his meaning.—"Oh, what the cost will be!" she repeated in high scorn. "Have I not paid that in full by all the bitter years of my bondage? Oh, like a very slave I've bought my manumission.—God knows with what toll of shame!—And now," her joy welled forth, "I am left free, free to love and live and help at last!"

He slipped his hand into her own to express silently what he could not hypocritically speak in words. "Dear hand!" She stroked it. "Dear hand, so sensitive, so cunning! What tedious tasks it has performed, what glorious work it is to do!"

"What faith!" he murmured.

"Too much?" she queried.

Unconsciously he betrayed his irritation. "Am I a prophet?" he rejoined.

Slow enlightenment overspread her face. "Is my faith credulous,—do you mean it is?" she asked reluctantly. "I could not be to you all that I hoped,—I would hinder more than help?" Slowly she framed these possibilities.

He did not answer. Electrical Wytcherly showed stolid for once.

Pain stabbed her heart; her face turned so piteous that it was well he did not see.—"Then it may not be certain that true love compels things finally to come right," her thought ran. "And the need he has for me, the need I imagined very great, may not exist." She confessed aloud: "I—I have ever been credulous—the shrewd have called me foolish and too fond."

He stared into the fire without a word.

"Mere woman," she continued, "fancies herself so much to any man, though he be Jove. 'Tis our feminine infirmity.—I, indispensable to you!" She mocked herself. "I should be flattered that I am an episode."

The comfort of platitudes!—he proffered it. But while she listened with a soft smile of tenderness to his stilted reassurances, her brain was skeptical.

. . . .

The hour struck when he must go.

"I fear your crossing that black water." She made as if to detain him.

"The storm is dying," he assured her.

"It's more than the water that I fear." Her face, partly averted, flushed. "Almost I could bid you stay, I fear so much to let you go.—You never will return to me as you are now."

In restlessness she walked the narrow room, clasping her hands and breaking them apart. "This—this is my opportunity. I'm told that it is so," half aloud she said. "It is, it is. Yet I dare not, dare not—because, forsooth I am a good woman, because I have traditions." With an intense gesture she made as if she would pluck high quality from her bosom to cast it underfoot.

Wytcherly remained supine. If it occurred to him that here also was his opportunity to conquer as a man, to make this woman his, it was not as a temptation. Indeed, his impulse was to recall to her some consciousness of her own eminence; for as a sentimentalist he objected to the diminishment of the ideal illusion he enjoyed.

She interrupted. "Yes, yes. I am what you say. I am a fine lady, that I know. But because I am, you repudiate me as a workaday utensil; my sentiment is beautiful, but it will not serve as daily bread. Indeed, I understand now what I am, clearly understand. I have trusted fine professions all my life, believed in fine abstractions, held my high head up in an atmosphere too fine. And conversely I have poured out pearls before swine from the day I first had my hair done up. I have worn my heart on my sleeve, sacrificed myself for the benefit of brutes and people of no consequence. I see distinctly I am a fearful ass."

He protested feebly.

"Gullible!" she burst out again. "No pretty word, but the one descriptive of me. It explains my life, it accounts now for my silly faith that I can prove all things to you. Because of it, in my infatuation I am ready to handicap you fatally at the very moment in which for the first time in your hard life a chance has come your way.—I am impossible."

She laughed unmusically. "Jack Wytcherly, do you know, the meanest devil in all hell is amused at the chagrin of the pure idealist who is confronted with the destructive consequences of heroical intentions."

The telephone in the next room rang in metallic glee.

The message announced Mr. Worth's arrival at the Castle late that afternoon.

(*To be Continued*)

SUNSET ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AT PRINCE ALBERT

WHEAT FIELDS LIE AT PRINCE ALBERT'S DOOR

Prince Albert, Gateway to Hudson's Bay

By B. W. Wallace

Secretary Prince Albert Board of Trade

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE West" has moved on before the cowboy and the farmer; the throne of the saddle has been displaced by the democracy of the tourist car; and now "The North" is moving nearer and nearer the Arctic circle before the lumberjack and the fur-trader, the prospector and the shrieking saw. It was not long ago that Winnipeg was "The Frozen North" to the American school-children—Canada was lumped off in my geography with two frost-bitten paragraphs—but I should like to have everyone who still believes that the demi-god geographer was infallibly correct see Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

In the merchants' offices are marvelous showings of grains and fruits raised in this district; in the farmers' barns are prize stock; on their ranges are the hardy sweet-fleshed cattle of the North; and if you took a peep into the store-rooms and hanging-shelves of the housekeepers you would find as enticing an array of preserves and jams as in any American household.

North of the beautiful Saskatchewan River, just across from the city, is a valuable area of pine-forest, and this, together with the export fish from the lakes still further north and the large annual output of furs from the northern tracts which are shipped through Prince Albert markets to the manufacturing centers of Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States, all tend to make the city and district of Prince Albert well worth the attention of anyone seeking a home in Western Canada.

The quality of land is second to

none in the West. It consists, generally speaking, of a black loam varying in depth from six to thirty inches or more with clay subsoil. The North Saskatchewan River passes through this district, and it, together with numerous tributaries, creeks and streams affords at all times an abundant supply of wholesome water. Everywhere, where running water is not accessible, water of first-class quality can be secured at easy depth. The seasonable rains and long bright days in summer cause rapid growth, while the temperate climate produces grain better matured and of higher market value than can be secured in the south. The vast quantities of rank, nutritious native grasses which are found everywhere, coupled with the uniform climate, enable horses and cattle to winter out in many cases without ever being hand-fed or attended to in any way except for water.

The largest timber belt in Canada, according to Government reports, extends 3,000 miles across the continent, and is 200 miles wide, crosses the northern portion of the province. The city of Prince Albert touches its southern edge, and derives substantial support from vast quantities of timber which are manufactured in the mills here, and are exported to meet the demand of the great rush of settlers, who are annually locating on the plains extending all the way to the American boundary. The timber area is so vast as to be practically inexhaustible. Fuel and building material are always at hand.

Throughout the timber belt and to the north of it are found considerable stretches of fresh water lakes and streams teeming with sturgeon, whitefish jackfish, pickerel, and salmon-trout of delicious quality, the commercial value of which is yearly attracting more and more attention. Camps are established at the lakes, the fish are packed in boxes and freighted by the farmers to Prince Albert, whence they are shipped to American cities, and are disposed off at a profit which affords substantial remuneration to the men engaged in the business.

In the unsettled portions of the northern part of the province and the unexplored country beyond are found beaver, bear, ermine, fisher, black fox, red fox, silver fox, lynx, marten, mink, musk ox and wolverine. Prince Albert has always been the marketing point for furs gathered throughout this northern country, and every year in the neighborhood of $300,000 worth of furs is exported from this city.

The mineral wealth of this district is as yet an unknown quantity, because it has not been developed. With the increasing population and extension of industrial effort, more thought is being given to the wealth which lies under the ground. It has long been known that there is a considerable quantity of gold in the sandy bed of the Saskatchewan River, but it was feared that extracting it would not be profitable. During the past season a dredge has been at work on the river west of the city and its operations have demonstrated that not only can gold be taken out profitably, but that there is another metal present whose value is even greater than that of gold. This is platinum. The Highland, which has proven such a vast source of wealth to Eastern Canada, curves around the southern and western sides of Hudson's Bay and passes through a large portion of Northern Saskatchewan. There is every reason to believe that these rocky beds contain in the West as great and varied supplies of valuable minerals as are found in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime provinces. There are also large deposits of the highest grade pressed brick clay and pottery clay, as well as marl.

Prince Albert is no mushroom growth of yesterday. It is the geographical center of the province and long ago was selected as a natural trading point and market by the early settlers, long before the establishment of railway communication. The business portion of the town is built upon a slope, thirty or forty feet above the level of the river, which insures good sanitation. The water-works system is exceptionally good; the sewerage system now under construction will provide complete drainage; the electric light plant is unusually efficient; the Bell Telephone Service connects the city with the surrounding country; and in all points the city is modern and thoroughly up-to-date.

The public school system is of a high order. Work up to the second year's standing in Arts in Canadian Universities can be done in the Central School. There are about one thousand pupils enrolled.

In all, Prince Albert is unusually fortunate in location, resources, and the progressive spirit of its citizens. Anyone coming to the city will notice at once its busy air, from the lumber mills on the north to the cement works on the south of the city. It is the last northern city and undreamed of possibilities lie before it. Prince Albert looks to Hudson's Bay for the new Fort Churchill route, which is fast becoming a reality instead of a rainbow dream. Some day she will be the Quebec of the North, and through her markets will go Canada's surplus wheat to fill Liverpool's granaries.

ONE OF THE SOURCES OF PRINCE ALBERT'S WEALTH

The Tenderfoot

Canada's Hero in Homespun

By Charles E. Sands

THEY tell of British heroes on Afric's sun-burned veldt
Who fight all day and guard all night, with tightened cartridge-belt.
They kept the old flag flying; they painted red the map,
But the hero that I sing of is a different kind of chap.
He comes to learn "the rawnching"; he thinks he knows a lot;
He's English, very English, but he often hits the spot.
He comes to "show the natives" in the last, unlimbered West,
But "the natives" do the showing, and perhaps you'll guess the rest.

He comes to learn "the rawnching": "paid a hundred quid," you bet.
(At least, his "guv'nor" paid it, when he said, "You'll have to git!")
But he finds that sixty acres, and a little cedar shack
Comprise the "rawnch" he looked for, and he's rather taken 'back.
How they do the trick in England, he is quite inclined to tell,
And the rancher listens calmly, for he knows it pays him well.
By and by the boy discovers that he doesn't know so much,
And takes the plow and good advice—he sees it's meant for such.

He takes the situation with a grim, good-humored "haw,"
And soon learns how to swing the axe, and how to wield the saw.
The hands that once were strong and white and never had to work,
Grow brown and firmer every day; he's never known to shirk.
He used to go to bed at dawn, and rise late after noon;
He now goes to his bunk at dusk, and daylight comes too soon,
For he is cook and chore-boy, too, and has to make the mush,
Cook flap-jacks, plum-duff, Boston beans, and coffee they call "slush."

But all his English letters are full of life and "git,"
He tells them of his overalls—a Piccadilly fit!
And all about the "raising," and of the "logging-bee,"
And also of his vain attempt to down a cedar tree.
He writes that he can beat the "boss" in hitching up the team,
And that he thinks the "stag-dance" the funniest thing he's seen.
He pictures every incident in colors bright and gay,
And sends a kiss to all the girls—including pretty May.

He learns and thinks; he fights and wins; and in the sturdy West
His name is spoken with respect by those who know him best,
Who love him for his work well done, his worth, and kindly strength,
And give the patient Tenderfoot a strong man's place at length.
His former "boss" who broke him in, and set him on his way,
Now comes to him for hints on how to make his farming pay.
He brings his younger brother out; makes pretty May his wife,
And says he finds what most men miss—his Paradise in life.

We're proud of England's soldiers—the khaki and the red
Still stir our blood and win our praise, but let it here be said
That our Canadian hero who has made the wilderness
Yield wheat and gold and cattle, is worth a toast no less.
Stand up! Fill glasses! Three times three for the gallant Tenderfoot
Who breaks the sod and clears the scrub and pulls the stubborn root,
Who wars with storm and cold and flood, 'gainst famine, wind, and fire,
And wins, by virtue of his blood to his own heart's desire.

John Bull's Bread Basket

The Story of Canadian Wheat

By Herbert Vanderhoof

Published simultaneously in The Canada West and the Metropolitan Magazine

WITH a long drawn "whoa!" the driver pulled up. We were on the slope of a low pass which seemed to separate two vast dales. To the south were bluffs covered with poplar, just turning from green to gold. To the north, perhaps a hundred feet below, lay a lake dotted with wooded islands, and along its farther shores we could see the scattered homes of many settlers. Fine cattle were feeding in fertile fields, where grass, wild peas and Saskatoon berries grew knee high.

This, then, was the gateway to the Saskatchewan valley, famous buckle of the hard wheat belt. The scene should be known for one of the fairest in the world. Here at our feet lay the heart of Canada's grain fields, which stretched east and west for 900 miles, north and south for 500. "Canada lies West"—gazing, one realized the force of the prophecy. In these rich, black, waxy lands, magnificent with potential harvests, lay the new found strength of a nation. In this one-time wilderness where Indians had lurked in ambush, now smiled neat homes, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandas. This valley, which was once a famous hunting ground, the scene of fierce tribal wars, had become a place of peace. To the north, not so many miles distant, and pushed but a little way back since the earliest days of the *Voyageur* and *Courier du bois*, lay the primeval forest, trodden no longer by the wasting Red Man, but untamed yet, almost unhandselled; where the winters closed down, wrapping them in a silence broken only by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow laden tree—the same sounds, the same aching silence endured in the old days by the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post.

"So this," said I to the driver, "is what you call John Bull's bread-basket?"

"Who has been telling you that?" questioned the big-boned Canadian, flecking a fly from the neck of the cayuse. "Some newspaper chap or poetry writer, I'll bet—not any of our people. You see, there are fellows in every country who are never satisfied to tell the truth—just natural born liars, so to speak. The fact is there is as much wheat grown in the State of Kansas as we raise in all Western Canada. But we haven't started yet, and Kansas has been at it a long time. We've got the climate and the soil, but we need farmers. Canada ain't any nation's bread-basket yet, but it may be some day. The Government crop experts tell us we can produce one billion bushels of wheat each year, and if the time ever comes when we do, not only Great Britain, but Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth will just naturally keep their eyes on Canada."

As the driver shook the lines and the lithe little cayuse scampered away down the slope, I remembered the statement of my host of the night before to the effect that Western Canada's grain crop alone in 1906 had yielded approximately one hundred million dollars—nearly four times the value of the entire gold output of the whole Dominion—and at present in the wide stretches of the grain provinces were only 805,000 men, women and children. One hundred million dollars in grain produced by less than one million persons, who do various other things in the meantime—build railways, dig canals, irrigate small empires, rear fifteen storey buildings, bridge great rivers, sleep, eat, drink and saw wood—was not bad, even if that happy day when the eyes of Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth should be turned upon Canada were still a thing of the future.

Then I thought of other millions which my host did not mention: the millions wrought from the forests and out of the mines, and still other millions from cattle, sheep, hogs, honey, fruit, and garden truck. And I remembered that the work had only just begun, that only a few trees had been felled in the forests, only a few acres of a vast domain of wheat land had been broken, and I asked myself whether, in five or six years, when 3,000,000 people are working away where less than one-third of that number work to-day, when the railways now in course of construction have been completed, when unexplored areas have been opened up—whether the annual production would not be more than treble what it was in 1906.

Have you ever noticed the farm boy let down the bars into a new fresh meadow, while the cows impatiently crowd around him, craning their necks, revelling in anticipation? The bars down, they do not remain to graze near the gate, neither do they begin at one side and work painstakingly across the field. North, east, south, west they scatter over their new preserve, trampling down more than they eat. It is the embarrassment of riches.

And here is your simile from the grass and the herd: Western Canada was the big, new meadow reaching from the International line to the Peace River of the North, eastward to Hudson's Bay, and westward to the Rockies. As it is with the cows so it was with the pioneers when the barriers between east and west, north and south had been removed by the extension of railway facilities. Into the meadow poured the pioneers, revelling in the great good land which for a century and a half had been the domain of fur monopolists, fortified by Government influence and armored in arrogant conviction that for them alone had nature evolved the immense potentialities of half a continent. The first settlers, on reaching the prairies from the south and east, spurned the land that lay nearest at hand, scattering far and wide to the utmost corners of the new-old world. Many sought a hardy livelihood trading in peltries with the Company; others fished or cut timber, and still others prospected for gold. But a vast majority turned to cattle raising. It became the dream of the early pioneers that one day Western Canada would become the beef market of Old England. And not till the coming of wheat did the dream change. When the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company was still over the country the rancher was not welcome—yet he came. The cowman did not want the farmer, but the farmer in turn ousted him.

The day of the fur baron passed; the day of the cattle grower was done. Canada at last was awake.

Here, as elsewhere, the coming of real civilization waited upon the railroads. Nature gave to Western Canada, in her magnificent lakes and riverways, an unequalled system of interior communication, but they were like unto the separate links of a chain until man undertook to connect them and to cover the whole face of the vast country with a network of steel tracks.

In 1881 there was not one single mile of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service. Out of the country which these lines tap came 85,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905 and nearly 100,000,000 in 1906. The farmers on these prairies in 1905 shipped for export 55,000 head of cattle, averaging 1,325 pounds each; in 1906, 80,000 head. To harvest the crops of the prairie west an army of 23,000 men was imported, and more were needed. This was the country which was slow to find itself! From the Atlantic to the Pacific Canada operates 24,000 miles of railway; from the tide-water to the Great Lakes she has built a system of canals which cost her approximately $1,000,000,000—a sum which she paid courageously with a promptness entirely out of keeping with the fact that her population to-day is less than ours was more than a century ago.

And despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita already is greater than that of any other nation on earth, there are to-day in Canada under contract, or in actual construction 9,000 miles of new lines.

In the work of widening the field for personal rights and personal opportunity the Canadian Pacific was the pioneer. It was the road which opened to the traveler the last wilderness, to the world the Last West. In the years that have sped since Lord Strathcona, on November 7, 1885, drove the last spike in the transcontinental line, a new nation has been born. What part in the accouchement ceremony has the railroad played? Remember this was on Prince Rupert's Land—a world of mystery over which the "fur trust" held sway. Is it not something to win and build an empire to make it ready for the occupancy of the people of the earth? Is it not a great and significant thing to institute competition where the most exacting of monopolies had reigned supreme, to substitute democracy for an absolutism, to offer a fair chance for all in place of special privilege for the few? Take a peep at the big map in the land commissioner's office. A bright-headed tack shows every settler in every district in this new-old land of virgin prairies, forests primeval, singing rivers and laughing lakes—and the railroad brought him here. Study the tacks. They tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

In the last ten years Iowa has sent nearly twenty thousand of her sons and daughters to settle in Western Canada. From Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Washington, Idaho, the farmers came. Minnesota sent eight or ten thousand a year, North Dakota seven thousand, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, say, five thousand each. The Canadian Pacific is building nineteen new branches—it is spending six million dollars for rails and seven and one-half millions for rolling stock. But build as it will, it cannot keep pace with the needs of the day; the crops threaten to swamp all transportation. The railroad is moving fast, fast—but the inrushing thousands are moving faster.

The Canadian Northern, following where the older company led, has reached out into rich fields. Its new line to Edmonton goes straight through the heart of the Saskatchewan Valley and taps as fertile an agricultural district as the world has ever known. The rapidity with which towns have sprung up in this district is inconceivable to the man who has never listened to the song of the saw or the sharp conversation of the hammer with the nail in the building of an empire.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, a giant project, just now is engaging the energies of the Government and the genius of Charles M. Hays, the Yankee railroad man who rebuilt the old Grand Trunk. Other railways have been built by adding one rail to another, five thousand miles of Grand Trunk Pacific are being completed simultaneously, and branch lines are taking form before the main line has known an engine. And recently "Jim" Hill, with a great Canadian enterprise, returned to his native country to get a share of the good things. Verily, these be brave days for the railroad man in Western Canada.

When the railroads came the means of transporting wheat suggested the growing of wheat, and rapidly the grain trade assumed size and loomed up on the horizon as a new big factor in the country's development. In 1877 the Hon. William Hespler built Western Canada's first grain elevator at the town of Niverville, in Manitoba. In 1886 official authoritative statistics of Canada's yearly crops began to be compiled. In that year Western

Canada's wheat exports amounted to only 4,000,000 bushels. In 1890 they were 11,500,000 bushels, and by 1900 the total had jumped to 17,000,000 bushels.

Six years ago Western Canada began to attract attention by exporting to the outer world annual grain values of 50,000,000 bushels and over. It was a beginning. This year the Western Canadian wheat crop has neared the hundred million bushel mark, and as yet the plow has scratched merely the edges of the great rich grain belt.

My driver in the Saskatchewan Valley had given me a clue, and by following it I got a somewhat adequate grasp of the situation by instituting a comparison between the State of Kansas and the whole of Western Canada. It was then that I saw what a mere pittance the 100,000,000 bushels of to-day are compared with the harvests which the years of the future will reap.

Since 1901 the wheat crop of Canada's prairie provinces has amounted year by year approximately to the same total as that of Kansas, but against the fifty-three million acres in the State of Kansas the possible wheat belt of Canada boasts a total area of no less than one hundred and seventy million acres. Of this about five million acres were sowed to wheat in 1906. If Canada ever utilizes the whole of her wheat growing possibilities and if her present average yield per acre be maintained, she will turn into the world's bread-basket more than thirty times her present annual production. But there are "ifs" here you say. Very well—for argument's sake cut 170,000,000 acres in half. This leaves 85,000,000 acres. Then to be on the safe side, reduce the average allowance per acre to 10, a reduction of 50%. Multiply 85,000,000 by 10, and your answer to this little problem in arithmetic is 850,000,000 bushels.

So much for quantity. Fortunately quality in products is an attribute upon which Canadians particularly insist, and endeavor to produce. To them as a nation, and to one man in particular, the whole flour consuming population of the world are under obligation for the separating from a host of other varieties one that is pre-eminently a high class milling wheat. The discovery of the celebrated Red Fyfe was made some sixty years ago by a Canadian farmer named David Fyfe, and by him propagated until its value as a milling wheat has been demonstrated and seed secured sufficient to supply first a few townships, then counties, then the Northwestern States and, finally, all the spring wheat country of North America. The standard of the quality of Canadian wheat is most rigidly maintained by an Act of Federal Parliament called the Grain Inspection Act. This Act fixed the standards of different grades of wheat very much upon the same basis as they are fixed in the States, but with this difference, that the standard for Canadian No. 2 Northern is as high as the standard for No. 1 in the United States. Above this grade there is No. 1 Northern and No. 1 Hard.

A week ago at Indian Head I talked with a man named Wilson. In 1897 he had bought 320 acres at five dollars an acre. "It was more land than I had ever dreamed of owning, but I had the money and I wanted to spend it," he said. "I was scared a little at first, afraid I had bitten off more than I could chew. But I needn't have worried."

Of a truth he need not have worried. Those acres which he had purchased were so unexpectedly fertile and in the first season of his ownership, they yielded so bountifully of their wealth that prosperity smote him hip and thigh. He bought more and again more. "This last season I took 22,000 bushels of wheat and 9,000 bushels of oats from my farm," he told me. "I own 1,700 acres, one third of which I have always allowed to lie fallow. The farm I paid $5,000 for is now worth $60,000. But my case is one of many. There are hundreds of farmers around here who have done better than I. From Indian Head station alone more than a million and a half bushels of wheat are shipped every year.''

A year ago Hugh McKellar, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba and recently an active force in the upbuilding of Moose Jaw, a thriving city which the recent census declares is the metropolis of the Province of Saskatchewan—a year or two ago, I say, this Hugh McKellar raised a smile in Eastern Canada by declaring that the West would some day yield wheat for the world to the tune of one billion bushels each year. Gradually this smile is fading. The rapidity of development is necessitating a constant revision of old figures, not on the yield alone, but on the possible acreage—and always to the advantage of the West. For instance, the irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific Railway near Calgary have brought into the market three million acres of cultivatable land at one time counted valuable for grazing only. And during 1904 a new element entered into the calculation of ultimate wheat production through the demonstrated success of winter wheat; that is, wheat planted in the fall and harvested three weeks before wheat planted in the spring matures. Phenomenal yields of winter wheat, forty to fifty bushels to the acre, were shown in parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But large as these were thev were not so astonishing as the success achieved in Southern Alberta on land previously employed as a cattle range. The variety of winter wheat known as "Kansas Turkey Red'' developed remarkable productiveness.

Estimating an annual increase of twenty per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course, not all the wheat raised can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seeding, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when Western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's Bread Basket is not remote.

The Romance of a Record

By B. W. Snow

Associate Editor of The Orange Judd Farmer

THE sun had dropped below the horizon and the western sky flamed with a glory such as is to be seen only on the prairies of the Northwest. It was reflected in ruddy patches in an open slough, the black shadows of the farther shore slowly creeping out. From the grasses of the margin came the soft contented quack of feeding mallards. Jack Wetherby reined up his horse to drink in the quiet beauty of the scene.

Far off to the left gleamed the lights of the Osgood ranch. In the still air of the early evening sounds travel far. The yelp of a coyote on his right was answered by the bark of the ranch dog. He heard the lowing of a cow, and men's voices as they did the evening chores. Suddenly there mixed with these commonplace sounds the clear notes of a cornet. For the moment Jack was nonplused.

"Now, who the deuce have they got there who can toot one of those horns?" he soliloquized. "Bob Osgood has no more music in him than a cackling hen, and the old man doesn't know bass from soprano. Must be they have got visitors."

The cornet had ceased and was succeeded by the first jangling notes of the piano accompaniment of a popular song. Suddenly Jack remembered to have heard that the Osgoods had a phonograph. It was the first that he had heard on that far Saskatchewan frontier. Somehow it thrilled him as had nothing else since he had four years before set his face to the west to wrest his fortune from the rolling prairies, as yet traversed only by the land looker and trapper. It seemed, somehow, that of a sudden civilization had reached him. That little machine over in theOsgood cabin opened memory doors he had thought closed for all time.

The sunset glow faded to the long twilight of the Northwest. The air grew chill. Jack's horse became impatient, stamping the yielding turf uneasily. Still he sat there, listening to songs and music he had not heard for many a year—"Annie Laurie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Lohengrin Wedding March," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," intermingled with popular songs of a day since Jack had cut loose from civilization. It was a queer medley to which this silent audience of one, sitting his horse in the heavy shadows of a poplar thicket, listened.

The coyote crept in nearer as the shadows deepened and his weird clamor broke out so close that once Jack impatiently roused from his reverie to hurl a club in the direction of this disturber. Not till he was sure that the last record had been played did Jack give his horse the reins and start onward for the long gallop to his own ranch.

Wetherby was not on the best of terms with the Osgoods. There had been a difference of opinion as to the ownership of certain yearlings in the spring round-up. Since then, Wetherby and the Osgoods had not been on speaking terms. Now, however, Jack found it convenient to pass the Osgood ranch more evenings than he would have been willing to admit to others, and always he reined up his horse in the shadow of the poplars to listen to the little machine which was furnishing so much of entertainment to the Osgoods and their friends.

Jack soon came to know every record which the Osgoods possessed and how much they meant to him not even he fully realized. Finally, as he paused to listen one rainy night on his way homeward from the town, he caught an unfamiliar tune.

Must be "they have had some new records come," he muttered, and despite the weather, reined in to listen.

Then it was that there floated out to him the clear contralto of a girlish voice, singularly pure in quality and of a strength which made it seem that he must be listening to the original, and not in a mere record. At the first clear note Jack caught his breath sharply. Could it be? It must be only his imagination, and yet—a coyote broke in with a chorus of yelps. Jack cursed the brute under his breath.

When the din ceased, the song had ceased also. For a long hour Jack sat there, hoping that he might hear it again, but in vain. For a week after he haunted the poplar shadows straining his ears for the notes which had so aroused him that rainy night. Then once again he heard them. Clear and sweet the beautiful refrain of "Violets," "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day," floated up to him.

Surely, surely, it was her voice! It carried him back to the Eastern home, the quiet little sitting room, the embers in the fireplace glowing ruddily in the gathering dusk, and this voice, her voice, singing this favorite of all favorite songs.

They had started the record over again. Could it be, or did he simply imagine that there was a little break in the voice, a little tremulous catch. Pshaw! He was dreaming. It was only a record. His memory and his imagination were making an ass of him. "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day." Surely no other sang this with such expression. The song ended.

Abruptly Jack set his teeth and headed the horse toward the Osgood ranch. He was greeted none too cordially, but swallowing his pride, he briefly stated that he was willing to call bygones bygones, if the Osgoods were, and that he would like to reestablish the old relations. Finding that his call boded good rather than further trouble, the Osgoods met him half way, and he was invited in to hear the phonograph.

Then he told them how he had listened night after night out on the lone prairie. Finally, as he had hoped, they started the record which had primarily led to this reconciliation. Here at closer range it was harder to believe that this voice which thrilled him so could be other than the one which meant so much to him. Turning to Mrs. Osgood, he asked where they obtained that record.

"That," she replied. "Oh, that was made by my niece, a Massachusetts girl. She has a phonograph also, and remembering how fond I used to be of her singing, she made and sent this record to me."

"What part of Massachusetts does she live in, Mrs. Osgood?" inquired Jack, and caught his breath as she replied.

"And her name, may I ask?"

It was indeed the same. By one of those coincidences, which makes truth stranger than fiction, the voice of the girl he had parted from in a lovers' quarrel four years before had reached him in those far Canadian wilds.

Explanations followed, and the surprise of the Osgoods at finding that Jack was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Osgood's favorite niece was not less than Jack's surprise in discovering the relationship between his former sweetheart and his erstwhile enemies.

The Wetherby ranch is one of the most successful in Canada's great wheat belt. It has comfortable buildings and private elevators which denote the prosperity which shrewd business management and hard work have won. Some time, if your trail may lead you that way at the setting of the sun, you may hear a concert well worth listening to. Selections from the best composers the world has ever known, homely little songs which shall live when great deeds have been forgotten, famous bands and noted orchestras, and always it will wind up with a clear, sweet contralto voice singing "Violets." And this last will be the only one which is not a record.

The Pembina and Its Lakes

By Walpole Murdock

Editor of The Star, Hartney, Man.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

THERE are no more beautiful lakes in Western Canada than those along the Pembina River Valley. In the early days the Pembina River, turbid and often swollen, foaming through its deep valley, formed an almost impassable barrier to the westward bound settler. Strange stories are yet told of lost luggage, shipwrecked wagon boxes and rafts, drowned oxen and horses, and sometimes of men swept away by the swift current.

The valley is upwards of a mile wide, and the shores of the river are mountainous in their character. The immense wooded hills, divided by dark ravines, and inclosing a wide, sheltered, and fertile stretch of river-bottom, were at one time the haunt of innumerable herds of elk and other deer. The shores of the river are well wooded with oak and poplar, and on the lower bends elm and ash are found in considerable quantities. The abundance and excellence of the timber on either side of the Pembina are especially appreciated by the people of the plains.

PEMBINA RIVER BETWEEN ITS LAKES

Although elk and deer are naturally much fewer than formerly, still they are to be found in the valley especially in the winter, when they seek shelter in the thick forests and sheltered hollows of the river bottoms. In summer the district surpasses that of any other Manitoba river in the abundance of wild fruit which it affords, and during the berry season thousands of settlers from the plains bring their families to this favored place to gather raspberries, plums or wild cranberries.

Along the valley are three large depressions which the river fills up, forming a series of lakes that are well known throughout Western Canada. Swan Lake is the first on the river, and is encircled by a timber belt several miles wide. The lake is five or six miles long, and more than a mile wide, the water extending from one steep bank to the other. Owing to the wooded nature of the country there are not so many settlers on its secluded shores, and as its name would indicate, it is the favorite resort for ducks and other wild fowl.

Rock Lake begins in the next township to the west, and is about ten miles long. The shores of this lake are a favorite camping ground for picnic parties through the summer, and are especially beautiful.

Pelican Lake is the largest of the three and lies further to the west. It is on the line of the Canadian Northern, and has become a summer resort for people from a large number of towns along the railway.

All the Pembina chain of lakes afford excellent sport for lovers of the rod and line. On a good day at this season of the year almost every time the angler throws his bait there is a plunge and tug of the most vigorous description, and there is no pleasanter spot to spend a vacation in Western Canada.

A Prairie Sunset

By S. P. Saunders

HEAVEN'S glorious azure dome proclaims the closing day,
In radiant gold and rose the western sky is dyed,
And shimmering guiding lights illume my homeward way,
And wind across the snow-draped prairie side.

Majestic Orb! Resplendent, wondrous, mighty source
Of vivifying heat and life; Prismatic light!
The blood-red Globe sinks low as now his final course
For this glad day has run. The witching night

Which he bequeathes, will soon bestrew the empyrean
With twinkling lights. How wondrously he paints
The sky and lacey clouds in tints of rose and gold and green,
In tones of tender, rainbow harmony!

Athwart the vaulted arch, in outlines flowing bold
The fretted isles that dot the aerial sea are drest
In gay attire, and blend in changes manifold
Like streaming ribbons on a maiden's breast.

With blood-red banners, fluttering wild and free,
And glorious curtains flaunting in the wintry wind,
With burnished waves, like billows of a storm-tossed sea,
He decorates his beauteous evening shrine.

The land, blest daily by his fervid heat and light
Is draped in Winter's hoary livery of snow,
At noon-tide seemed a vast, still lake of purest white,
Now gleams responsively to Heaven's glow.

THE POST ON THE BANKS OF THE PEACE RIVER

Black Eagle

A Story of Peace River as told by the Doctor

By HELEN BRODIE STURDY

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

WE were sitting on the piazza in the long northern twilight, when old Chief Buffalo-Horns slouched by, grunting a guttural "How!" as he passed the gate..

The Doctor looked after him thoughtfully.

"These old fellows aren't very attractive, are they?" he said. "Treaty-money and gunny-sack trousers spoil their picturesqueness You have to go into the far North to find the real Indian. There was Black Eagle, for instance—"

The Doctor broke off, and tapped the ashes out of his pipe.

Mrs. Doctor laughed.

"That's your reminiscent voice, Doctor," she said. "We're quite ready to hear all about it, but you must begin at the beginning."

The Doctor refilled his briar, and began leisurely, between puffs: "It was when I was along with Commissioner Hartwell's Government party, paying treaty to the Indians, up on the Peace River, eight years ago, and it was my first Northern trip. There had been rumors of some sporadic cases of smallpox and fever up there which I was supposed to look into, but I spent most of my time vacation-fashion on the raft and at the posts, for there was no serious trouble.

"For four days we had floated down Peace River in the warm, mellow sunlight of late Indian summer. Then in one night, winter was upon us, with a chill, marrow-searching head-wind from the northwest, bringing with it a fine drizzle that before morning changed into heavy-flaked snow. All day it fell, blotting from view the majestic, tree-crowned banks of the mighty river. On the raft, we were wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, and fearful through it all that in the storm we might slip past the Hudson's Bay Fort which was our next stopping place, and thus necessitate an almost impossible return against the swift current.

"Just before dark the snowfall ceased for a time, and almost simultaneously the rugged outlines of the fort appeared against the horizon hardly a mile away. We were soon indoors, and heartily welcomed by the factor. Dry clothes and a hot supper restored the spirits of our party to their usual state of cheerfulness.

" 'Are the Indians all in?' I inquired as we sat at supper.

" 'All been here for at least a week,' replied the factor. 'Of course Black Eagle, the chief, and many of his tribe camp here most of the year, for the fort is beside their reservation.'

" 'Black Eagle,' I repeated. 'I've surely heard that name before.'

" 'Likely,' spoke up the Commissioner. 'He was a great chief in the rebellion of '85, but he had his wings well clipped then, and he has hated the Government ever since. The year he spent in jail made his heart bad, he says, very bad, and he doesn't love the White Chief across the water.'

" 'Sulky,' added the factor, "but clever. Far too clever for an Indian. Thinks he has more skill than any white man in anything he does. For my part I admire him immensely, he is so magnificently self-confident. If he'd been an educated white man instead of the untutored savage that he is, he would have made his name known in Canada.'

"Then the talk veered to something else, and the subject of Black Eagle was dropped. I thought of him again as I turned in, deliciously weary, some three hours later, and wondered what he would say to me next morning.

"Daylight revealed close-huddled tepees clustered around the walls, many braves, squaws and papooses moving to and fro over the fresh snow, with the usual accompaniment of dogs, horses and huskies filling in everywhere. My work there lay, first of all, at the house of the chief, easily distinguished from the smaller and meaner tents.

"Lifting up the deerskin flap of the tepee, we entered, Indian fashion, the interpreter and I, and stood inside. The place was warm, large and comfortable enough, with great piles of robes scattered on the floor.

Upon these sat in a circle some dozen or more squaws and Indians. At the far end, opposite the doorway, on a seat raised a little above the others, sat the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw, and thus I first made the acquaintance of Black Eagle. He was tall, swarthy, sinewy, with a face at once intelligent and warlike, lighted by piercing dark eyes which long ago had won him the title of 'Black Eagle.'

" 'How!" he said in salutation as we entered, and nodded curtly.

" 'How!' we replied, and introductions were over.

"A young wife sitting near reached for a robe and threw it towards us. We accepted the invitation and sat down. It was plain that we had interrupted a council, but for many minutes there was no word spoken. An old brave passed me his pipe. I drew a few puffs, and passed it on. Then I began my speech, speaking in English, interpreted as I went along, though I saw that Black Eagle understood me.

"I had been sent, I said, by the Great White Chief because he had heard there was much sickness among his children, the Indians, and he was sad to know that so many of them had died of the smallpox, and the fevers this last year. The heart of the White Chief would be glad if his Indian children were as strong and as many as the pine trees in the forest. Were there any sick among them now? Was there any smallpox anywhere? Because for this the King had sent me, his Medicine Man, to do what I could for them that they might all be well.

"And much more in the same strain. I knew King Edward would forgive me for representing that to oblige his red men he had desolated himself of my services, and I also knew that the Indians expected nothing less.

"Presently Black Eagle answered: 'We have not in our camp many sick,' adding in English; 'only some of the old wives. They have died this year, but it was time for them to die, anyway. They cannot live always. My braves, they are all well and strong like the oak trees, and the young wives, too, and the papooses, they are well. We have had good year, and big hunt this last moon. Only one old Indian he has the smallpox, but it is nothing. He is ver' old and will soon die anyway. And his old wife, too, she is dead with smallpox las' week, but she was ver' old wife and no good to work any more. Myself, me ver' good medicine man. Any in my camp get sick, me cure them. Me make all time ver' good medicine for my people.'

"Here he paused, and the speech being interpreted to the circle, was received with nods and grunts of approval.

" 'But me glad you come, all same,' continued Black Eagle, after dramatic pause, 'for me hear that the Great White Chief's medicine man ver' ver' good medicine man. Maybe you know some things me not know. For one of my old wives is sick, yes, she is ver' sick, and she is not a ver' old wife, either, and she is all time ver' good wife too. Me no want see old Nokum die, but she can eat nothing for four days and in three more days she die.'

"A passing gleam of affection lighted up the old chief's eyes as he looked towards one of the squaws sitting near him. I noticed her then for the first time and saw that on account of her huge bulk, her blanket bulged out from her on all sides from the neck to the ground. She smiled at us pleasantly as she saw us watching.

" 'Yes,' continued the chief, 'she is ver' sick. She cannot eat anything because she is full.'

" 'How long has she been sick?' I asked.

" 'Oh, a long time now, many moons,' he replied, 'and there is no use giving her something, because she is full. But if the white medicine man can do anything else for the old wife, he is welcome. She will die anyway.'

" 'Huh! huh!' grunted Nokum, speaking in her own language, 'in three days I die anyway.'

"This was not flattering. It was evident, after a very brief examination, that she had a bad case of dropsy and required a simple operation, so I readily promised Black Eagle to give her nothing, but said that I could do her some good. He agreed to let me try—seeing she would die anyway.

"I had her removed to a separate tent, and made the attending ceremonies duly impressive as was expected from the medicine man sent by the White Chief across the water. Black Eagle diligently 'made medicine' in his own tent. No dogs were allowed within fifty yards, which gave employment to all the little *nitchies* who would otherwise have been peeping through every cranny. The operation was brief, and simple enough, fully two and a half pails of water being drawn from the poor creature, who smiled bravely through it all. She was put to bed, tightly bandaged, and at supper time I took her some white bread, jelly and tea.

"Next morning, treaty payment was in full swing. Inside the commissioner's tent questions and answers were being exchanged rapidly, followed by the payment to the head of each family, of many rustling brand new ten dollar bills.

"Between the tent and the company's store steadily streams of braves and squaws kept coming and going, exchanging the Government bills for much tobacco, flour, bacon, tea and blankets.

"Quietly the tent flap opened, and Black Eagle stepped inside. Close behind him, walking unsupported, came old Nokum. The Indians and squaws standing near grunted their surprise when they saw her. She grinned and nodded to them all, and followed the chief to a front seat.

"The commissioner looked up and greeted them.

" 'How, Black Eagle,' he said. 'You got your treaty yesterday; wasn't it all right?'

"The chief rose to his feet and stretched out his arm for attention. There was a certain majesty and dignity about this savage that a real king might have envied.

" 'I come, O White Man,' he began impressively, 'not for more treaty, but to speak. Always has my heart been ver' bad to the White Father. Me no like white man; me no like Great White Chief. But now it is no bad any more. For the White Chief sent to me his own medicine man, and he make good, ver' good medicine. You see old Nokum is come in with me. Never for many moons has she walked alone, but always a grandson helped her on each side. Me, Black Eagle, am great medicine man, but me no could cure old Nokum, my old wife. Now me know that white medicine is plenty good. And always now me and my people will love the White Father for he sent me his own medicine man and he is ver' good. My heart was bad; now it is good. Never any more will we hate the white men. I have spoken.'

"Then he sat down, and old Nokum rose and came towards me, smiling. From beneath her blanket she drew out a pair of moccasins, snow-white, dainty little affairs made of doeskin and embroidered in colored silks. She pressed them into my hand, saying a few words in Indian with many smiles and nods.

" 'She says they are for your young wife,' said the interpreter, 'and if you have no wife, you will soon get one, for the shoes will bring you good luck.'

"The rest of the party were highly amused, but when they saw Black Eagle's present, they added their congratulations, for the old chief insisted on my accepting a fine musk-ox robe most beautifully shaded. As they left the tent he beckoned me aside, and inquired, 'How long will she live now?'

"I could not promise very much. 'Until the snow flies next year,' I replied. His face betrayed no expression, and with a nod he left me. Old Nokum shook my hands many times, bowing and smiling, then went away to her tent.

"A little more than a year later, we reached once more this fort on the bank of the Peace River. I inquired for Black Eagle.

" 'He kept his word,' said the factor. 'There's not a better behaved Indian in the Northwest.'

" 'And old Nokum?' I asked.

" 'Oh, the old wife is dead,' he answered. 'She died about the time of the first snow-fall.' "

The Doctor's pipe was out, and we all sat very quiet. Presently young Mrs. Doctor stirred.

"Poor Nokum!" she said. "So that was where you got my moccasins."

"Yes," answered the Doctor. "And sure enough they brought me good luck, didn't they?"

Mrs. Doctor tilted her little chin saucily. "That's nice of you. I'll have to give you an extra cup of coffee to-night for that."

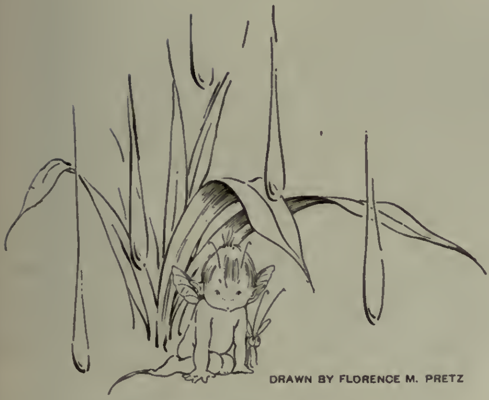
She rose lightly, flinging back her fleecy scarf, and paused in the doorway, looking out across the moonlit prairie. Suddenly she threw an airy kiss out into the silver night.

"Here's luck, Nokum!" she said.

Billiken's Umbrella

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "the Book of the Singing Winds"


DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

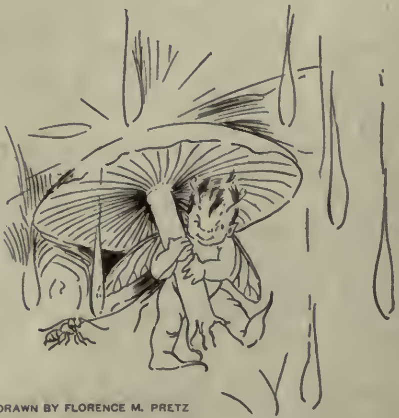
HOW WAS HE TO GET HOME?

LOOK: Here is a little white toadstool on the north side of the fence. Do you want to know what it is for? To eat? Oh my, no!

Once-upon-a-time, Billiken, the fairy, was out gathering honey for supper, and it began to rain. He sat under a leaf a little while, when presently, a big drop fell splash! beside him. So he thought it was time to go home. But how was he to get home without wetting his wings? Well sir, he thought and he thought. And then he spied a little bit of a toadstool, like this, close by.

" Oho!" he said. " I know what I'll do!" and he pulled that little toadstool right out of the ground, and held it over his head for an umbrella. Then he flew home, and didn't get wet a bit. And that was the very first umbrella that ever was.

And one day, do you know, Little-Boy went to fairyland, and stayed so long it began to rain. So the fairies made him an umbrella from a black toadstool—a big magic umbrella, so he went home all dry, too. Then Little-Boy taught his papa how to make umbrellas, and presently all the grown-ups had them, and forgot they didn't always know how to make them.


DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

AND HE DIDN'T GET WET A BIT

But eat them? Eat an umbrella? My, my, how funny that would be!

The Empire of Larger Hope

By Agnes Deans Cameron

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
To our neighbor's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail;
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the gray Lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half year's harvest
And the warm wet western wind!
—Rudyard Kipling

"PLACE a pair of dividers with one leg on the boundary between the United States and Canada and the other leg at Key West, Florida. Then swing the latter to the northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries."

This is the voice of James J. Hill—himself a maker of empire—speaking before the Merchants' Club in Chicago. Mr. Hill goes on to say: "The certain fate and fortune of this adjoining country so similar in physical characteristics to our own, so identical in language, customs and usages of trade, is to be wrought out by a series of common agencies working north and south in uniformity."

The wheat belt of Canada is the Last West, the one unoccupied frontier remaining to the white man. South Africa, of course, has room, but the Chinaman and the Kaffir are on the ground there, and black and yellow (though becoming enough colors on a football jersey) do not readily blend with white.

Two hundred thousand people in 1906 heard the call of the West, caught the wheat fever and took root in Canada. The stream is flowing even harder this year and it is a flood tide with no ebb. Why did they come? Because nature gave Western Canada a soil that produces 25 and 30 and 40 bushels of hard wheat to the acre. This is the whole secret and an open one.

The prairies west of Winnipeg last year produced 201,000,000 bushels of grain and four million dollars' worth of range-fed cattle. To house the wheat 141 new elevators were built, bringing the whole number of interior elevators up to 1,200.

Who are the people that are filling up the Empire of the Larger Hope? Forty-five per cent. of them came from Great Britain, thirty per cent. from the United States and twenty-five per cent. from northern Europe. Citizens from forty-six States of the Union entered Canada last year, 35,000 settlers came from the three States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota, 20,000 more left Iowa for the same destination. The Soo line officials report that they carried 30,000 settlers into Canada through the gateway of the Twin Cities last year. The Great Northern probably handled half as many.

Never was a frontier conquered so noiselessly, and never in the world was history made and geography changed so rapidly. Atlases of Western Canada of the vintage of any previous year are useless and month-old statistics are stale

And yet statistics when complied with ordinary care tell best the story

COMFORTABLE FARM HOUSES, WHERE RECENTLY THE COYOTE RULED

of development. Take, for instance, the one city of Winnipeg as a type of Canada's western towns. What has hard wheat done for Winnipeg? It has given her a building expansion in 1906 greater than that of any other city of her population in America. Winnipeg has a population of 100,000. She took out during the year 2,508 building permits, representing $12,700,000 worth of construction. The Government for the same period credits Minneapolis with a building growth of $4,800,000, and Minneapolis is twice as large as Winnipeg and considers that she is not slow. Denver, with a population one and one-half times that of Winnipeg, expended $4,300,000 on new buildings, and Indianapolis, St. Paul, Columbus, Ohio, and Providence, R. I., each spent less than four millions.

Winnipeg's bank clearings tell an interesting tale. In 1901 the total volume for he year was $134,000,000 and in 1906 it was $504,000,000, practically for the past five years an increase of $100,000,000 a year. It is hardly surprising in the light of all this to learn that the ratable value of property jumped last year over $20,000,000. The city's commissioner places the total ratable value of Winnipeg's property at $80,000,000, and it would be hard to find a dozen citizens who would be willing to sell at the assessed figure. Is there a city anywhere with a richer hinterland?

One year has seen in Western Canada an increase in crop area under the one cereal of winter wheat of over 150 per cent., a development absolutely unique in the world's history. The Canadian

Pacific Railway has in the city of Winnipeg railway trackage amounting to 120 miles, and Canadian Pacific Railway stock coquettes around 180 per cent. in the markets of London and New York. The Canadian Pacific Railway is the spine of Canada, with one arm reaching eastward to Europe and another to the Orient. It had the courage and the faith to stake its money on the future of the country at a time when the Government quailed before the risk.

Canada will build more miles of railway than the United States in 1907. Sixty thousand men will be employed in the Dominion this year; the whole map is criss-crossed with new and projected lines. The Canadian Northern has 3,700 miles, and soon will have 2,500 more. Three railways are started from the wheat belt to Hudson's Bay. This new route will reduce the length of transportation from wheat fields to salt water to about 500 miles, and twice that distance—that is, from Chicago to New York—is not now regarded as an expensive haul.

The Grand Trunk Pacific for 5,000 miles is stretching from ocean to ocean. It is building as never before was transcontinental line built. Simultaneously at frequent intervals along its course, the rails appear as if a great subterranean monster writhing into life protruded his steely back here and there through the earth's crust. And while the builders are rushing the work on the prairies the construction engineers are freighting their outfits over the Athabasca and the Peace, scaling the continent's crest and slipping down snowy slopes to the western sea.

Like the economic trek of the Americans over parallel 49, it is all being done quietly; there is no fanfare of trumpets, but colonization is keeping pace with construction, and before the completed track has felt the weight of an engine there will be wheat harvests ripened along these tracks ready for their transit to either ocean.

Little has been given out concerning Kaien Island, the Pacific terminus of this new transcontinental steel nerve of Canada. Kaien is an island of some 11,500 acres, half-way between Victoria, on Vancouver Island, and Skaguay, Alaska; five survey parties were at work there last summer.

The island was partly owned by an astute tribe of Canadian Indians, the Metlakatlas, and from them the railroad company bought 2,500 acres. The division of the spoils gave to each Siwash $700, and to every unattached squaw $500, the ratio being settled by tribal counsels. Campbell-Bannerman would be gratified to find here such a promising field for his women's suffrage propaganda; the struggle is five-sevenths won already. But the Metlakatlas were converted to Christianity a generation ago by Missionary Duncan and with avidity took up the white man's burden.

We remember one wily old brave who neatly combined the law with the profits. Possessing himself of a cast-off uniform from an officer of the British navy patrolling these waters, he polished up the brass buttons and paddled his canoe into a camp of far inland tepees. Here he set up judicial court, and announced himself an envoy sent from "the Great Mother Over the Water" to administer justice. The brass buttons and the admiral's cocked hat turned the trick. Judge, jury, Crown prosecutor and active sheriff, Queeakem tried every misdemeanor for a circuit extending far up into the Arctic Circle, and for every offence there was but one penalty—a fine more or less severe. The tribes increased in integrity and the Pericles of the Pacific in peltries.

Of the recent beneficiaries of the G.T.P. one anxious bachelor wrote to Laurier at Ottawa to ask whether with his $700 he had better buy a gasoline launch or get married!

The G. T. P. will cross the Rockies by the Yellow Head Pass, altitude 3,250 feet, getting a water grade from there to the coast by the Fraser, Neehaco, Bulkley and Skeena Rivers. It is confidently hoped that the year 1911 will see the completion of the line.

The active operation of the G. T. P. will have not a local, but a national effect, and not national merely, but international—world-embracing. This northern land so little known is so full of undeveloped richness. The unguessed, and ungarnered because unguessed, wealth of northern British Columbia will be tapped, the mineral treasures and timber. The Queen Charlotte Islands, an archipelago of over 5,000 square miles, rich in coal and fish and timber, will be heard from and Prince Rupert, the new terminus, will be the distributing center for the gold of the Yukon and northern British Columbia.

But the projectors of the G. T. P. saw something beyond the smiling wheat fields of the prairies and the diverse wealth of the Pacific province. The Oriental trade is the infant for whose wet-nursing this kindly corporation yearned with true maternal care.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," say the old copy-books, and although we are warned that "the race is not always to the swift," still you get odds on the swift at any bookmaker's, and Euclid's definition holds that "a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points." And this is the crux of the whole G. T. P. story; the compasses and dividers again emphasize the point.

From Yokohama to Prince Rupert is the shortest route across the Pacific. It is 400 miles shorter than from Yokohama to Seattle and 600 miles shorter than from Yokohama to San Francisco.

But the near future will see a more substantial G. T. P. gain over every existing or future possible route between Yokohama and Liverpool. It is only a question of years, and few years, until Hudson's Bay becomes the northern trade route carrying

SLEEK COATED FARM HORSES FATTEN ON THE NUTRITIOUS GRASSES

UNBAKED

Canadian No. 1 Hard to the bake-shops of Britain. The century will not have run another lustrum until this is an established condition, and this will mean a gain of 2,000 miles!

These are the figures:

Yokohama-Liverpool via Mediterranean, 11,260 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via San Francisco and New York, 11,000 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via Seattle and New York, 10,975 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via Vancouver and Montreal, 10,000 miles.

Yokohama-Liverpool via Prince Rupert and Hudson's Bay, 8,275 miles.

A saving of 2,000 miles. It pays to circumnavigate our earth's orange near the top when our right of way cuts through a wheat field 1,000 miles long and of a width uncounted.

With two fronts on the two main oceans, with our waterways and our railways running east and west, offering the shortest route to the Orient, and so mediating between the centers of population and production in Asia upon the farther and Europe upon the nearer hand, nature and manifest destiny have declared that Canada shall be the granary and connecting link between Europe and the Far East.

We shall be a great maritime nation upon both Pacific and Atlantic seaboards; the coal to bunker our shipping is mined under our harbors.

And as established cities grow larger with the first faint realization of all this, over the big wheat farm new cities spring into life. The year 1907 will witness the birth of 100 new towns along the 700 miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton, each a ganglion, a nerve-center on that continent-reaching spinal cord of the G. T. P. There is no more fertile stretch of land in the whole world than this rollng mesa between Winnipeg, the buckle of the wheat belt, and the wonder-city of Edmonton, with its feet running down into the silver Saskatchewan.

And the development will not stop here. The fertile Peace River country northwest of Edmonton is opening out with an enthusiastic crop of 1907 pioneers, and directly north of Edmonton to far Athabasca Landing is stretching a branch of the Canadian Northern.

A scant decade ago the man who would venture to see in Hudson's Bay a short water route to Europe would have been the subject of ridicule. There would not be lacking people to remind him that the intrepid Henry Hudson himself perished in these icy waters. But as history is created and geography metamorphosed, so public opinion on all matters Canadian must remain fluid and not crystallize if there is to be any growth.

It is not 400 years ago since Jacques Cartier, seeking a new empire, sailed from France to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The Indians paddling out to meet him told of the river that wound its way a thousand leagues inland. A whisper came to him in the evening shadows, "O young Mariner launch your vessel and spread your canvas and ere it vanishes over the margin —after it, follow it, Follow the Gleam!"

But ice encrusted was the river's lip and he sailed back to St. Malo, characterizing the whole St. Lawrence Basin as "a region hard iron-bound and cold where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip." No vision splendid had he of those future fertile provinces of Ontario and Quebec covering the same basin. Niagara's grape-arbors did not exist for him nor the serried acres of wheat.

It has been difficult ever for Cana-

THE NATIONS

dians to grasp the bigness of their empire. The prosperous people of Ontario and Quebec in passing judgment on what lay west and north but yesterday repeated the incredulous heresy of Cartier. The western prairies were a game preserve, and with scorn they asked, "Can any good come out of Hudson's Bay?" Yet it is true that modern science has vastly enlarged the commercial possibilities of navigation in cold waters, and isn't it Confucius who says, "He must change often who would be consistent?"

The advocates of the Hudson's Bay route do not claim a navigation period of more than four months in the straits leading out of the bay. If the egress is open for that time they will be satisfied, and the evidence is overwhelming that it is thus open. With this navigation the growers of No. 1 Hard can get out the major part of their season's crop in the autumn of production and the remainder will have to be stored only a month or so more than that in the Great Lakes elevators of the present dispensation. Given railroad connection to and proper terminals at Fort Churchill, the fleets of the world will flock to Canada's side-door and make the most of the summer months.

The prairies of Canada in 1906 produced so much grain that railroad lines and elevators were alike choked with the unbaked bread for the nations. The congestion of 1907 will be more appalling. If open till the 20th of November Hudson's Bay will afford an outlet for so large a proportion of the crop in the season of its growth, without storage, that it will for the present at least take off the strain that the transcontinental routes have shown themselves unable to stand.

For a while Montreal, looking askance at this side-door safety-valve, strenuously opposed the Hudson's Bay stream, but sectional feeling now gives way to a realization that the added prosperity accruing to the West will be felt from the St. Lawrence mouth to far Victoria, and from Fort Churchill to Prince Rupert. And this is one lesson that insistently forces itself home to the people of this new empire—that is, the great lesson of oneness, of interdependence; we are forced to admit that while nationality is doubtless a growing sentiment, provincialism remains a solid fact.

If we are to come with dignity into our own, we must outgrow our swaddling-bands and take a view of things as wide as the boundaries of the half continent of which we find ourselves joint-heirs. It is a wonderful heritage; small marvel if we do not all grasp at once its full significance. If the 800,000 who make up the population of the three wheat provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, cultivating a little more than seven million acres, could produce as they did last year 201,000,000 bushels of grain, how many homes will there be in the West when the whole 200,000,000 of fat acres come under cultivation!

And these provinces are the West. Above and beyond this again is the true Northwest, the Northwest of the old navigators, Mackenzie and Fraser and Franklin, holding in its rich embrace the fertile valleys of the Peace, the Mackenzie and the Athabasca, a Northwest which in its extension offers to the ranger and the rancher equal advantages with its southern duplicate, the valley of the Ohio, the Missouri and the Mississippi.

This may at the first blush seem to the Canadians themselves an extravagant thought. But before the Canadian schoolboy who to-day in his little prairie schoolhouse struggles over short division and the second reader is ready to cast his first vote, the people of Canada will realize that this ultimate Northwest is to them what Germany was to the Romans. It was supposed to be a hypoborean waste unfit for mortal man to live in. Yet to-day Germany is among the world's great ones, and that is Canada's destiny.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of Canada's new citizens are Americans or British born, and of the class which preserves a homogeneity of race, and of our Continental immigrants, by far the preponderating number come from the sturdy nations of the North.

The political effect of the large flux of American farmers in the future of the Canadian wheat belt is a fertile subject for the alarmist on both sides of the line. Propinquity and the influence of American capital and business enterprise cannot fail to have their effect, and the Americanization of Canada is not something to be feared. What the States are losing Canada will gain—experience, sturdy manhood and zealous workers.

Western Canadians and Western Americans have a common origin if we go back far enough, common aims and a like way of looking at things; they mingle freely. If ever in the future there is a partition of North America, it will be a partition along a meridian and not along the 49th or any other parallel of latitude.

There has always been a West. For the Greeks there was Sicily, Carthage was the western colony of Tyre, young Roman patricians went west and peopled Gaul and speculated in real estate on the sites of Liverpool and London.

But the Canadian West is the Last West and that is why she has, all along the cobwebs of her new railways, towns so new that the red wagon-wheels have not yet broken the prairies, and oxen and horses on the main street pull their loads of household goods over nature's grassy mat. It is the tar-paper and portable-house stage of home construction. The wilderness and man are meeting.

Outside your comfortable sleeping coach stretch the unbroken prairies along the line of the Canadian Northern and within are immigrants coming to possess the land; not immigrants in prairie schooners, squaring their course across an unknown wild to some mystical land of promise, but immigrants of another class—successful farmers from the republic to the south, coming with their wives and children, their flocks and herds and household goods to take up homes in the Land of Promise Fulfilled and enjoying in transit all the comforts of cafe cars, observation coaches, palace cars and diners. It is the Hegira of luxury.

These have heard the long call of the prairies, and even in passing through on a summer day's journey the insistent witchery of the grassy plains grips one. Grass on one side of the track and on the other side wheat. As the evening shadows close in, it is a sea of wheat rippling to the wind; the green of the stalk turns to gold, and the heavy heads ripen to the harvest—nothing between you and the skyline but wheat, wheat, wheat! The many hours of sunlight and the prolonged twilight contribute to the quantity of the crop and the cold nights give it quality, making it so hard that it can be sent in railway car or in the hold of a vessel across continent and ocean with no other protection than its own delicate skin, without fear of deterioration through change of temperature.

The production of hard wheat in America is confined to the strip of arable country extending from Western Canada south through western Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. Hard wheat requires for its production a soil rich in nitrogen and receiving a limited quantity of moisture, combined with a short growing season and a dry atmosphere. Such conditions limit the production of hard wheat to the territory mentioned because it is only there that they naturally obtain. Central Alberta possesses all these characteristics, and with an enormous market for flour just opening up in Africa, Japan and the Orient it is difficult to place limitations on her commercial development.

There will be need of additional wheat farms here in 1907. The world's visible supply of stored wheat is 9,000,000 bushels less than at this time a year ago, and the requirements of European importing countries are greater. To supply this additional consumption Argentina cannot do more than she did last year, nor can Australia. India will likewise be a smaller exporter and Russia must seriously curtail her Odessa output.

Now, Europe must have a considerable quantity of hard wheat; foreign millers cannot make a satisfactory flour by grinding either the home-grown, Australian, Indian, or Argentina wheat alone. These hard wheats for admixture are already obtained from the Danube basin, Russia, the United States and Canada, and with Russia's inability to supply her quota the demand on the United States and Canada must necessarily be heavy.

Our prairie West is dotted with cattle, bunches of a thousand each. The great herds of horses, cattle and sheep that range the plains of Central Alberta subsist during the winter as well as the summer on the naturally cured grasses, and in ordinary years come out of winter quarters having had no artificial shelter of any kind, in first-class breeding condition. No sandy deserts or rocky wastes mar this perfect picture of agricultural beauty, and practically every acre of this enormous empire of the plains may be made productive.

The hackney carriage horse which took first prize at the Montreal and New York Horse Shows was foaled and reared near Calgary, and heavy draft horses are shipped from this district all over the West. Flax and fodder crops grow well, timothy, alfalfa, and bromus yield heavy returns. The long daylight and almost continuous sunshine produce incomparable sugar-beets.

And over the mountains lies British Columbia, the biggest province of Canada's confederacy, with greater diversity of wealth than all the others. Here is a great awakening. There has been a heavy advance in the fruit and timber industries, the harvest of the sea has increased.

THE HEAVY DRAFT HORSE OF ALBERTA IS FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Six hundred million feet of timber were cut in these forests last year, and licenses to stump 4,000 square miles more of timber limits are issued for 1907. British Columbia produced last year $35,000,000 from her mines; she drew half a million dollars' worth of whales and eight million dollars' worth of salmon from the sea.

There is undeveloped wealth in this

province sufficient to support a population greater than that now spread out all over Canada. Gold is here and coal, pulp woods and iron ore, whales and seals, and channels choked with fish. The fruit-growing possibilities are yet undreamed of, the cupriferous ores of Haskins Mountain would supply a continent.

The outside world is just beginning to recognize in British Columbia a great fruit-growing country. The St. Louis Exposition with its 94 varieties of Canadian apples, 70 of grapes, 34 of pears, 24 of plums, and 16 of peaches was a revelation. When British Columbia secured the gold medal at the 1906 Horticultural Exhibition in Edinburgh and first honors in the Royal Horticultural Society's Show in London, she took her place among the commercial fruit-growing countries of the world.

And the prairie provinces will yet come into their own. It is a question of time and science. The officials of the Dominion experimental stations are searching Manchuria and Siberia and Chili for apples and grapes and plums which will stand cold nights; they cross-fertilize, and then combine flavor with hardness. The climate that originated Alberta Red wheat may yet evolve an Alberta red apple that will tempt to their undoing unborn small boys over forbidden fences.

Many are the crops of Canada: sugar-beets and succulent fruits in their season, flax and fir-trees, bromus and alfalfa and wheat, and the greatest of these is wheat. It is the magnet that draws the nations to the warm, throbbing prairie-heart of Canada.

Bancroft, in speaking of the days of '49, calls the lust for gold "all powerful and worshipful; high above all principalities and powers; above religious fanaticism or love of empire; above patriotism, philanthrophy, family affection, woman's virtue and man's honor. The gold fever is," he says, "an influence which overshadows every other influence, which shrinks into insignificance fur companies and licenses to trade, pounds per acre, settlement, claws of wild beasts or lives of men." The rush for gold drew the hardy and adventurous, the lawless and the desperate; families were left behind while the husband and the father followed

"By marsh and lake, by meadow and
stream,
A will-o'-the wind, a light-o'-dream."

But wheat appeals to something different in the heart of man. His quick imagination sees in the fields ripening to the harvest no sudden accession of wealth, but his own little home, out in the open, strong, brown-cheeked men at the shack door, the smile of a wife and the prattle of little children.

It is the front page of a big, new, clean volume; the paper is the prairie, grass-covered, smiling in the sunshine and running out in the flowers to the foot-hills, and the writing tools to tell the story are red-coated steam plows and teams of patient oxen and the right arms of faith-possessed men and brave, silent women. This is the Epic of the Wheat.

After showing us his Herefords and his fields of flax last summer, "These are my best crop," said the sturdy Mennonite in his half-broken English, putting his arm around his little flock of babies. And in his unconscious parody of the mother of the Gracchi we catch the secret of this Empire of the Larger Hope.

"Stop Off at Regina"

By H. C. Lawson

Secretary of the Regina Board of Trade

IF you have a friend in Saskatchewan's busy capital, you may expect to hear the hearty invitation, "Stop off and see us," next time you say you are going east or west through Regina.

Perhaps you will wonder why your friend is so insistent. This is why:

For the last few years, owing to the enormous rush of newcomers from all parts of the world to Canada, the hotel accomodations in Regina have been inadequate and unsatisfactory. The hotel managers were in no way to blame, as the capacity of their hotels was so much overtaxed that it was impossible to give the service they could have wished, and it was unpleasant for all parties when guests went away complaining of the accommodation received.

But this is being changed. All parties and all purses will be catered to in the three new hotels just being opened, capable of handling over two hundred guests in all, and ranging from the comfortable and well-furnished Von's Hotel, where rates will be from $1.50 per day upwards, to the magnificent King's Hotel, which for up-to-date finishings and general luxury will not be surpassed by any hotel in Canada.

The King's Hotel has a frontage of one hundred feet on Scarth Street, with a depth of one hundred and fifteen feet; is four storeys high, with a basement; and is built of red brick with stone trimmings and tile dividing walls. It presents a very handsome appearance on a main street, and is a distinct addition to Regina's artistic buildings. On the adjoining lot north a five-storey fire-proof annex fifty by one hundred feet will be built, all its equipments to correspond with the originally planned structure

Entering the hotel, one stands in the rotunda, a fifty-foot square, paved with ceramic tile, bearing the coat-of-arms in colored terrazo tile, and a dial indicating the points of the compass. In the rotunda are cosy nooks and settees; the complete offices, including general office, bookkeeper's office, and manager's office; check rooms; news and cigar stands; bell boy's room; telephone switch, every room in the house containing a telephone; and the public 'phones in the corridor. Off the rotunda is a dainty private dining room.

One of the features of the hotel is the kitchen, which cannot be surpassed in point of completeness. It is forty by thirty-five feet, with terrazo tile floor and cove base so that there are no right-angled corners to collect dust and dirt. The walls are carried out in Keene's cement, marked in tile-squares to the ceiling, and the whole room will be finished in the most up-to-date style. with every modern convenience.

All the electric light fixtures throughout the hotel have been especially designed by the architects, Messrs. Story & Van Egmond. Those on the second floor are of antique hammered iron with halophane globes. All partitions are of fire-proof tile and the corridors are lined with metal lath. The walls are finished in stucco plaster and hand decorated.

On the first floor are some magnificent suites of rooms, with bath, telephone, and all modern fittings. Every room in the house has hot and cold water; every room has a telephone, and from the most ornamental suite in the house to the smallest dollar-a-day room on the top floor, there is a refinement of taste and a comfort of furnishing that is unusually attractive. There are in all one hundred bedrooms. The house will be conducted on the European plan, but in addition there will be a club breakfast, luncheon and dinner at a fixed charge.

The cost of the building alone will be $150,000.00 and when completed will probably run little short of a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Lewis, late of the Arlington Hotel, Toronto, will manage the hotel, which is to be opened about July first.

The Wascana Hotel on Hamilton Street is a building fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, with an annex fifty by forty feet. This hotel will cater strictly to the commercial trade, and rates will be from $3.00 a day upwards. Mr. H. Atcaster, one of the proprietors, will have especial charge of the kitchen department. He is a thoroughly practical hotel man in every detail, and is a well-known chef.

The main entrance opens into a rotunda twenty by forty feet, which is finished with rubber tiling. In this are the private offices. There is also a separate ladies' entrance, and an entrance to the bar.

The dining room is thirty-three by forty feet. There is also a dining room for the staff, and in the basement a private dining room with special kitchen in connection.

There are sixty bedrooms, and every room on the first floor has a bath and a lavatory. There is also a telephone in every room, including the sample room. On the first floor is a ladies' drawing room and card room. The elevator is electric; the furnishings are of the best quality, including Axminster carpets; there are two grand pianos; and every room is electric lighted and modern in every respect. All floors, ceilings, etc., are fire-resisting and steel work enters largely into the construction. The building is divided into twelve compartments with automatic fire-proof doors between. There are two fire hydrants on each floor and three fire escapes.

In the annex are twelve well appointed sample rooms for the convenience of travelers, and the quarters of the hotel staff.

The cost of the building is $85,000.00 and with the furniture, elevators, and other fixtures, will total nearly $135,000.00.

One of the three is already open: Von's Hotel on the corner of Osler Street and Tenth Avenue, facing the market square, which commenced doing business on May fourth.

This is a sixty-room house, and every one of the sixty is bright and well furnished. On the first floor each room contains hot and cold water, and all rooms have a telephone. On the first floor there is a ladies' sitting room and gentlemen's smoking room, both of which are comfortable and pleasant. On the second floor the bedrooms are all bright, airy, and well furnished, and the rates are only $1.50 per day.

The kitchen is practically fire-proof, with cement floor and fireproof walls of hard plaster over fire-proof paper, and the basement is finished in the same way. The basement is only four feet below the ground, is well lighted, and contains a pool room and extra dining room with five private dining rooms adjoining which are served from the kitchen by means of a fire-proof lift.

The building is of brick veneer, and costs between $50,000.00 and $60,000.00, the furniture, fixtures, telephones, etc., being worth some $18,000.00 more. The proprietor and manager is Mr. Von Ferber, who has had more years' experience as a practical hotel manager than would be ever guessed from his sprightly and genial manner.

Regina is proud of herself and her new hotels. That insistent invitation which has been so long "qualified" from necessity, is going to be the most important feature of her citizens' conversation. They can say now without hesitation, "Regina's a good town. Stop off as you go through. We've good accomodations, and we'll all be glad to show you around."

Lesser Slave Lake

By A. M. Bezanson

LEAVING Athabasca Landing for Slave Lake and Peace River points we come to the mouth of Lesser Slave River, seventy-two miles above the Landing. A beautiful river is the Lesser Slave, but very hard to navigate for the first twenty-two miles going up, as it is for that distance a succession of rapids in which a Tenderfoot, navigating his own boat, is likely to get his feet wet.

Traveling up Slave River the banks become lower and lower, the surrounding country more level, and the timber more scarce, till at the top of the rapids we find open patches of prairie which increase in number and dimensions as we travel up-stream, till within ten miles of the mouth of the lake one may see stretches of fine level prairie, several miles in extent. Here, in July, the blue-joint was four feet high, and in September it was still standing tall and straight, apparently little hurt by frost. Tom Lyllac, a retired buffalo hunter, and a few natives have cabins at the mouth of the Lake, but they evidently consider farming beneath their dignity, at least none of it is done by them.

The York boats and scows carrying freight are tracked up by means of a long line hitched to six or eight lusty natives who walk along shore and make horses of themselves. All the freight going into the Northwest during the summer has been handled for years in this manner. Is it any wonder that manufactured goods are high on the Peace River or that transportation is the all-important problem of the Last West?

If the wind is fair we sail across the lake; if not, we wait till it is. Then in our York boat or canoe we scoot down before the wind the seventy-eight miles in an easy day. The lake is never so wide but one can see the rough, irregular shore-line, with the Swan Hills in the background on the south, broken about midway of the lake by the Swan River valley, another fine stretch of fertile prairie reaching away to the south. For the rest the lake shores are rough, hilly, and covered with a dense growth of spruce and aspen, most of which is too small to be of practical value.

It is my opinion that Lesser Slave Lake is slowly, but surely drying up. It is now so shallow as to make it impossible in many places to get within a half-mile of shore with a canoe, and at the upper or west end there is a dry, sandy beach extending out one-quarter mile beyond where once landed the Hudson's Bay Company freight boats. Buffalo Lake, which was in reality a small extension on the west end of Lesser Slave Lake, is now an ever-dwindling expanse of muck and a fading memory. Whereas the boats once landed at the Hudson's Bay post on Buffalo Lake they now land at Shaw's Point, on Lesser Slave Lake, eight miles from the post, which necessitates an eight mile haul with wagons and gives the traveler a welcome opportunity to move himself about after the trip across the lake. In the main body of the lake, from Shaw's Point to the outlet—Slave River—there is still, and probably will be for years to come, a channel of good depth down the center, but there are very few points between, where a boat of two-foot draft can land. At present, however, they have no cause to do so, as in the whole length and breadth of the lake the only white man's habitation is a fisherman's camp, nine miles above the outlet. A crew of several men work here during

From "The Peace River Trail." See Shop Talk by the Editor.

the winter catching whitefish, of which there seems to be an inexhaustible supply. With the limited transportation facilities at present these fish can, of course, only be shipped fresh during the winter months, but with the advent of railroads this will become a very important industry.

No steamboat whistle has as yet awakened the slumbering echoes of Lesser Slave Lake, but the "Northern Light," destined for that honor, was built at Athabasca Landing last spring and was run up as far as the rapids in Slave River, where, being too late for the spring freshets, the depth of water was insufficient, and she ran aground. Her owner, Capt. Barber, persevered however, and succeeded in making his way up ten miles of the rapids, from which point he anticipates no trouble in taking her on to the lake in the early spring of this year.

At the western end of the lake the industry and energy of the Canadian pioneers is everywhere apparent. Not only have the two trading companies—Hudson's Bay and Revillon Brothers—commodious and well constructed stores and warehouses, but the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the Catholic and English Church Missions as well, have buildings that would do credit to any community.

A great work is being done in this Last West by each of these missions. They maintain free schools, where the dusky child of the forest may obtain equal advantages with his white brothers, and churches where spiritual training is impartially administered to all. Wonderful institutions are these missions of the Northland, taking as strong and active a part in the industrial development of the country as in the spiritual development of its people. At Slave Lake, Peace River Landing, Vermilion, Spirit River, in fact, wherever there is a trading post of importance, there also is a mission, and a mission farm well tilled, well managed and well improved. The good fathers at the Catholic, and the good ministers at the Protestant missions do all the work themselves. They raise their own grain, grind their own flour, build their own buildings, and still find time to help their neighbor and educate his children. No man in the Northland gets so close to the native as the missionary, and no man wins the confidence of the dusky children of the forest as he does. He enters into their daily life, learns their language, sympathizes with them in their simple joys and sorrows, and teaches them practical things as well as things spiritual. These be teachers by example as well as precept. They are ever the first to build saw mills and grist mills at the different settlements, and not only do they saw their own lumber and grind their own flour, but that for the community as well, and at a very reasonable price. All this great work is carried on without outside aid. They carve their own way and build up their schools, churches and homes by their own perseverance, energy and industry.

Never was an institution more suited to the peculiar needs of a country than is the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to Western Canada. So perfect is their system and so complete the protective chain reaching out from the centers of civilization in every direction to the uttermost limits of the land, that it has implanted in the breasts of frontiersman and Indian alike a respect for law and order never before attained in any country. Lawlessness and crime are almost unknown in this part of the Last West, a condition due almost solely to the presence of one or more mounted policeman at every trading post or hamlet. Lesser Slave Lake is their headquarters for the Last West, and very neat and homelike are their buildings here. Besides the usual complement of officers and men, they have a doctor here who attends the sick, regardless of race or color, for miles around. So the Slave Lake Settlement has nearly as many advantages, socially and otherwise, as many railroad towns.

The country immediately surrounding the settlement is rough and wooded, but directly across the shallow pond, which was once Buffalo Lake, is one of the finest stretches of natural prairie one could wish to see. Here, on

September 24th, I found blue-joint and pea-vine that would hide a man standing erect, and the crops grown last year by the half-dozen settlers who are now there could not be beaten anywhere for quality or yield. I took samples of winter wheat, the first year's trial in that country, and found the berry plump and hard and of enormous size. No signs of damage by frost could I detect on any of the crops here, nor could I learn of their having been so damaged in previous years. The soil is a black, slightly sandy loam, about ten inches deep on a brown clay subsoil of great depth making a perfect combination. It works up soft and mellow whether wet or dry, hence it is much more easily tilled than a heavy black soil. Each settler here has a few head of stock which I found to be rolling fat, and I learn that horses are kept in that condition all through the winter months, simply roaming at will over the broad prairie and feeding on the native grasses.

Two townships were surveyed on this prairie during the past year, and good evidence of the value in which this land is held by those familiar with the conditions here is shown by the fact that nearly every member of the survey party took a homestead.

On the occasion of my first visit at the Slave Lake post on July 22nd, we had new potatoes of fine size and quality from the garden there, and peas, beets, radishes, lettuce, etc., etc., were already an old story, which shows that country to be in the vegetable line, not far behind many places much farther south.

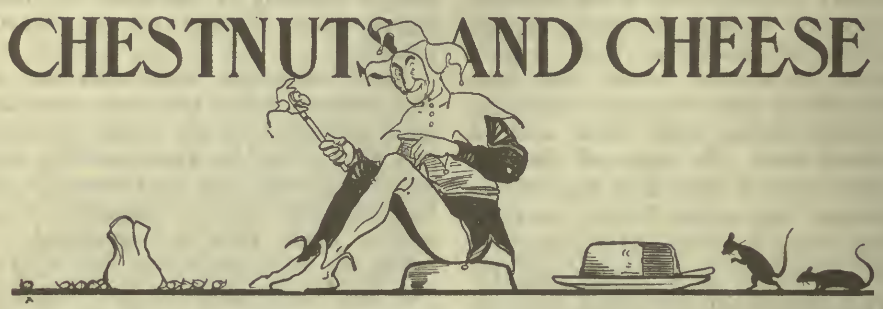
The Answer

By O. N. Mason

THEY sat upon the beach one summer day,
She gazed afar with dreamy, wistful eyes.
What were her thoughts, he wondered—grave or gay?
They must be sweet, for she was very fair.

"A penny for them, dear," he said, and blushed,
Half-shy to venture on a maiden's heart.
But to her rosy lips the answer rushed,
"Gee! ain't it hot? I wisht I hadn't came."

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE



TESTS IN ARTICULATION

TAKE one Scotch and try to say:
She sells sea shells.
It sufficeth us.
Black bugs' blood.
Three gray geese in the green field grazing.
Gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb—see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles in the thick of thy thumb.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

NOT long ago a Calgary man went East to visit the home folks, and among other sights was shown the private stables of a millionaire railroad man.

You know what a millionaire's stables are like nowadays—floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings, and so forth and so on.

"Well, gentlemen," said the millionaire proudly, "is anything lacking?"

The Calgary man took it all in. "I can think of nothing," said he, except a sofa for each horse."

OUT FOR BLOOD

THE bad little boy was reading "Blood and Gore" Library and smoking a cigarette.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" we ask jocosely. "A pirate?"

"Nix," he retorted. "Pirates is lemons these days."

"What, then?"

"A chauffeur," the lad hissed.

HER TACTICS

SHE stood beneath the dim hall-lamp,
"And do I look alright?" asked she.
"Do I? Oh thank you!" and she blushed.
"But does the powder show?" laughed she.
"It doesn't? Really? But—but Ned,
I think you aren't quite close enough
To *really* know," said she.

THE LATE WORM

ENTERTAINING a children's party at a certain millionaire's house, Miss Shedlock, a professional teller of stories to juveniles, happened to employ the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." A little boy questioned the proverb promptly.

"But wasn't the worm foolish," he asked, "to get up early and be caught?"

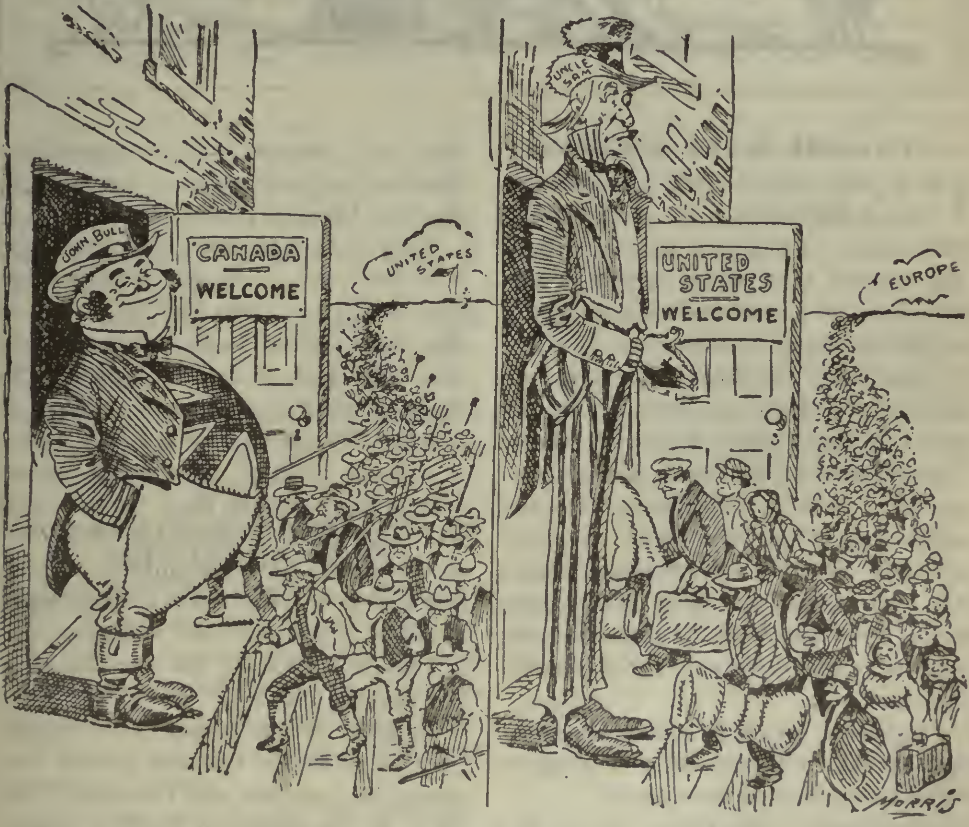
"My dear," said Miss Shedlock, "that worm hadn't been in bed at all. He was just getting home."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

GENERAL Booth, of the Salvation Army, was talking to a reporter. "Are you saved?'' he asked suddenly. The young man flushed, stammered and hesitated.

"Well,'' said the general, "do not despair. There is a chance even for reporters.''

The Immigration Question—Two Points of View



The Spokesman-Review (*Spokane, Washington*) *May 25th* 1907.

Then, discussing prayer, General Booth told a story, a story with a moral.

"There was a young clergyman appointed to a small country town,'' he began, and a short time after his arrival a horsey-looking man in leggings stopped him on the street one day, bowed respectfully, and said in tremulous voice:

" 'If you please, sir, would you mind, next Sabbath, offering up a bit of a prayer for Milly Dean? '

"The minister, of course, assented. The man whose look was worried and haggard, took leave gratefully. And on the next and the two following Sundays Milly Dean was prayed for from the pulpit.

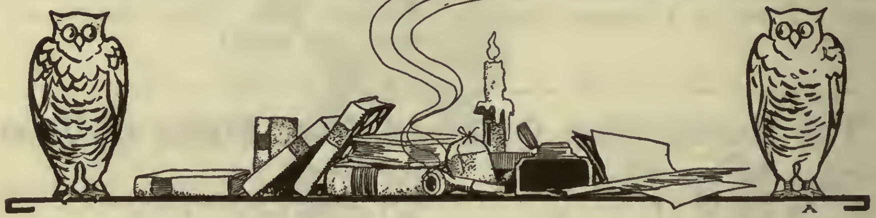
"Then, one afternoon, the man in leggings met the minister again.

"Thank you for them prayers, sir,'' he said; but you needn't pray no more for Milly Dean.'

"Why,' said the other, shocked, is she dead.'

" 'Dead?' said the man in leggings, 'No. She's just won the Blue Ribbon Handicap by a length and a half.''

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



IT'S COOL IN THE ROCKIES

IT is July, friend—July and the daylight shirtwaist and the long cool lemonade—July and a hot wind from the prairies that would melt a can of liquid air or a mother-in-law's charity—July and the lawn mower.

You don't feel like office work, do you? You arn't interested in the customers that come into the store? You're tired of the rattle of the typewriter? You're indifferent to the wheat yield on the south quarter-section? You don't just know what's the matter, but somehow Mary looks tired and the baby's not well and you're almost certain Johnnie is learning to smoke.

One sticky morning somebody comes in and asks, "Where are you going to take your vacation this year?"

Vacation? By Jove! you hadn't thought of it. Wonder how long it would take Mary to pack?

You look off to the west and fancy you see the snow-caps on Mount Rundle and Mount Stephen and Mount Edith, and the shimmer of the wonderfull deep-blue Pacific beyond. You remember the stories of the Cariboo trail. You think of Lake Louise and the cool laziness of the mountain chalets, and you suggest the idea to Mary on the porch in the evening.

You hadn't realized how tired she was, had you? Not until you saw her eyes suddenly shine like two stars in the dusk. You hadn't known how often she had dreamed of seeing the Rockies, until you proposed the possibility. You never realized how weary a woman gets of the same parlor-dining-room-kitchen three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, did you? And you had almost forgotten—almost but not quite—how good a chum Mary could be if you gave her a chance.

The cool Rockies, the dim vistas of the shining peaks at dawn, the tumbling glory of the Fraser River—right here in Western Canada a man can spend his vacation in a Paradise of his own, in the Canadian Rockies, unsurpassed by Alp or Apennine.

Take your Mary or Harriet or Letitia, friend, and try it. You'll find it worth the price, and maybe a bit more.

THE PEACE RIVER TRAIL

THERE are many ways of spelling opportunity in Canada, and one of the newest is "The Peace River

Trail" written by A. M. Bezanson, and recently published at Edmonton, a copy of which we have just received.

Information on this district has heretofore been too meagre to be satisfactory or too exaggerated to be creditable, but Mr. Bezanson's statements are from first-hand experience and are thoroughly reliable, the author having gone with canoe and pack from Hudson's Hope, where the great river breaks foaming from the Rockies, to Fort Vermilion and its flour mills three hundred miles northwest of Edmonton.

The chapters have been written with the express purpose of giving information about the country to those interested and have a businesslike directness and clearness of style that make it especially useful.

The book is fully illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Bezanson himself and other travelers, and is by far the most complete and attractive Peace River guide that has yet appeared in book form.

SUPERINTENDENT BARTLETT ON "THE ANANIAS CLUB"

VERSATILE, energetic President Roosevelt seems to have given his Big Stick a boomerang whirl lately, and there is a possibility that the vigorous "Teddy" may be presently seen sitting on his front lawn rubbing a large and throbbing bump.

At least, Mr. George W. Bartlett, superintendent of the Algonquin National Park, says that he believes—Mr. Roosevelt to the contrary—in the veracity of William J. Long, Ernest Thompson Seton, and other members of the "Nature Fakers' Association," and expresses his belief in "Wild Animals in the Wild." He will tell you why in our August issue.

Naturally, Mr. Bartlett speaks with authority, out of his long experience with the denizens of the forest, and he speaks to the point. If you are familiar with wild life, you will read his opinions, anecdotes and arguments with a personal interest. If you are only amused by the disagreement of the doctors, still you will find "Wild Animals in the Wild" a most readable and entertaining sketch.

CY WARMAN'S "HEATHEN"

WHEN Bannihan, the handsome Irish engineer, came back to his tent and found a note pinned to the flap that told him his "Little Sunbeam" bride of a month was gone with an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company to play "Little Eva," he struck west as disappointed husbands have done before him.

Driving spikes in the Grand Trunk right-of-way on the Upper Athabasca, he met "Singing Bird," the daughter of a Cree chief, and found her buckskin dress covered a truer heart than that which beat under the white woman's organdie.

It is a story that could have originated only in the North and Mr. Warman handles it with his vivid pen until Bannihan, and "Singing Bird," and the fluffy-haired "Little Eva" are real before you, and when "Singing Bird" asks Bannihan if there is no room in his heart for her you feel an answering throb of sympathy. For Bannihan said "No," and how he came to change his mind is the consummation of the tale. It will appear in our August number.

Mr. DUNLOP'S SERIES OF HUNTING SKETCHES

THE first installment of "By Hill and Dale in Manitoba," by R. W. Dunlop of Fairmede, Saskatchewan, will appear in the August number of the Canada West. If you ever heard the "call of the wild" some fresh, crisp September morning as you poured the syrup on your griddle cakes; if you ever looked out of the window and saw the clear, wind-swept, white-flecked autumn sky, and the yellow leaves drifting in the yard, and the ragged outline of the brilliant woodlands in the distance; if you ever turned back and took down your 30-30, and got your wife to put up your lunch, and set off for a day's hunting with spring in your heels and happiness in your heart; if you ever did any of these things, we say, then you will enjoy the series of hunting sketches that will run for half a dozen numbers in THE CANADA WEST.

R. W. DUNLOP

AND BESIDES THESE

THERE will be another article on "American Interests in Canada" by Ernest Cawcroft, the well-known American magazine and newspaper writer who spent some time this last winter traveling in Canada and making a careful study of Canadian conditions. Anything Mr. Cawcroft writes is looked upon in the United States as authoritative and should be of interest to our readers, especially considering the growing friendship between Canadians and Americans. The Billiken series will also be continued in the August number, and the children—golden-haired or gray-pated—who watch for the new sleepy-time story and Miss Pretz's charming illustrations will not be disappointed. Miss Benson has written a pathetic little story of a hunter and his dogs that will appeal to every lover of sport; there will be prose and verse by Miss Purves, Miss Randal and Miss Birchall; there will be various other sketches and stories, and—

Did you ever hear the story of the old Southern mammy who replied to her young mistress' question, "What are you going to do this afternoon, Maum 'Liza?"

"Well, honey, I's des got so many things ter do, I don' know where ter begin fust, an' say, honey, I guess I'll des go lie down awhile."

That's what we said when we looked over our manuscript file with a view to August's CANADA WEST. There are so many good things.

The Editor.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific,is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and greatest West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate the advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired information will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand Club & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

REGINA . . .

The Capital of Saskatchewan

"The Richest Portion of the North West."

(Sir John Macdonald's Description of the Regina District.)

The Distributing Center of the Great West

When you locate a Factory or Warehouse in
Regina you secure a track site from the City
at nominal cost.

$3,000,000 in Buildings
$565,000 in City Improvements

Form part of the Construction Programme in 1907.

If you are interested in a good thing, write for further
information to

H. C. LAWSON

Commissioner and Secretary
Regina Board of Trade

P. O. BOX 494

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REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

Think of this: Regina district has produced a larger average wheat crop during the past seven years than any other point on the American continent. We have wild lands and improved farms adjacent to this growing, important, commercial and railway center.

We have an ideal section of wild land within six miles of Regina and two miles from an elevator. Price, $20.00 per acre.

A finely improved three-quarter section, the largest, best barn in the country on this farm. $37.50 per acre.

Some fine improved farms as low as $30.00 per acre.

We have a good list; above are but samples, also have cheaper lands.

Have some choice blocks of land for sale.

City property.

United States buyers headquarters.

IOWA-CANADIAN LAND COMPANY

C. A. FIELDS, SEC'Y OFFICE: ROSE STREET

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer; a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

City of Saskatoon

Saskatchewan

Population 5500

The greatest and most attractive business center in Western Canada.

Saskatoon's position as the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt, and as Earl Grey says, "The Heart of the British Empire" with railways radiating in every direction, affords it the best shipping facilities in the North West Provinces.

The Grand Trunk Pacific and The C. P. R. have many miles graded east and west of Saskatoon; and each is building a magnificent concrete and steel bridge at this point. It is confidently expected that these lines will be in full operation this coming fall.

The C. N. R. Owns and operates the line running from Regina to Prince Albert.

Saskatoon has the most progressive business men of any city in the West.

Saskatoon has eight hotels; affording the best accommodation that can be had in the West.

Saskatoon has six chartered Banks and a branch of the National Trust Association.

Saskatoon has three large brick modern schools

Saskatoon is the most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg, although the youngest. Assessment in 1905, $750,000; 1906, $2,500,000; in 1907, $6,600,000.

For further information apply to the Commissioner of the Board of Trade.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware;blankets and horse clothing;horseshoes and nails: coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

SASKATOON.

The most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg: situated in the heart of the great and fertile Saskatchewan Valley. The three great transcontinental railways converge at Saskatoon and it must become the great distributing center for an immense district, in the most fertile wheat country in the world. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill, packing plant, shoe factory, soap factory, biscuit factory, agricultural implements factories and wholesale jobbing houses in all lines. Assessment increased from $2,500,000 in 1906 to $6,600,000 in 1907.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

STRATHCONA.

Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins; the market for an exceptionally productive mixed farming district, with abundant fuel, timber, power and water, offers especial advantages to manufacturers, wholesalers, investors and farmers. Strathcona has begun a new era of progress and is receiving a large number of incoming settlers. There are openings here for a biscuit factory, dairying, machinery manufacture, cement block works, a shoe factory, coffee and spice mill, a wholesale grocery, a wholesale drygoods house, an up-to-date hotel would also find a splendid opening.

PRINCE ALBERT

Saskatchewan

The Mixed Farming Center and Natural Distributing Point of Western Canada

The Hudson's Bay Route places Prince Albert foremost among Western cities

Millions of Dollars have been made in the city during the past three or four years

Business Men **ARE** growing rich
Investors **ARE** multiplying their capital
Manufacturers **ARE** attracted by abundant raw material, cheap power

A strong committee now at work

Developing Water Power

which lies at the city's door

Write to The Secretary, BOARD OF TRADE

THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE
OF THE SUNSET
PROVINCES

EDITED · BY ·
HERBERT ·
VANDERHOOF

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF
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Vol. II. No. 4.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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Write to-day for our bulletin No. 2, it tells all about organizing telephone companies and constructing the lines.

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SASKATOON

"The Baby City"—"The Hub of the No. 1 Hard Wheat Belt"

With three transcontinental railroads, and a beautiful and powerful river, Saskatoon is the Mecca for manufacturers, wholesalers and distributers of all kinds, for the farmer who wants the best land there is with lots of railroad competition, and it is consequently the place for the investor to buy

REAL ESTATE

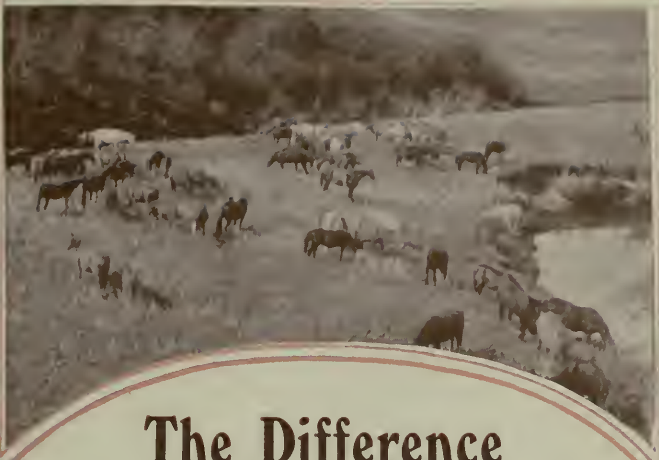
Whether you want a manufacturing site, a warehouse site on trackage, business site of any kind, improved farm or wild land, if you want to get into some business in some of the new towns on the various lines, I have something that will suit you. I've always got something that's good and at home. I'm known as

"THE SNAPMAN"

Write me
Call on me

L. N. LeValley

Saskatoon
Canada



The Difference

between success and failure in farming is frequently marked by irrigation, for it offers to the farmer that assurance of maximum of crops, in all years, that is lacking where the uncertainty of nature's supply is depended upon.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is now offering to intending settlers irrigation farms that will suit them, and they can rest assured that if they live to farm it for fifty years there will never be a crop failure.

If you are interested in very fertile land at low prices, with a certain harvest in all crops every year, we can sell it to you on terms so easy that there is no excuse for any man being without a farm.

Write us for full particulars, and let us tell you how to see Sunny Southern Alberta and this land at very little cost for the trip—let us tell you how to become independent in two years.

Canadian Pacific Irrigation Colonization Company Ltd.

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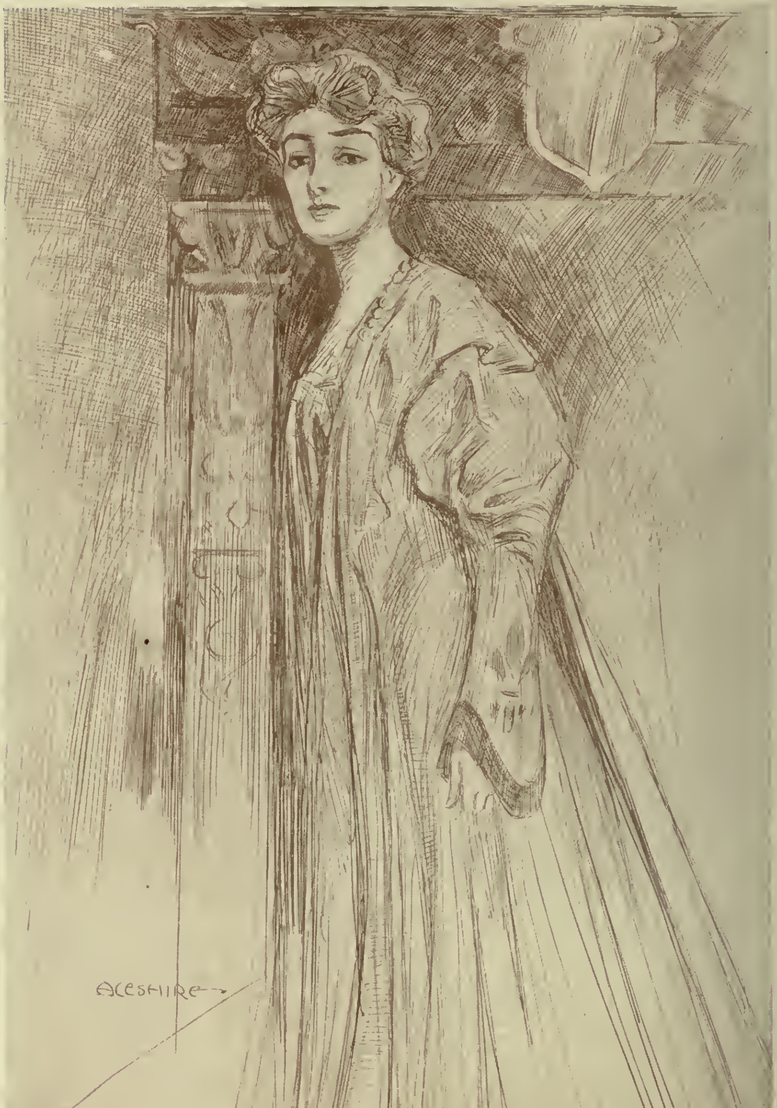
Sales Department, Canadian Pacific Railway
Irrigated Lands



Romaine Eccleston

The Furnace—See Page 458

THE
CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE of the SUNSET PROVINCES
VOLUME II. NUMBER 4

Bartlett on "Nature Fakers"

By Cy Warman

Mr. George W. Bartlett, superintendent of Algonquin National Park, reigning lord, during good behavior, of 2,000 square miles of wilderness, had just finished reading in a June magazine, "Roosevelt on the Nature Fakers."

As I had placed the book in his hands for the purpose of baiting him, I waited now to see how he would take it. He lighted his cigar, puffed twice, then spoke.

"All my life I have lived in the wilderness and the longer I live here, the less I am inclined to discredit any statement made by an eye-witness as to the doings of the wild habitants of the woods.

"I am the father of ten children and I would not hesitate to let them read any and all of the animal stories written by Long, Seton, Roberts, and even the brutal realism of Jack London. Of course, my children are differently situated from most children. They see for themselves. I know they will select what is true, or what they believe to be true, and pass over the fiction. I find myself constantly unlearning, so to speak, and learning things over again. For example, only last year, we discovered a new species of woodpecker. The professors and scientific men recognized the bird at once, but when told that it came from Algonquin Park, they said, 'It can't be so, for this bird does not occur in that locality.' Yet there was the bird in hand.

"Long ago someone asked somebody else what became of the horns shed by the thousands of deer in the Ontario woods, and the wise one, having no other answer, said, 'They bury them.

"One spring day, a gentleman who was here from Washington was walking with me in the woods and we found a fine set of horns. We marked them and the spot where they lay. In the fall I went out to that place and this is all that remained."

As he spoke he took up a ten-inch section of a main stem, one end of which bore tooth marks precisely like the marks made by a beaver on the cut end of a log. The squirrels eat the horns.

"What," I asked "do you think of the absurd story Roberts tells of a lynx let out of a bag, flying in the face of the wolves that had surrounded his captor?"

"Not much, only it is not absurd. A scared, tortured or maddened lynx, in this case would be just as likely to attack the wolves as the man, and more so because coming out of the bag he would in all probability be headed that way. Moreover, a lynx will fight.

"A wolf has been known to leap from his lair and join two dogs who were chasing an antelope. When they had overtaken the antelope, a man following, rode up and beat them off. The wolf showed fight, then sat down and called another wolf and together they rushed for the antelope they had helped to kill and it was not until a horse herder rode to the rescue that the wolves gave up."

"Would a pine marten be safe circulating among a lot of lynx who were feasting on a freshly killed caribou?"

"Perfectly. I question very much whether a lynx would eat pine marten at all, certainly not when he could get caribou."

"Is there anything in the look or cry of a lynx to make a man uncomfortable?"

"The cry of a lynx in a lonely swamp at night is the most blood-chilling sound, I think, that ever smote the ear of man."

"Do you believe a lynx ever shadows a man for half an afternoon?"

"I know that one followed me for the whole of an afternoon. It was in 1892. I was shooting partridge in a large, almost open space, when, shortly after noon I saw a big lynx crouching and slipping along in the edge of the woods that surrounded this open space. I saw the beast so often that it bothered me. It spoiled my shooting. I tried to get a shot at the lynx but it was always too far for the light charge. I circled the entire open field and always, out there in the edge of the green wood, I could see the lynx—not continually of course, but at short intervals. Finally, as the sun sank behind the forest and the shadows of the trees fell across the little open space, I felt *decidedly* uncomfortable.

"By this time Mr. Lynx was becoming less afraid and now, leaving off partridge shooting, I watched my chance and as he crept across a little avenue in the underbrush, I gave him the contents of one barrel. I saw he was badly hit and rushed at him and finished him with the other barrel.

"Now, when I tell you (and Mrs. Bartlett will verify this) that when I took the two front feet of this beast in my hands, pulling a paw over either shoulder, his long body dangling down my back, his hind feet touched the ground, you will understand that he was no toy lynx, for I stand 6 feet two and a half inches without shoes."

"What about Mr. Long's wolf killing the caribou calf with a single bite in the breast?"

"Not only possible but quite probable. A wolf following a leaping long-legged calf could very easily snap and crush his breast and kill him at a single stroke. I would not say he could do this with the caribou bull, but I would not say it was impossible. See how very small the mouth of that mink is, yet he can strike, and kill at one blow a Plymouth Rock rooster whose head towers two feet above the ground, biting him, always, through the back of the head. I would also say that it would be perfectly natural for a wolf, having given a caribou a death wound, to sit down and wait for the caribou to fall. These wolves are wise. They are the greatest source of danger here, for they destroy the deer. We have watched them, and almost invariably but one wolf does the murder. If the deer attempted to cross one of the numerous lakes there would be two outriders, one on either side, with a third wolf following the doomed deer. If the deer turns on his pursuer the two flanking wolves sit down and wait. Having driven the pursuing wolf back down the blood-stained trail, the deer turns and makes another effort to escape. Now the two wolves gallop alongside. The wolf, who has been chosen to do the deed, does not rush at once in pursuit. He lets the deer get a good start and then, with a dozen long leaps, he has him, not by the throat or flank, but (especially if the snow be deep) by the ham. When at last the beaten deer falls, the others rush in and they all feast together."

"Will an animal hit in the heart always drop?"

"No. Once I wanted some deer meat for bait—that is to poison and put out for the wolves. I took that British rifle there and walked over there to the gravel pit where a fine buck stood. I wanted to make it as easy as possible for the poor deer who was about to be sacrificed for his brothers' sake, so I aimed deliberately at his heart. At the crack of the rifle he lifted his head and tail and galloped away, leaping lightly over the trunks of fallen trees. My wife and three other ladies had followed me and Mrs. Bartlett laughed at my markmanship.

"Well, I had never in all my life missed a simple shot like that. Even if I had failed to hit his heart, I must have hit him and shot him through and through. And yet he had gone away with his flag flying, despite the testimony of all the wise men of the woods that a wounded deer invariably drops his tail when he is hard hit. I followed him over the little hill—212 yards from the gravel pit and found him down, but kicking, struggling, trying to get to his feet and so much alive that I was obliged to put a bullet through his brain to end his suffering. The post mortem revealed the fact that I had not only hit his heart but had actually torn two inches of it away. As London's old Indian said of the white man, 'You can't never tell what an animal will do.'

"That blood-drinker," he continued, pointing to the mounted mink above his door, "broke into a cage in daylight and could not be frightened off. I rushed to this room, about one hundred feet away and grabbed a gun, and when I got back he had killed half a dozen pheasants and five bantam chickens. A smaller mink got into another cage, and although I was whacking him with a stick he kept on killing. My stick was light and I turned to take a broom brought by one of the employees. By this time he had murdered half a dozen pheasants and even as I brought the broom stick down he struck and killed a fine golden pheasant. When a wild animal is maddened, either by being punished or by tasting blood, there is no stopping him.

"Upon another occasion I set a trap for a mink, in which a meat bird or whiskey-jack was caught. An ermine came along and began to eat the bird when a companion and I came upon him. I beat him off, not caring to kill him, in order to reset the trap, but he would not leave. Again and again he flew at the trap. Finally in disgust, I held out the set trap and half believing he would do it, dared him to tackle the machine. Now if you stop to reason, you would say it is inconceivable that the foolish little varmint would do a thing so senseless. Yet I tell you he fairly leaped into the open jaws of that trap, tripped it and was caught and killed, and I can produce a witness to the suicide."

Mr. Bartlett, as already set down, has passed the greater part of his life in the woods. He is in sympathy with all the children of the Wild. From his attic window, he watches the mother bird teaching her babes to fly, the wild duck showing the duckling how to swim, and he sees nothing absurd in Mr. Long's kindergarten and considers it quite natural for a caribou cow to put her calf over the jumps.

All dwellers of the Canadian Wilderness who have read Mr. Roosevelt's roast (and all Canadians read, and respect our versatile President), are moved to smile when he compares a real live lynx to a house cat. They feel that my friends in Colorado have been showing a very inferior brand of bob cat and calling it a lynx.

Twice within the past year, the telegraph has told of a lynx attacking a man. In one case the varmint invaded the right of way and sprung upon a Grand Trunk track-walker, ripped him down the front and up the back, and nearly killed him before he was rescued by another traveler.

There has never been a President in the White House so universally admired by Canadians as the present occupant. They do not question his bravery, but they insist that in his acquaintance with the lynx, he has never been up against the real thing.

They say to me, "Let him come up into Canada, when he loses his job, go into the woods afoot and alone, and listen to the blood-curdling cry of a Canadian lynx in a lonely rain-swept swamp; and then, if he hold his nerve, let him advance and lay hold of the tufted terror of Temagami, and he'll have the fight of his life."

And the saddest part of this prophecy is that when its all over, there'll be no eye-witness to write it up, for the Canadian lynx is hopelessly illiterate.

What I Expect to Find in Canada

By Karl Edwin Harriman

Editor The Red Book and Blue Book Magazines

IN New Mexico I met a man. He sat in the shade of a red water-tank, his leather-bound *sombrero* pulled low over his eyes, his knees pressing his breast, his bronze, slim-fingered hands clasped over them. In the distance, trembling under a turquoise sky, clustered a little group of glistening 'dobies, like clean pop-corn on a sheet of dun wrapping paper. Between the dozing man and the somnolent houses, a herd of goats idled, browsing the sand. A lizzard, like a bit of live emerald, crept over the sleeper's foot and awakened him.

"Howdy," said he to me.

"Howdy," said I to him.

Then he rolled a cigarette, languidly, with one hand, drawing the string of the tobacco bag with his teeth.

"Live here?" I asked, blankly.

"Live here!" he exclaimed, "Here!"

The land, if sensate, would have shrivelled under the scorn of his reply.

"M' friend," said he, "they don't *anybody live* here. Folks just *is* here, that's all."

So, side by side, in the shade of the water-tank, we sat until the purple shadows crept out of the east and the ghosts of the cacti lengthened on the sand, the while the man who only *was* told me how it had come to pass.

"Y' see," he said, musingly, "m' brother was sick and I came down here with him—that *was* two years ago. *He* got well—an' *I* got sick—got it off'n him—an' now *I've* got to stay—"

"And he?" I asked.

"He's gone home."

His chin went down on his breast as he said it, and his eyes looked not out, but in.

"It's where I want to go, you see," he added, as if to himself—"I want to go home."

It was the old, old, sob—the sob of the lost child overtaken by the shadows that steal out of the east when the sunlight goes, the shadows that cannot be escaped, the stealthy silent shadows, mute heralds of the coming night.

He told me then where "home" was—a little town in Western Canada, north of Edmonton, "smuggled close to the hills," he said.

To me, who loved the desert and all its magic, it was a strange thing, this longing in the man's eyes, the tremor of his chin. He reached out a hand and the long, slim fingers closed upon my arm like steel bands.

"Don't you see," he went on—"don't you see—it's the old story, friend, wantin' the thing you can't have—the thing you know you never can have—and just *knowin'* it makes you want it all the more. And it ain't only because it's 'home'."—He shook his head and the pale ghost of a smile flickered about his lips.

"It's the call of the land—most of all it's that—the call of the land—Listen:— Did you ever hear it—the call of that land up at the north? It ain't like the call of any other land on earth. There's a different note to it—just as there's a different smell to the land itself. Up there, a man's what he is—God Almighty gives him the things to work with and tells hin to 'go ahead.' It's up to him, friend—only I guess God helps—up there—more'n he does anywhere else in the world. It's jes' man and God a-playin' the game to win—and you can't lose with God for a partner, can you?"

I shook my head. A different light was in his eyes as he turned to me, something of that light which lies in a lover's eyes, perhaps—a lover whose soul is tempered by the rejection of his love.

"Sometimes I've woke up over in that 'dobe'"—he pointed—"when it was so still you could hear your pulse beatin' an' the blood throbbin' in your ears—and heard it—the call—seems 's if I'd have to get right up then and there, and follow it off to the north and on, and on, till I got to where it sounded from—up yonder. And I'd lay still and seems 's if I could almost smell them little pale flowers that come up along the creeks after the snow goes—and the whole world—up yonder—lays smilin' in the sunshine. And it ain't like any other sunshine in the world, either, friend—the sunshine of the land up there! It's cleaner, and sweeter and there's a sort of a smell to it, too, and you can fair taste it—*that* sunshine. The breeze that blows down from the mountains sends your blood a-leapin' through you till you r'ar up and swear you'll tackle the biggest job on earth—and do it!—M' friend, if only to-night—this—one night—I could feel that breeze on my face—square in my face—I'd be satisfied to lay over in that 'dobe' till the bell rings, and nobody'd hear me complain. "You've been up there, though, aincha?"

I shook my head.

"Never," said I.

"What! You mean to say you ain't never been up there—Alberta, Saskatchewan—not even Manitoba?"

I shook my head again, shamedly, in the face of his wonder.

"Well, what d'yeh think of that?" he exclaimed, sinking back in the sand again and making a metallic sound with his tongue against his teeth. "Say," he turned to me suddenly, "you mean you ain't ever seen the wheat field up there—in the north?"

"Never," I confessed.

"They're a great yellow ocean," he ran on, plucking at his corduroy and gazing off across the sand to where, perhaps, he saw the golden grain swaying in the wind, rippling and swishing with the sound of rustling silk.

"More wheat'n there is in all the world, I guess, wheat to feed everybody—and the land dyin' to bring out more. That's how it's different from what it is. They dig holes, out here, lookin' for gold, 'n' there the gold stands up on the top of the ground. You don't have to dig to find the gold up there—just scratch.

"It's when night comes I feel it most, when the stars pop out and look as if you could reach up 'n' pick 'em—maybe the breeze that freshens when the sun goes down—the breeze that blows from the north, brings the scent of it on its wings.

"I don't know—but it's there, and, God! friend, it don't seem 's if I could stand it another day. It's the best old land there is on earth—it's so sort o' friendly to you. It won't let you get down-hearted 'n' blue. It sort o' slaps you on the back and says 'buck up'. And you do, and you win—say—"

He turned squarely to me—

"The folks up there are different too—seems to me. I don't know how 'tis, but there are days when I've been fair faintin' from the heat on this sand, that it seemed if only I could take hold of a hand—the hand of any one of the folks up there; it'd sorter cool me off like nothing else in the world. 'Course it's a frontier country, but it's a different sort of frontier than ever was before. There ain't any shootin' up towns in it, nor gamolin' houses, nor dance halls nor things like that. There's always been the law up there—Hudson's Bay Company first, then the Mounted Police—besides, folks haven't had time to grow bad men. The folks sorter feel the closeness of God to 'em and that sorter kept 'em peggin' away, doing their day's work to-day—wiping out the wilderness. The spirit of the land's different. It's a big, strong, brave land and its spirit is the spirit of the people on it—big, strong, clean people with the love of God in their hearts that lets 'em do their work without yellin' about it—whether it's clearin' a section or runnin' a railroad through the awfulest mountains you ever saw. Home folks—that's what they are—home folks."

Off in the distance a whistle sounded. —"That's your train, ain't it?" he asked, and ran on rapidly—"Say, on the level, friend, go up there some day—won't you—don't make any difference where—Winnipeg on through—and see if I've been lying."

So I promised him.

"When you come back this way ask for "Skinny" Thurber—that's me. If I'm here I'll tell you some more about it—and if I ain't here you'll know I've gone back home."

And the last impression I had of the little desert station was of him leaning against one of the sprawling legs of the red water-tank, waving me a feeble farewell.

* * *

It was one day three weeks later that chance brought me back "that way." I asked a swart Mexican where Skinny Thurber might be. He gave me a covert glance and pointed to where—five rods away—was a little mound of sand, marked by a Cairn supporting a crude cross of wood. Then I knew, and beside the grave I stood as again the shadows lengthened and the western sky changed from gold to amethyst. Skinny had gone home—and that was all—home to the land "that won't let you get down-hearted," where the golden ocean ripples in the clear sunlight and the breeze that comes down from the mountains makes you want to "r'ar up." And I remembered my promise that I would one day visit that land just to learn "he wasn't lying." And thither now I am bound—to find the soil that lured the soul of "Skinny" Thurber.

I want to meet, face to face, those men and women with the clear, far-seeing eyes, who are hewing out an empire north of the line, clearing the wilderness, blazing the way of civilization—men and women whose daily lives and daily work are epics, splendid real dramas played in a wide-open out-of-doors land that is the theatre of the last contest between man and nature on this continent.

A Plotter of Peace

By Mary Wheelwright Mitchell

TEDDY woke up early.

Teddy always woke up early, and usually the whole house knew about it. It was part of the waking up that he should slip out of his crib, and creep, cr–ee–p, cr–ee–p mouse into Daddy's room, and crawl up on the high bed very softly until he was right on Doddy's big chest, and then—

"Oo–oo–wow."—right in Daddy's ear.

Yes, the whole house usually knew about it.

But to-day was different. Yesterday had been different, too, and the day before that, and oh, forty-'leven days before *that* too. 'Most a week, Teddy guessed.

Everything had been so still. Daddy had been down town all day and all day, and never whistled once when he came to the top of the home hill. And Mamma had been so quiet, and when he asked for a "laugh-story," she said, "Not to-day, dear," and pretty soon he had seen a big, wet tear splash down on her sewing. And he hadn't been kissed good-night, either. Usually Mamma kissed one cheek while Daddy kissed the other. But things had been still when he went to bed, and she and Daddy had sat up 'most all night in the library, talking, and since then they hadn't talked at all. Oh dear! was it going to be so still always?

Teddy chewed the corner of the sheet, and thought. He was only five, but he knew lots of ways to make Daddy laugh. Dandelion chains were nice, and then there was the time he caught the turtle—

He knew! He'd take Daddy fishin'. That would fix it.

For there had been mornings when Teddy hadn't waked up before any-one else—when the first thing he knew was Daddy's picking him out of his crib in one strong arm, and saying, "Where's your duds, Brother?"

And then there was the delight of Daddy's creeping very softly down the back stairs, not to wake Mamma, and the cool of the cool air on Teddy's face, and the swing of Daddy's long stride. Teddy always went to sleep on the way, and never woke up until they were in the punt and Daddy was trying to button him up. Somehow Daddy never remembered to bring all the things, and never knew which ones came first, but that didn't matter, 'cause they were out after the Big Ones.

And so they always paddled out to the very middle of the misty lake, skirted 'round Bass Island, and found the very best place, between two big socks called Aaron and Moses. Daddy sat in the stern, big and bearded and humped in the fog, with a Big One on his hook, and Teddy sat in the bow, and tried to keep still when he saw the line jiggle.

Pretty soon there were a whole lot of Big Ones in the bottom of the punt, and Daddy paddled back to the beach. Generally he let Teddy carry the willow switch with all the Big Ones on it up through the dewy pastures to the house where Mamma was waiting.

Mamma always said, "Well! where *have* you men been? What a lovely catch!" And then she buttoned up all the places that Daddy had missed, and washed Teddy's face, and then —M–m! the bacon sizzled in the hot spider, and the bass were rolled in yellow corn-meal and cooked. Teddy always had a whole one on the plate Daddy had used when he was a little boy, with the yellow chickens on it and the Leghorn rooster eating the worm. And Daddy always went around the table, and kissed Mamma, and said, "Well, Milly, this is fun!"

Yes sir! he and Daddy must go fishin'.

Buttons are mysterious things to five-year-old fingers, but Teddy slipped out of his crib and struggled manfully with them. He wasn't sure about part of them, but anyhow all he could reach were fastened somewhere when he crawled softly down the stairs and out through the woodshed into the yard, carefully shutting the door behind him.

It was very queer out-of-doors so early. Brindle was asleep in one corner of the yard with her black muzzle on the grass, snoring as she slept. The cream-colored Brahmas were all sitting up in the balm-o'-Gilead trees like rumply white snow-balls, and the grass was white with dew, and the sky was almost white with little pinky flecks in it over Big and Little Ossipee Mountains. It was still out here, too, and Teddy hurried to drag the big potato-fork out of the barn to dig bait in the soft, fresh-plowed vegetable gardens.

It was hard work, but he put his stubby little shoe on the fork, and pushed and pushed. By and by he got a big clod turned over, and there was a fat worm twisting on the other side of it. Then he found another, and another, until pretty soon he had 'most a whole lot of bait.

He looked down into the can critically, and guessed he had enough. He would go up and wake up Daddy and—but the spring catch of the the door had fastened behind him as he had shut it. He was locked out. Two big tears gathered in Teddys blue eyes, but he wouldn't cry—he wouldn't cry. Never mind. He'd wait until Daddy came out, and then he'd show him what a lovely lot of bait he had. He was so tired—so tired—he'd show Daddy—

Teddy, with his head on the top step, and the can clasped in his stained little fingers, was fast asleep.

In the house the clock was pointing around to seven, and Daddy looked at his watch wearily. Here was another day starting out—another day just like yesterday and the day before, and the day before that—ever since Millicent had found that foolish letter. He knew he had been a fool, but at any rate, he hadn't been anything worse. If Millicent would only think so!

Across the hall, Mamma, with sleepless, hollow eyes, went into Teddy's little room to wake him.

"Oh!" she gasped, seeing the empty crib. "Well, I suppose he has gone in to see his father," came the second thought, and she turned curtly away.

But she felt uneasy, and when Daddy came heavily down to breakfast, which she had grimly prepared, she broke her silence in alarm.

"Where's Teddy?"

"Teddy?" responded the man. I haven't seen him."

The two looked at each other accusingly, and then, moved by a common impulse, both turned toward the stairs.

"Wait. I'll go," said Daddy, and he went up two steps at a time.

But Teddy wasn't upstairs, and he wasn't downstairs. They went from room to room, slowly at first, then almost running; calling, pleading, coaxing. He must be hiding somewhere. In a minute he would pop out from under the sofa, or behind a curtain.

"Teddy, Teddy, dear!" rang Mamma's voice with a break between the words.

"Teddy! Teddy, old man!" called Daddy, but there was no answer.

"Could he have gone out-of-doors?" asked Mamma at last, and together they went to the door.

Rosy, dirty, sound asleep, Teddy lay on the step, long eyelashes resting on his round cheek, damp rings of hair curling about his forehead, and the can of bait clasped in his little hand.

With a cry, Daddy crumpled the baby in his arms, can and all, and Teddy stirred sleepily.

"Daddy—go—fishin'—kiss Mamma—" He got no further, for Daddy had gathered Mamma in a bunch, and was kissing her as if he never would stop kissing—her hair and eyes and lips. And Mamma was crying and sobbing out Daddy's name, while a red angle-worm crawled on her collar.

Teddy wriggled down, and stood off, regarding them. Then—

"Aren't you going to kiss me, too?" he asked.

HE PUT HIS STUBBY LITTLE SHOE ON THE FORK, AND PUSHED AND PUSHED

FUTURE CANADIAN CITIZENS

On the left is a newly arrived Doukhobor woman with her child; at the top are ten sturdy daughters of Galicia; and at the bottom are five of the militant sons of Hungary

A Paternal Corporation

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Pacific Railway

By E. Cora Hind

PAPER NO. 2

BRITAIN'S dominions overseas exist to-day because of the power of her young men in all periods of her history to see visions and dream dreams.

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly
in the man-stifled town,
We yearned beyond the skyline where
the strange roads go down."

It was the irresistible longing for the strange roads that in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company brought to the Northwest not only men to do the routine work of that great corporation, but men who traveled and explored, and missionaries who counted their lives well lost if they might bring the Gospel of the Christ to the Indians of the strange new world. The travelers, explorers and missionaries have all left behind them records that show they had seer's vision, though perhaps few, if any of them, possessed the prophet's tongue of flame to proclaim the wonders of the Great Lone Land as a home for future millions.

In the light of present-day development, the journal of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the quaint and formal reports to the superiors of the order, written in classic French by more than one missionary son of a noble house of France, the yearly reports of the Church of England Missionary Society, or an ancient volume of the "Methodist Magazine" of England, all show the writers to have been gifted with prophesy when the Canadian West as a home for settlers was the theme. These men traveled over the great plains, toiled up and down the rivers and across the lakes in canoe or york-boat and even crossed the mountains on foot with pack trains, and it is hardly a surprise that men of such heroic mould were impressed with the glory and the splendor of the "great spaces washed with sun."

The herds of buffalo naturally suggested domestic cattle, the luxuriant prairie grasses, often breast high, promised marvels of productiveness when once the land was broken to the plow. The missionaries, indeed, were pioneers or agriculture as well as of the Gospel and to them is due in no small measure, the knowledge of what the country could produce, which was of such material assistance to the early settlers,

Lord Selkirk was yet another who dreamed of empire and he has also the first to put into actual practice a definite scheme of immigration. The struggles of that first colony of immigrants have often been told, and will be told a thousand times again, but their place is not here. The Dawson route was built as an immigration road. and indeed, at every foot of the way from the time that Britain took over the country from the Hudson's Bay Company the idea of immigration and colonization seems to have been paramount. When the transcontine tal road was mooted, though to a few perhaps, it meant a short route to China and India, to the men who planned and prayed for it, it meant a means of getting settlers into the country. To the men who finally built

AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A DOMINION HOMESTEAD OFFICIAL AT PRINCE ALBERT the road it was an immigration scheme, an immigration road, and it is in that aspect that it will be dealt with in this paper.

After the opening of the road in 1886 there was a period of six years in which immigration was so small that no official records were kept.

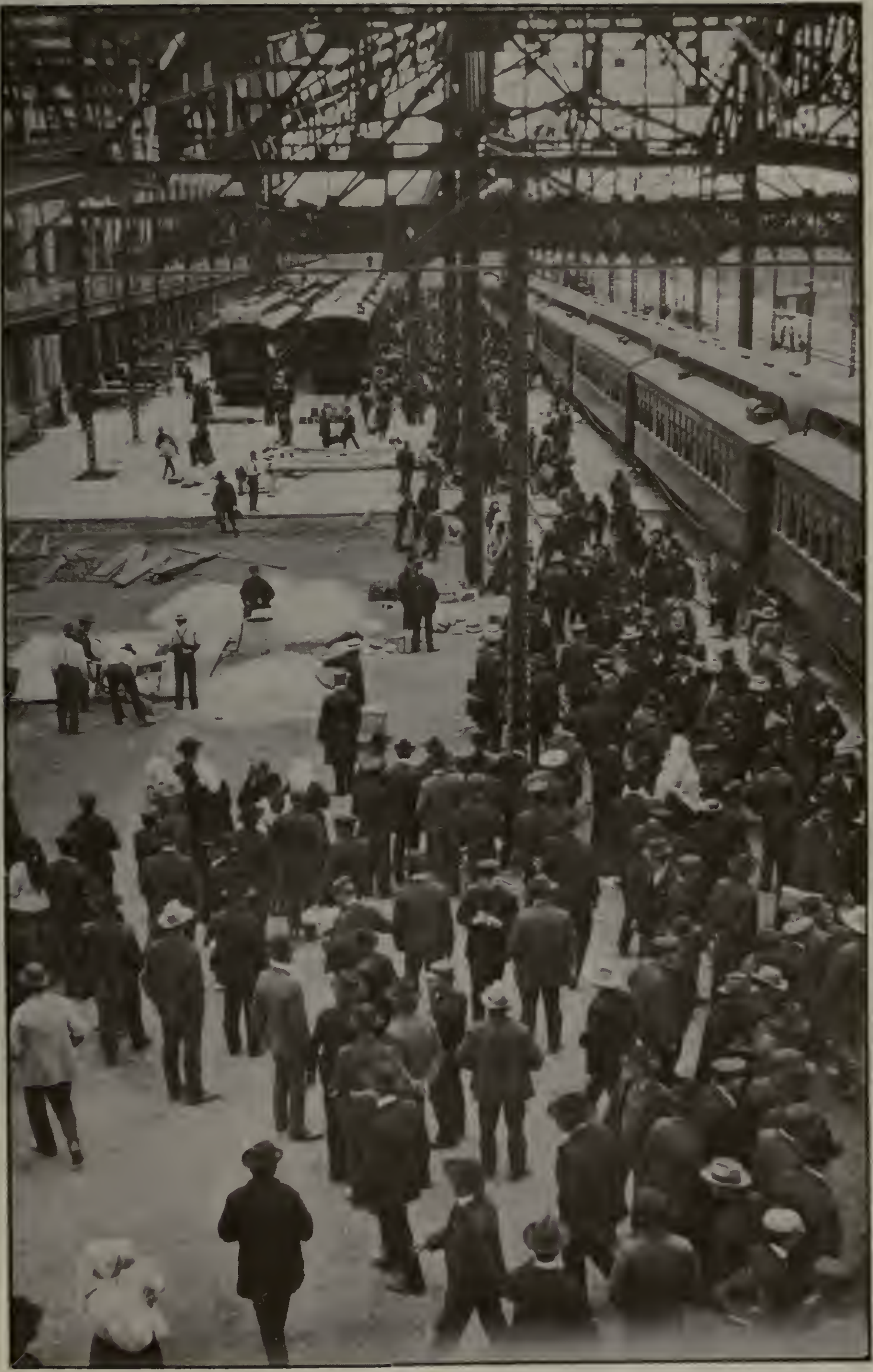
Though this was doubtless a great disappointment to the promoters of the road it was a matter very easily accounted for The reports of the rebellion of 1885 had been spread all over the world, ignorance of the geography of the country led to the most gross misrepresentations as to the extent of the territory affected and it required years of hard work to overcome the prejudice thus created. The work of the Canadian Pacific as an immigration road really dates from 1892. From that year down to May first,1907,the company carried into the country 848,179 settlers, and of that number 125,000 were brought across the Atlantic in the company's own steamers.

When the immigration movement first started the company had no steamships of its own. Now it has a fleet of ten ocean liners with a total passenger capacity of 1000 first class, 135 second class, and 10,000 steerage passengers. At the head of the fleet are the two splendid passenger boats the Empress of Britain and the Empress of Ireland.

For the carrying of immigrants a special class of train service had to be arranged. In 1887 the company did not possess even one colonist sleeper. To-day there are 1,178 of these cars in use and in the past fifteen years 18,848 have been required in the transportation of immigrants from the Atlantic seaboard to their destination. These cars are unsuited to any other class of traffic and therefore represent an enormous outlay for immigration purposes alone. The cars are of the most modern type, are fitted with excellent ranges, and passengers can make themselves very comfortable by bringing light mattresses and blankets with them. It is not considered an ideal way of traveling in these days, but it is greatly superior to what princes of the Blood Royal could command a century ago. Immigrant trains are especially well officered, and considering the distance traveled and the number carried, the complaints registered are very few and very far between. Such a thing as women, who are traveling alone, suffering inconvenience or molestation is absolutely unknown in the company's history. Canadian Pacific Railway colonist sleepers may not be palatial, but they are absolutely safe, clean and decent.

The immigration into Western Canada has been of the most varied character — British, German, Icelandic, Mennonite, Galician, Hungarian, Syrian, French, Spanish, Italian—and, indeed, so motley is the assortment that a contractor who had hired 350 laborers from the immigration offices once declared that he had every nation under heaven represented, and two or three whose lingo nobody knew. The multiplicity of languages spoken has added tenfold to the difficulties of the railway and the Dominion Government immigration officials in handling the thousands that year after year have poured into the West. In passing it might be said that the Dominion Government organized the immigration policy that has proved so effective and Immigration Commissioner J. Obed Smith and his staff work hand in hand with the Canadian Pacific Railway in getting the newly arrived safely and comfortably to destination. The staff of interpreters employed by both Government and railway would make a very decent little colony all by themselves.

In addition to the safe transport of immigrants there is the transport of settlers' effects, and some idea may be gathered of what a gigantic task this is from the fact that in the year 1906 5,930 cars of settlers' effects passed through Winnipeg westward and in the March of that year 1,979 cars were forwarded. In addition to the cars of effects there are all the cars of individual baggage. The newly arrived immigrant almost invariably has an extraordinary number of "boxes."



THE ARRIVAL OF AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN AT WINNIPEG

The heaviest day of which there is any record in Winnipeg shows that 22,503 pieces of baggage passed through the baggage rooms at Winnipeg. The amount of lost baggage is a mere bagatelle when compared with the amount handled. The huge baggage rooms at Winnipeg are a study in themselves on a day when say, from three to five immigrant specials arrive. It is not only the number of pieces but the grotesque character of the packages that attracts attention.

It would be interesting to know just how many of the three quarters of a million of immigrants carried on the company's line have settled on company lands, but this is something the railway officials have never bothered to keep track of. It must be a goodly percentage, for up to 31st May, 1907, 10,217,029 acres of the company's original grant of 25,000,000 acres had been sold. The average price for the twenty years was $3.97 per acre, or roughly they have received, for less than half of their grant, the neat sum of $40,000,000, and it is easy guessing that the remaining 15,000,000 acres is worth, owing to the increase in population and the development of the country, fully five times as much.

For the eleven months of the present year, ending May 31st (the close of the year is June 30th) the company sold 843,691.29 acres at an average of $5.79; in 1906 the average was $5.83, the highest average yet attained for their lands, but the sales of June will probably put 1907 in the front rank in price. In 1887 the amount of land sold was 59,993 acres and the average price was $3.39.

TYPICAL BRITISH IMMIGRANTS AT WINNIPEG

The Canadian Pacific Railway is fulfilling the promise of its promoters and bringing immigrants by the thousand, but from the traveler through the Canadian West the question is ever, "Where have these eight hundred and forty eight thousand, one hundred and seventy-nine people gone to?" The country is so vast they have been swallowed up and the cry is ever for more, and still more.

Stand some bright day in August on the verge of a three-thousand-five-hundred or a seven-thousand acre wheat field, that stretches like a sea of palest gold as far as the eye can see, and listen to the wheat. What is the sibilant whisper that is repeated over and over, in varying tones? It is the single word "come." Country and railway alike say "Come," for you will find "fat pasture and good and the land is wide, and quiet and peaceable."

The Maid and the Mirage

By Frank D. Faber

"CURIOUS" said Mr. Julius Q. Tedge, laying down the paper. "Extremely curious!"

He picked up the sheet and looked at it again, studying a certain paragraph headed, "Interesting Scientific Phenomenon. Mirage Seen by Cascawasca Farmer. The Pretty Girl and the Dinner-Bell."

Mr Tedge checked off the items one by one.

Farmhouse. Boy driving home cows. Girl pouring water off a kettle of steaming potatoes, and ringing dinner bell. Farmer climbing over fence and hurrying in to supper. Boy following from barn. And all these interesting phenomena had been seen in a mirage by a Cascawasca farmer, a man named Lurkins—Lurkins, mind you!—who probably could not appreciate them at all. The thing needed closer investigation, scientific appreciation, accurate and detailed description. Mr. Tedge felt he was the man to give it.

Still he prided himself on his caution, and it was not until he had actually located Cascawasca on the map and read over all his old atlas said about mirages, on page three hundred and three that he decided to trace the matter down.

Julius Q. Tedge also prided himself on his open mind. He was quite sure that there was no man in the moon, for instance, yet he had some hopes that some ambitious Canadian railroad man might possibly get a charter for a Luna-Mundane Air Line n the near future, or start a traffic monopoly on Mars. In short, he had an imagination, and he pictured that mirage with keen delight.

That evening he went down to the Public Library and read up on mirages. He did not learn much. Indeed, the subject appeared quite elusive and the cases quoted as authentic did not seem to have anything very solid for a basis. One authority, Professor Jarman of Sagebrush City University, had drawn a portrait of a mirage from an account rendered him, but naturally, being secured at second-hand, the features were somewhat sketchy.

Next morning Julius Q. Tedge packed his suitcase, rolled up an A-tent and camping outfit, slung his camera over his shoulder, and set out to hunt the mirage to its lair.

"Really a most important opportunity," he mused as the train clickety-clicked over the rail-joints. "A photograph of a mirage." He spent most of the rest of the journey in devising alliterative headlines. By the time he had driven out to Mr. Lurkins' farm, he had composed one leading article and begun on the scientific treatise.

Mr. Lurkins was not exactly at the plow, like Agricola, but he was splitting kindling at the rear of his cottage with peculiar emphasis.

Julius held out his hand. "Mr. Lurkins, I am proud to make your acquaintance," said he.

"Whack!" from the axe.

"Ungh!" from Mr. Lurkins.

"Yes sir," continued Julius, "I have read the account of your unusual experience in the *Courier*, reprinted from the *Cascawasca Gazette*, and wished to see you personally, as I am much interested in such phenomena."

Mr. Lurkins grunted once more. "Well, I ain't," he remarked succinctly. "No more mirages for me. I'm done with 'em. Them's the very words I've been a-sayin' to about fifty-four reporters an' a hundred other folks, men, women an' children, who don't seem ter hev nothin' ter do but gad around and bother other folks. You can read the piece in the *Gazette* all you want ter, but you can't get another word out o' me." And the axe came down again.

"Er—really, I don't wish you to do so, I'm sure," said Julius. "But have you considered the scientific importance of the matter? It is of inestimable value to the world that this unexplored subject should be reduced to principles? Principles, sir, are of the utmost importance. You, as possessing especial knowledge, should not withhold it. It is an error, sir—yes, almost a crime, to keep back your peculiar experience from the world."

"Keepin' back nothin'!" said Mr. Lurkins, roused. "If anybody wants that mee-rage, I s'pose it's floatin' around som'ers o' 'nother where it was before. The Government can go up to Goosetail Creek a ' set in a skeeter patch an' wait for the darned thing ter come out again if it wants ter. I don't know nothin' about it. All I say is, I don't want ter be bothered out'n house an' home answerin' a lot o' fool questions."

"Do you judge it probable that I might secure a view of it myself?" inquired Mr. Tedge. "In fact, that is what I came here to do."

"Dunno. She may be in Japan now, or busted up. I ain't responsible for her. I'm a butcher by trade, an' don't deal in mirages. I saw it, as the *Gazette* says, about twenty mile straight east on Goosetail Creek, if you don't know. I wisht someone 'ud call me a straight liar an' take the consequences. Suit me a darned sight more."

"My dear sir," said Tedge, "I believe every word you say, but I want to see this mirage for myself, secure a photograph of it, and make a critical study of the phenomenon. I'll get a rig and stay at Goosetail Creek till I do see it, if necessary."

Mr. Lurkins softened visibly as he saw Julius climbing into his buggy.

"Well, here's luck to you," he said. "You look like a truthful man, but if you ever get a squint at that mirage, I can tell you your reputation won't be no higher in consequence."

Goosetail Creek was apparently uninhabited, except for a thriving population of jack-rabbits and mosquitoes, both of which became very sociable on first acquaintance. But Tedge camped patiently near a spring, stayed out of doors on every possible occasion, and tried to watch all four quarters of the sky at once. After the novelty of the first few days had worn off, he began to think chasing mirages was not such an easy way f earning a niche in the Hall of Fame as he had imagined. Besides, he had a stiff neck.

Therefore, he rather welcomed a freckle-faced, chunky boy in overalls who came casually into camp, hitching up his one suspender as he walked, and remarked, "Say, mister, you lookin' fer anythin?"

"Why yes," said Tedge, with a glance at the sky. "I'm trying to secure a photograph of a mi age."

"Gee!" said the boy. "You'd better clear out of this mighty quick. Pa got a half squint at you last night an' he says he's goin' ter make you scoot like Sam Hill."

"I was not aware that I was trespassing," protested Tedge.

"Ner you ain't" responded the boy. "Pa thinks you're a bailiff, or else come courtin' Susie Jane."

"But he's mistaken," said Julius. "I'm simply waiting to photograph the mirage that has been seen in this vicinity."

"You don't say! Well, one o' the

other fellers that come here said he come fer the ozone. Pa said that excuse was too blamed thin, an' chased him four miles with a shot gun."

Mr. Tedge did some rapid thinking. "Can you use a quarter?" he inquired thoughtfully.

Bud owned an engaging grin. "Sometimes," he said.

"Well, if you'll go and tell your father that I have no idea of seizing any of his furniture, or courting the—er—the young lady, I think possibly I could find one for you."

"Phew!" whistled Bud. "How'm I to know you ain't just talking Say, gimme the quarter first."

"You'll have to wait," said Tedge. "If I get a photograph of the mirage without any scooting or shotguns, you might be rich, and your father, too."

"What's a mee-ridge? Is it alive?" asked the boy.

"It's a picture seen on the sky. You may have seen it. A boy drives home a herd of cattle—"

"I know. That's me."

"— and woman pours water off the potatoes," continued Tedge.

"That's Susie Jane. My, she's a good cook.

"Then a farmer jumps over the fence—"

"Yep. That's Pop. He's always on the jump."

"Look here," said Julius. "What do you mean? How do you know? Have you seen it?"

"Aw, that's our place. Pa he hit gas when he was borin' for water, an' touched a match to it. Gee! she busted up! 'Most blew Pa to kingdom come, an' we can't put it out. The ouse shows on the sky towards night sometimes. Pa's been kept busy chasin' strangers off'n the place ever since. You better gimme that quarter."

"Very well," said Tedge. "Here it is You tell your father to come and talk to me, if he's interested in the mirage proposition, and don't mind leaving his shot-gun at home."

But it was Susie Jane that tripped coquettishly past on her way to the lower pasture that evening, and with whom, details being discreetly suppressed, Mr. Tedge conversed earnestly for three-quarters of an hour—probably about mirages. Incidentally, he learned that Susie Jane's mother was dead, and Susie kept house on the farm; moreover that "Pa" was going to be gone for three days over to town.

The cows in the lower pasture seemed to require a good deal of attention during the next three or four days, and Mr. Tedge's enthusiasm on the subject of mirages waned. Bud watched for three evenings in covert glee as two figures strolled down the path and leaned on the pasture bars until Betty and Daisy and Bossy came wonderingly up with soft plaintive "Moos," sweet-breathed and mildly protesting.

But Paradise does not last forever, even in the Cascawasca farm lands, and Tedge had just packed up his camp outfit reluctantly, with a view to avoiding the returning "Pa," when he and Susie strolled down the lane for the last time, and the inevitable god descended from the machine in the person of "Pa" himself, long, lean, and narrow-jawed.

Tedge had one wild thought of flight, but decided against it, and waited on the far side of the fence with Susie Jane.

"You want' marry Susie Jane?"

Susie Jane giggled and blushed, and dug her slipper toe into the soft loam. Tedge gasped, but faced the music.

"Y-y-yes sir!"

"All right. I ain't got no objections. I'm goin' t' git married myself. Mis' Evans over on South Fork says seein's her man got drowned last week, she'll try me fer a spell. I won't need Susie any more, an' she can pack her box an' go right back with you."

Things happen faster n Western Canada than in some other places. Still, Tedge was rather surprised.

"E -r-r — Why, thanks," he stammered, looking at Susie's pretty profile outlined against the twilight sky, and trying to arrange his ideas in vain.

"Oh, that's all right. She's a right willin' girl. Good night," said the old man, turning placidly away.

* * *

It was just as they were climbing the stairs of Tedge's bachelor flat that he recollected.

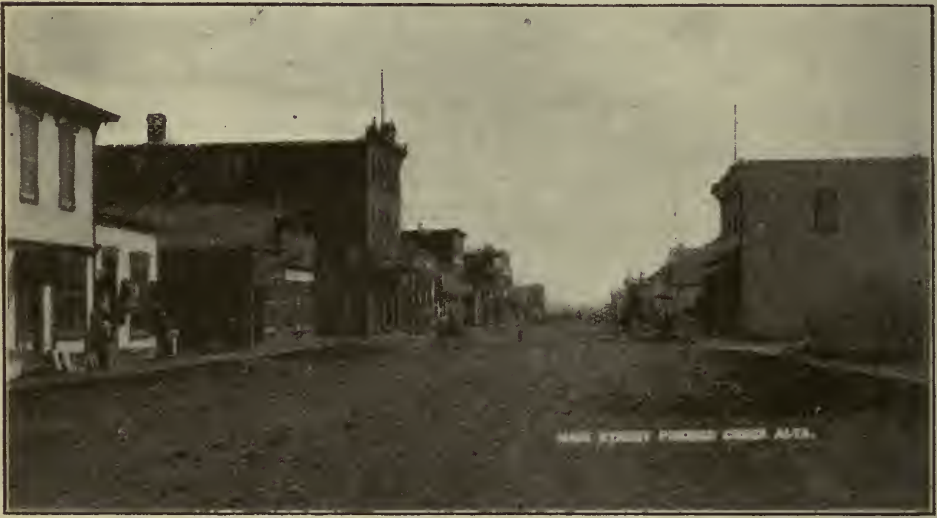
"By Jove!" h said " didn't get that mirage, after all."

Susie Jane looked up at him and dimpled.

'So you didn't," she agreed.

Tedge looked down at her and grinned.

'Who cares?" he said valiantly, and opened the door.



MAIN STREET, PINCHER CREEK, ALTA.

Pincher Creek

By Edward Angus

I like the freedom of a country town,
The air and the open of the country;
You can tell when the sun goes up and down,
Out in the God-made country.
The creeks are clear and the skies are blue,
The hearts of the people are kind and true
And folks do just as they want to do—
Folks that are livin' in the country.

I like the color of a country town,
It's almost the color of the country;
Farmer's wife in a country gown,
Bringin' in things from the country;
Watermelon and sweet nutmegs,
Country butter and country eggs,
Country girls, and chickens with plumb, hard legs,
All comin' in from the country.

Pincher Creek began as a country town, but it will soon be a city. The reason why you have heard of Pincher Creek so lately is because it only arrived with the winter wheat. To be sure, we might have been growing winter wheat in the Pincher district for years, but we did not know.

The old saying as to the ill wind that blows no good applies to the coming of the Mormons. They taught us to sow winter wheat. At first only a few farmers had faith to plant wheat in the fall. It was the same with spring wheat in the experimental days. The wheat field worked slowly up the Red River Valley, crawled across Portage Plains, out to Saskatchewan and eventually to Alberta. Similarly the Alberta Red—which took first prize at the Portland Exhibition against all comers from the United States—has worked its way north to the Swan River Valley, two hundred and eighty miles north of Winnipeg. This will be the eighth year for winter wheat on the Swan. Last year Mr. A. J. Cotton, who was first to risk seed under the snow, got thirty-five bushels to the acre, and at this writing—July 20th—the most promising fields in the West are fields of Alberta Red.

Pincher Creek is in the heart of the splendid winter wheat belt, and that is the real reason why the people of Pincher Creek are hopeful, almost enthusiastic. That is why they are putting in a water system, electric lights and telephones. A considerable jobbing business will develop at Pincher Creek because it will supply the vast mining and lumbering district lying to the west along the Crow's Nest line. There are churches, schools, and plenty of good water.

To be sure Pincher Creek is only one of the scores of towns in the winter wheat belt that are becoming cities, but it is the proud boast of Pincher that the town is so healthy that in order to hold the charter on a grave yard, they had to shoot a man in 1886 to make the first plant.

PINCHER CREEK IS IN THE HEART OF THE WINTER WHEAT BELT

What American Magazines are Doing for Western Canada

By A. G. Harrison

Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade

I AM a Canadian and have been living in Edmonton, Alberta, for the last ten years, and the more information I gain and the older I grow, the more apparent it is to me that the newspapers of Eastern Canada do not really appreciate or rather realize the rapid growth of Western Canada.

I am aware in making the above statement that all the larger Eastern Canadian papers will claim that they do and that they are sending out special correspondents each year to get information about the West. This is true in a sense, but the information as a general rule is not illustrated and if illustrated the cuts are miserable apologies for what cuts should be.

I remember about fifteen years ago, at the time the Western States were going ahead so rapidly, that the Canadian papers were full of their wonderful growth. They showed that towns were springing up in a night, that as fast as railways were being built the towns were put on wheels and moved across country to the station sites. This appealed to the youthful imagination of many and in consequence the Western States at that time drew the cream of the young men of Canada into their fold.

To-day the same thing is happening in Western Canada. Towns such as Daysland, Vergreville, Vermilion, Camrose and Stettler, which did not exist a year and a half ago, now have populations ranging from five hundred to eight hundred. All the above named towns are in Central Alberta and within one hundred and fifty miles of Edmonton. Take the case of Vegreville. The Canadian Northern Railway not running through the original townsite, it was moved on wheels in a week to the railway site; banks, dwellings and stores were moved right across country for four miles and it was a race for the best location. It is now one of the best towns on the Canadian Northern Railway. If such a thing had happened in the States in early days, the Canadian Newspapers would have had cuts of the buildings and they would have expatiated on the great "push" and "go" of the American.

That such things are taking place in Northwest Canada to-day should be brought to the attention of the Eastern Canadian young men in order that they might see that what was being done in the Western States fifteen years ago, is being now duplicated in Western Canada.

To bring attention to such matters the Canadian newspaper should have a staff of correspondents along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific this year with complete photograph outfits to picture such scenes and thus keep Canadians informed as to the West's progress and opportunities.

The large American magazines find that there is a demand for information about Western Canada and to meet this demand they send their own correspondents to Western Canada, at a great expense, to watch our development and to write it up from month to month. Their articles are always profusely illustrated. I see no such effort being made by the Eastern Canadian press. On the other hand, last year demonstrated the fact that the Eastern Canadian press seemed inclined largely to exaggerate our snow storms and our cold spells.

The average Canadian reader will, I think, find that he will gain more information about Western Canada by referring to such magazines as *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, *The Business Man's Magazine*, *The Metropolitan*, *The World To-Day*, *National Travel*, *Pearson's*, *Success*, *Outing*, etc., etc., for the year 1907, than he can gain in any other way. While the papers of Eastern Canada practically ignore us the cream of American publications find it necessary to take note, from month to month, of the progress and development of Western Canada.

"Heimweh"

By Florence Hamilton Randal

"WRITE me a song of Western days,
Fresh with the winds and magical:
Lit by the gleam of golden rays.
Write me a song of praise."

Nothing will sing in my heart, good sir
Nothing but Eastern cry and call.
There are the Autumn leaves astir,
There's where I wish I were!

Fall of the leaf and harvest moon—
Sunset behind bereaved trees—
Dreamy hours of hazy noon—
Would I could reach you soon!

"And Melody in their Heaviness"—
Nay, a captive, I will rebel—
Here is a song of mournful stress,
Here, O my heart, confess!

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

The Prairie Chicken

By R. W. Dunlop

THE province of Manitoba, especially the northwest part of it, affords some excellent shooting to the lover of sport, whether he be out for chickens and partridges or after old Ephraim the bear. Between these two ends of the scale, there are ducks, geese, cranes, badgers, wolves, foxes, jumping deer, elk and moose, surely no Hobson's choice for the sportsman.

The chicken you will find in any part of the province, but most plentifully in the wheat region. He is the great commoner and adapts himself to the progressing country. To-day he lives in the willow scrub and groves of silver leafed poplar, fearless of man in his ignorance of him. To-morrow he occupies the same land without the willow bushes and grasses which man has removed to make yet more room for his crops; but still, fearless of man in his knowledge of him. Man has confiscated his ancient home, so like any other full-blooded native, he demands his treaty, and gets it. But in this he cannot be called selfish, for he obligingly permits his landlord to come near enough to blow him to smithereens. Consequently he is frequently found lying on his back on the farmer's table during the open season.

During the close season through the winter he becomes even more friendly, sitting upon the fence rails in the clear, cold, cracking sunrise, and sometimes snug and well-content on the house-tops. Then in the forenoon he walks about the farmer's barnyard with the domestic fowls and the pigs, gathering tit-bits, still well-content, still fearless, yet very wary.

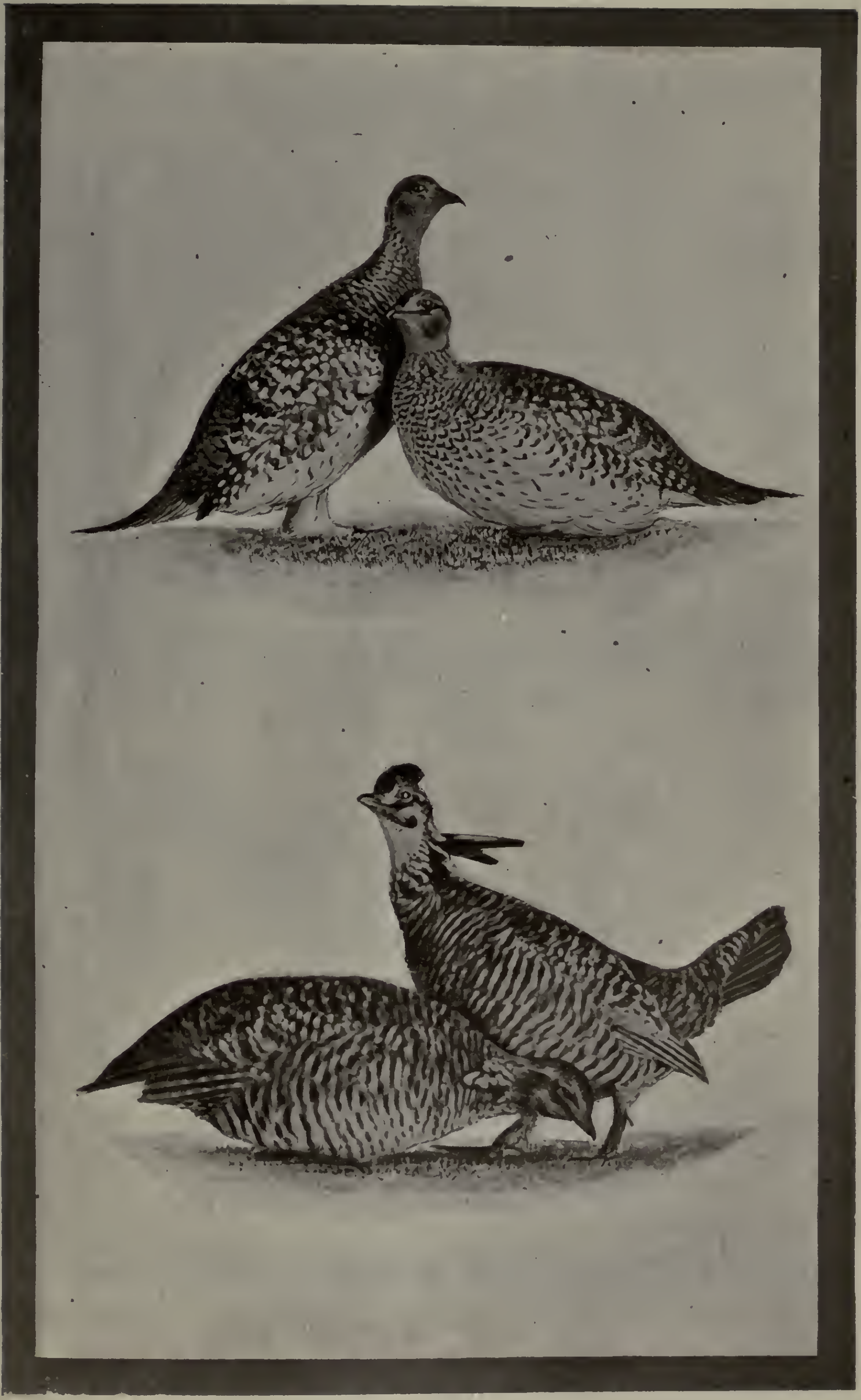
There are two varieties of prairie chicken in this country, the sharp-tail and the pinnated grouse. The latter species is the larger, and is most readily distinguished by a cluster of long feathers on each side of the throat. It is darker than the sharp-tail variety and also differs as to habits, preferring a more southern location and showing a liking for the open plains rather than the timbered or bush country. When it rises on the wing upon being alarmed, it gives a muffled chuckle, and speeds noiselessly away, flying low.

The sharp-tail bird is slimmer and of a cleaner cut than its cousin. Its head is rather bare, and its neck slim. It is marked on the breast with dark, arrow-shaped feathers With the exception of these points, the two species are similar. They both remain with us the year 'round, at home in all seasons.

The prairie chicken is something of a republican in some ways, and in others he is a royalist. During the mating season he is a free-lance. Through April and May the chickens congregate in large numbers early in the morning and again in the late afternoon. For some reason certain regular courting-places are picked upon, generally some grassy knoll where the sweet young thing, the budding matron and the sedate mother gather to discuss domestic and maternal matters, for the time is approaching when each must take upon herself the management of a household. There are no spinsters in chickendom.

The prairie chicken builds its nest on the ground in the thick grass or under the shelter of some small scrub.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Dunlop on the game of Manitoba which will run through the next few numbers of THE CANADA WEST. Our September issue will contain a sketch on the ruffed grouse, and this will be followed by others on the larger animals that interest the sportsman.—Editor



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE (PEDIOCÆTES THASIANELLUS CAMTESTRIS)
PINNATED GROUSE (TYMPAN UCHUS AMERICANUS)

The eggs vary in number from eight to fourteen, and are of a dark grayish tint, speckled unevenly. The shell is very hard. Many animals, and incidentally a bird or two, prey upon the nests. Probably the greatest depredator in this respect is the coyote, who sneaks so cautiously over our prairie at all seasons. Next come the weasels, squirrels, skunks, badgers, and muskrats, but still the chicken holds its own.

Among the cannibal birds the hawk and the crow destroy many nests, and the owl also does his share, but more by accident than design. He does not hunt by day, and seldom flies so low by night as to discover the hatching prairie chickens.

The young leave the nest the first day, and follow the mother in search of insects, grass and seeds. In appearance they closely resemble young domestic turkeys. That is, during the downy stage. When the feathers appear at about a month this resemblance is gradually lost. At the age of four months the young are full-grown, mentally, morally and physically.

When you know the prairie chicken, you will realize the force of these three adverbs. A cheekier, cooler, more sybaritical little Epicurean never lived.

RUFFED GROUSE (BONASA UMBELLUS)

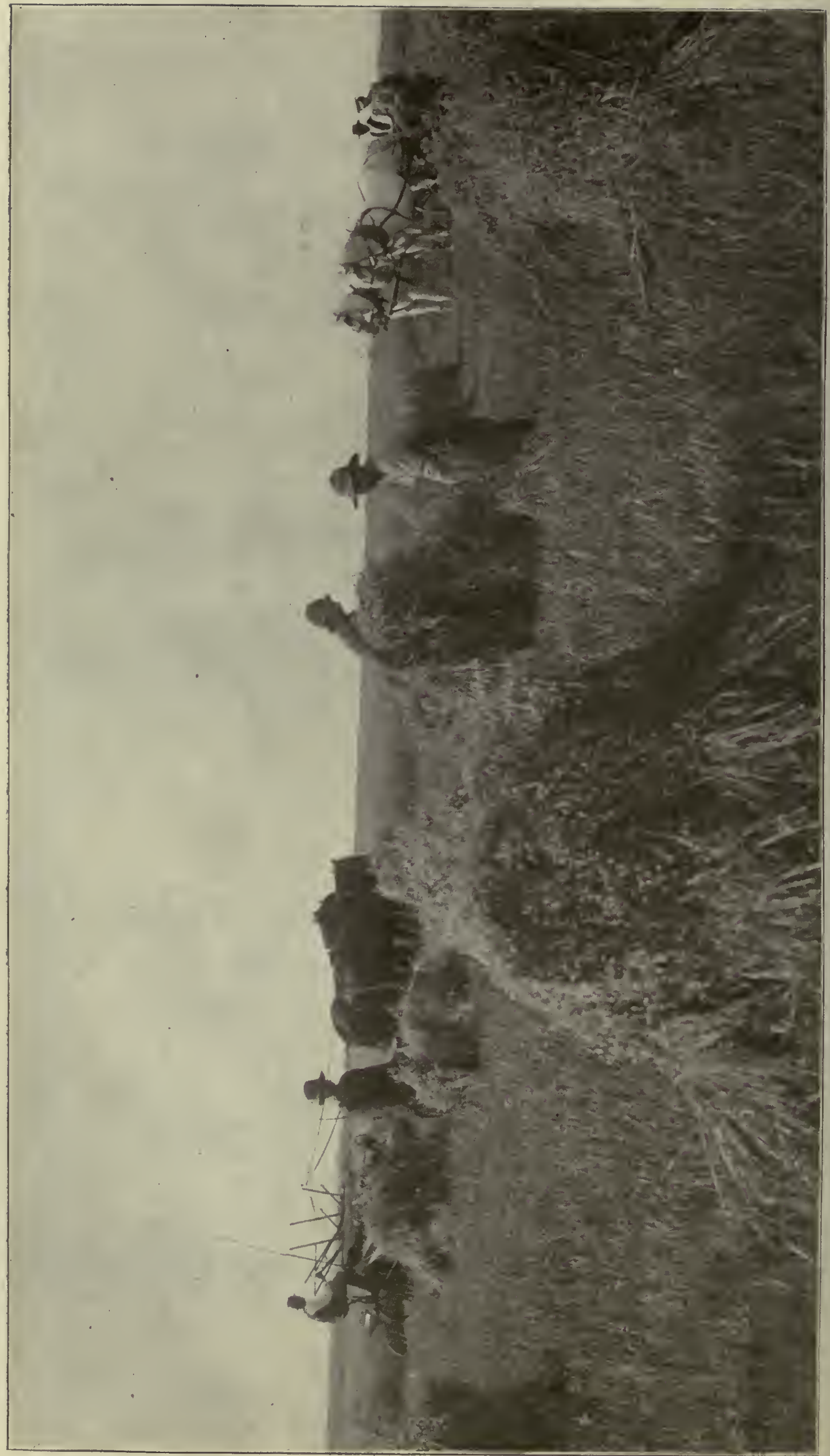
THE TOWN WILL BE A CITY SOME MORNING SOON AT ITS PRESENT RATE OF PROGRESS

Olds, a Busy Alberta Town

By William Kirkendale

SOMEONE has said that the first foot of soil in Alberta is worth more than the Tonopah ledge and the blue clay of the Rand put together. Ask the people of Alberta about it, and the chances are they will put it even stronger than that. One man from the United States who has lived in twenty-eight of Uncle Sam's divisions writes, "I don't hesitate to say that I think the Alberta province when developed, will be one of the richest territories on the American continent." There are mines that are undeveloped, forests awaiting the mills, a soil that raises forty-bushel wheat to the acre, and a climate especially suited to stock-raising.

The Olds district has these advantages and a few more. There is plenty of good water and an abundance of coal and wood within thirty miles. Last winter the farmers drove over to the mines and got all the coal they wanted at $1.75 a ton. There is abundance of pasture for the stock and running springs that never freeze over. Cattle live and are fed (when they need feeding) outside, but in an ordinary winter the young, strong stock procure their own feed until March or later. The loss is comparatively small,



THE FIRST FOOT OF SOIL IN ALBERTA IS WORTH MORE THAN THE RAND owing to no disease being prevalent in this part of the province.

Some people have said that in Alberta stock-raising is a thing of the past. It is not so. The man who does mixed farming is the man who makes the most of his cattle. True, he will have to keep fewer cattle than the old-time rancher, but he can keep a better class of stock and feed better, and consequently he can obtain a higher price for his stock. To such men Olds offers every inducement: good pasture, good water, good hay, good shelter, good markets, and within reasonable distance of town and the railway.

To be sure, you cannot grow corn or bananas in the Olds District, but grain, grass, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, and so forth, thrive. Table vegetables have passed the experimental stage, and are represented in everyone's "truck patch." One farmer threshed seven thousand bushels of oats from one hundred acres last fall that weighed forty-four pounds to the bushel, and field after field of winter wheat made from thirty-five to forty-five bushels per acre. Grain does not rust, as the weather is cool and dry in the ripening season. The soil is a rich black loam with just enough sand in it so that any plow will scour.

Three years ago there was hardly an excuse for a mile of graded road in the district, but one township, six miles square, has over thirty miles of made road now. What was then an uninhabited expanse of country is now good substantial farms, with farmhouses, out-buildings, long fields of grain, miles and miles of fencing, roads under construction, schoolhouses every few miles, and many other indications of prosperity and development throughout the Olds District.

Fruit culture is still in the experimental state, but strawberries, dewberries, gooseberries, blueberries, raspberries, and three varieties of currants are to be met with in the wild state. The wild raspberry scarcely differs from the best varieties of the "improved sort." The gooseberries, while smaller, have a very fine flavor. Nature makes no mistake, and where wild berries grow, with a little extra care and attention tame ones can be made to do so. Rhubarb is grown with remarkable success on the rich soil of this district, seed being sown in the spring and stalks gathered from the plant in the same season.

Potatoes and other root crops do especially well, one farmer digging one hundred and twenty-two pounds of potatoes from a seeding of three pounds. Parsnips, carrots, mangels, turnips, beets and so forth do equally well. The long days of sunshine and the cool nights, together with the rich soil of the district, seem to be just what they require. Peas, radishes and lettuce, as well as cucumbers and table corn, do well, and altogether, the farmer has no danger of not faring well if he will pay a little attention to his vegetable garden.

The town is rapidly growing. A flour mill will be established before long, and the town is planning to install an electric light plant. Modern educational buildings are in process of completion, and Olds will be able to lay claim to the title of "city" before long.

(*To be continued*)

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

"SO you couldn't wait over night to see Romaine," commented Mrs. Worth disagreeably. "You simply must telephone her, and but for the storm you would have gone across to Idlenesse, I suppose."

"There are some plans upon which I need to consult her," explained Mr. Worth.

His wife lay in the middle of the great white bed, her face a wrinkled yellow parchment punctured by holes for two burning eyes. "Did she tell you that Mr. Wytcherly was at the cottage to help pass away the stormy evening?" she interrogated. "Of course you didn't think to ask her that."

"Why shouldn't she, if it pleased her?"

"That is what Romaine would say. What I wonder is whether on such a blustery night he finds he can return to the lighthouse the hour he ought. If you are at all inquisitive, you can ring up the lighthouse and inquire if he has yet returned."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. Such low suspicions are unworthy of you, Harriett."

"Oh, you are such a good man, Sterling dear."

He defended himself from this aspersion: "The chances are she would have mentioned it; if Wytcherly had been with her, when I had her on the wire. And suppose he was, there'd be no harm."

"Such a good man," was Mrs. Worth's refrain. "So good he's blind to much that's going on right under his dear nose."

"Harriett, cease your insinuations right here and now! They are unworthy of you; they're unjust to

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Romaine."

But she, who could read the meaning of his least expression, who interpreted the subtlest tones of his voice, was aware that she had not yet reached the limit of impunity. "Insinuations? No one knows so well as do you that pretty generally I know about what I am talking."

With a semblance of impatience he restrained himself. "Well"—he granted her permission.

"Idlenesse has seen great goings-on, since you left for Chicago," she informed him. "What I know I got from Agnes, Romaine's maid. I've had her here to talk about her going home with me this fall—she has the old-fashioned respect for her superiors, I've observed."

"Just kitchen gossip," commented Mr. Worth.

"Which is as likely to be true as the best parlour scandal," he was instructed. "Agnes is devoted to her mistress, but much too dull to put two and two together and add up. She says your pet Mr. Wytcherly is at the cottage morning, noon, and night. I can get anything out of her without her knowing it. Romaine and he take long walks in the woods, and go off in the boat, she says, and eat impromptu lunches, and if he doesn't stay to dinner, he comes back after it and stays and stays till midnight or till more. Agnes declares she's sorry her mistress isn't married to Mr. Wytcherly who makes Romaine glad, instead of to Mr. Eccleston, who makes her miserable."

At the conclusion of this narrative Mr. Worth rammed his fists hard home in his trousers' pockets, a rare action which betrayed much disturbance in his mind. Also he trod on his heels in a circuit of the bed. "What of it, when all's said and done?" he asked. "Romaine was never an example of the virtue of common sense."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Worth.

"You can't dismiss my observation with a humph," rejoined Mr. Worth with conviction. "Romaine is a lady when all's said and done. She wouldn't stoop to a connection with my salaried man, and she's too purely intellectual to be anything but cold."

"A lot you know about it, Sterling dear. You're so good, you don't recognize that nothing is impossible to my sex. Haven't princesses eloped with hairdressers, and is a bluestocking exempt?"

"Romaine is the most innocent woman I ever knew," asserted her champion obstinately. "True, she is somewhat erratic and is likely to pursue a thing into the ground. And she's too much given to the exploitation, as she styles it, of new persons who chance to interest her. But a guilty passion—why, the notion's preposterous!"

"She'll fool you yet, she'll fool you yet, most terribly—see if she doesn't!" shrilled Mrs. Worth, exasperated by the obtuseness of her lord.

Mr. Worth took a firm stand. "Harriett, I forbid you mentioning this matter to anyone or to me again. I will not tolerate such aspersions upon the character of our friend. Never—unless evidence that cannot be gainsaid comes into your possession—dare to put in words your horrible suspicions."

Thus he adroitly managed to repudiate his spy and at the same time to instruct her for the future.

"I came to tell you," he proceeded, "that I have decided to give a dinner on the Tower to a party of New Yorkers who will be in Chicago early next week."

He gave her some particulars. "It will be a dinner on the wing, but I want it to be something special. The Turquoise is to bring them up from the city, and they will not leave her except for the actual time they spend on the Tower. After that I'll have the yacht run them down to Grand Haven, where their special train will wait to take them East the moment they disembark. I had to make them out a schedule before they would accept."

"But how am I to fit into your plans?" asked Mrs. Worth. She assumed that her convenience was in some way to be sacrificed.

He did not immediately inform her. "The gentlemen who are to be my guests come west to attend the directors' meeting of the Chicago Southwestern railway. They are three of the most prominent capitalists and social luminaries in New York, and both for my own sake and for the sake of Chicago, which in their eyes I will represent, I don't want to be guilty of any blunder they can laugh over among themselves and retail in the East as a sample of our wild and woolly Western ways. In a word, I am determined to show them a thing or so to impress them, to let them know that in Chicago we demand the very best and get it too."

"What am I to do?" sighed his wife resignedly.

"Several little things," answered Mr. Worth. "In the first place send Patrice up to Mackinac to make that visit she talks about. Get rid of Professor Byram—perhaps he'll want to go to Mackinac himself. As for Wytcherly I'll pack him back to business tomorrow or next day. He has had a long enough vacation, and his head is a little turned, I guess, from his association with a higher social circle than he's been accustomed to."

"And if you wish," proposed Mrs. Worth, "I can arrange to leave the Castle wholly at your guests' disposal. I will accompany Patrice, and we will take Romaine with us."

"Romaine is to remain here," he stated decisively. "And so are you. Her advice and your presence are both necessary to my plans."

"Oh," cunningly she acquiesced.

"Yes, Romaine has already assured me that she will take charge of everything. You will have no responsibility to irritate your nerves." Mr. Worth paused for a long moment. "What I wish of you is to aid and abet me with Romaine—insist upon her taking the entire arrangements off your shoulders—make her feel that all is right, so that she will enter with enthusiasm into my scheme."

Mrs. Worth did not dare display the fury of her eyes—she lowered withered lids and bit her nails. But she was unable to tie up her tongue. "If you mean that I am to be superseded in my own house, why don't you say so without any hypocrisy."

"Come, come," enjoined her husband. "You musn't let your nerves fly off. My plan is altogether the best way—you're much too sensible to object to it."

Her self-control exploded. "I'll not do it; you can't make me!" she shrieked. "I'll not be meek and humble to Romaine, while she struts around here usurping my place."

"Harriett!" She cowered under the tone. "You will do exactly, Harriett, whatever I think best."

She lashed venomously: "While you're about it, why don't you get divorces for both Romaine and yourself. If you don't, she'll run off with your advertising man instead."

"You're raving, Harriett." The word, delivered with a significant quiet, quelled her instantly. She turned sick at heart and her eyes begged.—"You know I do not countenance divorce," expositorily he proceeded. "Divorce smacks of socialism as well as of immorality. However, if I cannot command peace in my own home, if my sacred privacy must be jeopardized by the hallucinations of a wild brain, I have money enough to maintain an adequate separate establishment and to surround it by the safeguards which may be necessary in the treatment of your malady."

Mrs. Worth buried her diminutive body deep in the bed to hide from the fear and horror by which she felt herself assailed. The malicious creature talked scandal with avidity, but shrank with loathing from any attachment of scandal to herself. For this was not the first time that it had been intimated some species of restraint might prove salutary in her case. She dreaded the power of her husband's money and was acquainted with the inexorableness of his will. Besides she suspected herself that the fact was she was "queer."

"Then that is settled," concluded the great merchant, as he rubbed his little hands.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE FROWN OF THE GREAT.

Napoleon, the emperor, as portrayed by Balzac, haggled like a second lieutenant of artillery to gain a small advantage. Mr. Worth, the millionaire, never forgot for a moment the fact that it was upon his money the man, to whom he paid wages, lived. Moreover, when an individual offended him, he straightway generously ascribed to the unfortunate one an untrustworthy character and all manner of evil traits. As it was impossible for the great soldier ever to become a gentleman, so it was impossible for the great merchant to eradicate from himself the instincts of the small trader and of the Puritanic countryman.

Wytcherly was present at the luncheon table on the day following his employer's return. The latter took occasion to announce: "This will be the last time, I suppose, that all of us will gather here together. Wytcherly, I regret to inform you, is to leave us. He is very badly needed at the factory, and I promised to send him back at once."

It was news to Wytcherly. Nevertheless he had been conscious of a change, and, indeed, had experienced evidence of the shift in the wind that very morning, when a servant from the Castle had brought back his scrap-book of verses to the lighthouse.

A note accompanied the book. The note expressed Professor Byram's apprehension lest he might have wasted precious time upon a matter of inferiority. It intimated delicately, but none the less plainly, that, since Mr. Worth had decided to trouble himself no further concerning the publication of the poems, Professor Byram saw no reason longer to retain the scrap-book in his possession. The candid writer added that in the interest of truth he deemed it his duty to report to Mr. Wytcherly's patron a considered opinion of the merits of the verses, which opinion was that while excellent as popular doggerel the rhymes as poetry possessed no artistic merit.

"I received your letter," Wytcherly had informed Professor Byram as they were walking in to luncheon, "and admired the facility with which you can adapt your opinion to suit the changing wind of favour—characteristic equipment of the polite critic, I suppose.

"Oh, I have much too high an interest in true literature ever to be deterred from expressing my conscientious judgment upon the efforts of any of my acquaintances," the scholar had replied turning half of a cold shoulder to his fellow-guest.

Mrs. Worth, by whom Wytcherly was placed, out of the kindness of her heart, possibly endeavoured to cheer him. Yet of course she was aware that her disclosures to her husband accounted for the sudden revolution. "You mustn't mind Mr. Worth," she advised. "I suspect something has been said to prejudice him for the time, but when I get the chance I'll speak to him and smooth it right."

Mr. Worth spoke across the table. "Don't let Mrs. Worth condole with you, Wytcherly, because you are returning to the hot city. You had better tell her how much better off you have been than most of my clerks, who have worked right through the torrid weeks."

"I have been saying how much good has been done me by Ojibway island," replied Wytcherly. "They won't know me when I get back."

"Glad it's done you good," said the merchant. "Makes you so much the more able to pitch right in with special strokes for the firm." To the others: "I'm not sure but what more long vacations all around among my salaried men wouldn't pay in the long run."

"It is not your employees alone, Mr. Worth, who find in the climate of your island an admirable tonic," Professor Byram felicitously observed. "Overworked university professors would find it splendidly invigorating for their fagged intellects. In my own case the air has acted as nothing less than an inspiration. I assure you that since I have been here my critical faculty has literally been superseded by creative energy, and I have composed verses with all the zest of my glorious first years."

Miss Powell was eager to attest the miracle. "And tell them too, Hugo, that you have a novel started." She exhibited a proud face to the company. "Yes, indeed, he has confided his plot to me, and I'm sure it's perfectly delicious. I ought to think so, oughtn't I, when I'm in it myself. Especially when I am to have the final vote how it is to end for the hero and—me."

The table laughed.

"I am greatly gratified to learn that a work of literature is being produced in Castle Caribou," stated Mr. Worth. "And I'll tell you what I'll promise, Professor Byram: you hurry up and complete the book and Patrice and I will look around for a publisher." He glanced at Wytcherly. "Your book, I am assured, will be distinguished by the polish of culture, and will not cause its sponsor to blush."

The professor enjoyed his triumph over Wytcherly. This appreciation by an ignorant and rich commercialist of the value of his prospective work, the superior pedagogue discovered to be exquisitely to his liking, even if repugnant to his taste. "I thank you for your generous estimation of my talents," he modestly responded. "But I sometimes question whether my work can hope to see the light of day. I do not even know that I would choose the glare of publicity for it. A minority, perhaps, might discern in it a beauty, but to the many it must remain *caviare*."

"So with Robert Browning, so with Walter Pater," chaunted Patrice in a highly mystic tone. Vivaciously: "It will be that way with you, Hugo, you have told me so yourself. Truly original authors, Uncle Worth, have always required a long interpretation before the world has understood their works or confirmed their fame."

"Well, fix it up between you, any way you like, you and the professor, Patrice, and when the time comes, call on me," concluded Mr. Worth expansively.

"I sincerely trust I may be able to meet the measure of your expectations," Professor Byram becomingly proclaimed.

"That's the way I like to hear a young man talk, modestly and self-respectingly—not in words which hide a second meaning, half a boast, half a sneer." The merchant perceptibly inclined his head towards Wytcherly. "Mark my word, you will succeed, Professor Byram. I have found that the same identical qualities win in every line, whether it's a profession or a business. You have chosen teaching in a university, haven't you; but I assure you, you would have done just as well, if you had happened to start with me. You are that sort of young man I am always looking for, and if you ever decide to abandon college for real life, you come to me and you'll get an opening."

The young professor squirmed under the honour of this Philistine recommendation, while the sight of gleeful Wytcherly did not help his comfort.

"To be sure you would succeed," the doggerel poet sneered. "Commercial sense's an instinct with you, so Mr. Worth unerringly discerns. Succeed? well, I should say. The same calculating talent you now devote to promoting culture among the intellectual lambs, applied to trade would shear the suckers like a harvesting machine. Mixed but lucid!"

Professor Byram, accustomed to deference, was at a loss to hurl a crushing retort. The merchant frowned and might have rebuked his underling, but Miss Powell did not give him time.

Tilting her pretty nose to the acute angle of disdain, she observed: "The newspaper and the university are separated by so many miles in ideals and decorum that a bread-and-butter journalist couldn't be expected to appreciate the sacrifices entailed by the higher intellectual life. Isn't that so, Uncle Worth?"

Wytcherly knew the loyal girl was but repeating her lover's words. So he forgave her. But he struck across her counter at Professor Byram: "You remember Heine's savagery perhaps—something about the finish made by the three enemies of Napoleon—one was hanged, one killed himself, and the third was still a professor at Göttingen."

A silence followed in which no one smiled. Then the pedagogue ventured correctively: "The reference is to Hegel, the great metaphysician, Hegel who held a chair in Göttingen."

Wytcherly gasped. Against the gods, or ignorance, or pedantry, who can contend!

As Patrice passed out with Mr. Worth, she declared with girlish partisanship: "I think he's horrid, too common for words! What can Romaine see in him? And insulting to Hugo! Think of the presumption of addressing a university professor in the terms he did!"

As he was generally avoided on the terrace, Wytcherly was driven to Mrs. Worth's wheel-chair. "From fire back to frying pan may at times be a relief," he recognized with a grimace. "I wonder," smiled the lady, "whether I'm the only one among us who sees how clever you really are. But we are not going to talk of disagreeable things now. I wish you would tell me about your nephews and nieces, to whom you're so devoted, Mr. Worth says."

The man's bitter face changed softly.

"Oh, one can see where your heart is," observed the hostess. "Do tell me all about them please, I want to know."

Wytcherly was induced. He told of Joe and May and Jess and Bob, the oldest ten, the youngest two, of their small tricks and winning ways. He spoke also of what he hoped to do for them, of how much he found he loved them, of the difference they had made in his life. And as he talked the hard eyes of the childless woman softened.

"With such an uncle the dear things will be better off than with most fathers," she said. "Who would imagine to hear you rail, that your heart was so tender? I shall expect you to bring Joe and May and Jess and Bob to see me this winter. Who knows, perhaps I can be of some help to you. We will look up good schools for the oldest pair. Your Joe, I'm sure, will turn out an engineer, as you hope he will, and May must be the most motherly of little souls. Do you know I've a great mind to enact the part of fairy godmother in the lives of the poor dears."

Later she inquired: "Did you ever think to mention the little ones to Mrs. Eccleston?"

Wytcherly hesitated. "I don't know whether I ever did or not." The truth was that the condition recently imposed upon his life by their existence he had almost forgotten in the last few weeks.

CHAPTER TWENTY

IN WHICH GEORGE'S STOCK SINKS BELOW PAR.

When Mrs. Eccleston arrived late that afternoon to remain at the Castle over night, Patrice immediately inveigled her upstairs. "Such things I have to show you in my room," the girl whispered mysteriously, and drew her friend along.

"Yes, I've got some new frocks," Patrice admitted, when she had closed the door. "But no, it is not frocks I brought you in to see."

"You disappoint me, Apple blossom. If it isn't clothes, I don't know that I'm interested." The lady patted the cheek of her pet.

"Oh, if you insist, I'll show them to you," Patrice sighed. "Here, Shannon has spread them on the bed. That one is rather lovely, don't you think?"

"Child, you will be ravishing in this." Mrs. Eccleston touched the lace flummery with appreciation.

"Now do give the gewgaws a rest, and sit down by me." The girl pulled at her friend's arm. "It isn't ribbons that I want to talk about—it's men."

"You should have mentioned it, I'd not have delayed," consented Mrs. Eccleston with semblance of alacrity. "Your love affairs, the way you muddle them, are vastly more exciting than even New York gowns. I'm ready, fire away as the men say. It's George, I trust."

"Not George! You'd make it George every moment of the time," pouted the girl. Defiantly: "It's Hugo."

"Poor George," mourned his friend at court.

"Stuff! he's not poor George," asserted Patrice. "Hasn't he just everything except brains? And plenty of nice girls will love him without them."

"How can poor George be brainless when he has the sense to love you?" The question contained flattery.

The girl bridled. "But because he's been proposing to me every year since I was fourteen, doesn't signify I owe any duty to George."

"That he has done so argues in my opinion in all manner of ways for George. And you can be so comfortably sure that he is not influenced by your money, since he has so very much of his own."

"Romaine, you needn't imply that it's that with Hugo, because, poor chap, he has only the skimpy salary that intellect commands. I'll not listen to any such low-down insinuation for a moment, not even from you. Oh, you needn't smile—I'll convince you, I'll convert you, I'll make you own up to his sincerity, as well as get down on your knees to his genius."

"Very well," Mrs. Eccleston said coolly. "But first tell me please what poor George writes."

Patrice elaborately unfolded a letter, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks mantling with a maidenly blush. "This came this morning—it's from him. And oh Romaine, he says that I am making his life positively a torture. Isn't that just too dear and delicious!"

"Patrice, you are a wretch, a cruel heartless, little, idiotic wretch!" The lady's intention was to be severe, but she laughed outright despite herself. "Oh, our sex, our sex—foolish when we're pretty, and no better when we're old!"

"And," the girl continued delightedly, "he swears he means to keep on asking me until the very hour before the ceremony. Here is what the dear chap writes: 'You can put it down in black and white that no engagement will cut any ice with me. I am going to keep on asking you every minute until you are married. There is no professor or university of such can bluff me out.' "

"Bravo for his pluck!" cried Mrs. Eccleston. "I wouldn't surrender you to a professor either, if I were George."

"Oh, you will be sorry you disparaged my professor in a minute. Wait till I have shown you." The girl's eyes widened with her awe. "What do you think!—he's written a poem, the sweetest thing, a poem about *me*."

"Patrice, you are an infatuated goose!" Exasperated Mrs. Eccleston pinched the rounded arm, partly from affection, partly to hurt.

"Ouch, Romaine!" Patrice exclaimed. "If you don't behave, I won't tell you about the novel he is writing, too."

"I am subdued," the lady said.

"Are you for sure?" Patrice believed as much.—"It was inspired by me. To inspire a poet—isn't that glorious, Romaine?"

"More remarkable than glorious in this instance I should say."

"First I'll tell you all about the novel,"—the irony missed the girl—"and then I'll let you see the poem. You'll be worked up gradually."

"I'd much rather, sweet chicken, that you showed me your new things."

"Now don't be frivolous, Romaine. Listen: I'm in his novel. He says I am, and I recognize myself. The plot has to do with a young college professor."

"Naturally, a virtuous young professor."

"Romaine, I want to talk. He is dreadfully misunderstood, and he's terribly in love, but the heroine, who is rich and fashionable——"

"Professor Byram wouldn't condescend to any other heroine you may be assured."

"That's one whole mean remark, Romaine.—The heroine has suitors by the dozen, rich chaps, men of the world, cotillon leaders and that sort of trash, and you can imagine that the poor professor with his genius has an awful time——"

"Pray, show me the poem, child. The novel really is too much for me. It——"

"I will. Anyhow, you won't scoff at it; it will down your high and mightiness." The girl drew from her bosom a paper decorated with a lavender coloured bow.

"You seem to cherish it," observed Mrs. Eccleston.

Patrice flushed. "Why shouldn't I, since it is written about me.—There, take it, and see whether you can be nasty any more."

The lady read perfunctorily, while the girl exultantly watched. "I think that line about my being unkissed is just too dear," whispered she.

"It is wholly beautiful," Mrs. Eccleston confessed, as she laid the paper down. "Beautiful, and exquisitely sad."

"Oh, I knew it would make you cry —I did all night," triumphed Patrice. "But,"—she looked at her friend—"I didn't mean you should cry like that, so—so earnestly, Romaine." She slipped to her knees. "Don't dear. There, let me pet your hands. I told Hugo he ought to have written it to you—it's more your style—someone grand and fine and strong, not a wildflower thing like me."

Mrs. Eccleston somewhat coldly disengaged herself. "Had we not better go down—Mr. Worth, I know, is waiting to talk to me.—Yes, child, it is true, he who wrote these lines, is possessed of the divine fire itself."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

HER INTEREST IS ENGAGED.

"My wife, as you better than anyone else can realize, is a good deal of a disappointment to me." Mr. Worth spoke sadly.

"A woman, who suffers as does Mrs. Worth, you must remember, is not always capable of doing herself justice." Mrs. Eccleston offered the obvious apology.

"Quite true," said Mr. Worth. "Exactly my point, in fact. A woman who suffers as she does, is unable to assume the position which I have made for her, and which I am justified in expecting my wife to be fitted to assume."

Mrs. Eccleston, seated before a cheerful fire in the Castle library, was toasting her toes enjoyably on the hearth, while her host, standing with his shoulders against the chimney-corner, inclined his white head confidentially.

"But she is a disappointment," he insisted. "Apart from her infirmity—"

"I am amazed myself by her amazing qualities," interrupted Mrs. Eccleston in the dryest tone. "To me she seems a most wonderful woman. She keeps herself interested in things and she never complains. I don't think I ever heard her once discuss her ailments."

Mr. Worth had expected sympathy. "A great deal can be said in her favour, it is true." He feigned magnanimity in order to base accusation. "Indeed it's only fair to acknowledge that for the early days Harriett suited admirably. She contributed not a little to my business start; she saved my money and helped me with the class of people on whom at that time my success depended. But she can't help me now; she is worse than no help at all; she is positively a drag. I could branch out socially in a large way, if she were equal to the opportunities open to the position I have made."

Mrs. Eccleston withdrew a foot from the heat. She felt the confidence distasteful. "Mrs. Worth is in every way a very worthy woman," she began.

"That's it, that's it," triumphantly asserted Mr. Worth. "You've hit the nail on the head, as you always do. That's just what she is, a worthy woman, and that's all. But what good is a wife who is merely a worthy woman to me now?—her homelike qualities are no aid to me socially. Harriett was cut out for a poor man's wife; but even if she were not sick, she wouldn't fill the bill today."

Mrs. Eccleston frowned in fine annoyance. "However, it was vastly more important that she should have proved the proper wife for you then, than that she should meet your latest expectations now." But her cold remoteness from the subject was not discoverable to the rich man.

"I suppose so," he somewhat grudgingly assented. "But it doesn't alter the practical inconveniences to which I'm put. For instance how entirely I am dependent on your taste at every turn."

"You know I am always charmed to do what I can." She welcomed a diversion, if the diversion could be made. "Is there anything just now you wished particularly to consult me about?"

"Well," the merchant brightened. "I

suspect there is. We were discussing, you remember, a while ago some scheme or other to make The Tower useful, to put it to some purpose——"

"Yes?"

"You suggested a dinner as the proper thing, and I have since been thinking out a plan to make it something very special, in fact unique."

"And that?"

"Three of the most prominent citizens of New York promised me in Chicago this week to accept my invitation up the lake. I promised them a dinner unlike any other, and to bring them up and take them back on the yacht."

"How delightful! And am I to see the gentlemen?"

"You are to do everything. You promised to supervise the whole affair."

"Did I? Then I will."

"Good. Then that is settled. Expense will not be considered—I want it done as it should be. And when money is no object, all that is required is management and taste. The latter I rely upon you absolutely to supply."

"Oh, we will make of it a grand success." She chose the phrase that he would best appreciate.

"I want it to be, Romaine. I want this dinner to turn out the most successful ever given in the West, as it will be the costliest."

"I will do what I can to meet your wishes," she engaged.

"But I haven't told you their names, the names of my promised guests." With the gusto of a sportsman boasting of his bag, the great Chicago merchant named the New York gentlemen: one a Wall Street banker of international prestige; another a financial captain and leader of society; a third the youthful inheritor of a great Knickerbocker fortune.

"No wonder you desire your dinner to surpass all dinners," she exclaimed in surprise.

"A quarter of a billion dollars will sit down at the table," he informed her.

She said after consideration: "I shall like to see these gentlemen, of whom one hears so much. I should like to hear them talk."

"I should like them to see you," he rejoined. "It makes me wish I had a wife who could preside."

"Let Mrs. Worth do so, and then I can be present too."

"What would the New Yorkers think of her?"

"Oh, I'll answer for that, never you fear. I'll engage for it you will not be ashamed for your women."

"We'll see, we'll see." Mr. Worth would not commit himself, but he smiled as if greatly pleased. "Bear in mind, however, that I rely upon you. I shall hold you responsible for the success of my dinner. I would not think for a moment of undertaking it, if I didn't have you to depend upon."

"Rather a large order, that, Mr. Worth," she laughed.

"You're equal to it; you can more than fill the bill. What I can accomplish in a business way, Romaine, you can socially. We make a great firm, we two."

"I merely have acquaintance with polite usages," she deprecated.

"That's it. You're to the manner born,—that accounts for it. It convinces me that a successful man, if he can't have it in his wife, ought at least to have it in his daughter. Fact is he cannot get along without it nowadays."

She mentioned later: "If you like, I shall be glad to make a little luncheon for your guests at Idlenesse."

"Just the thing. I would like them to see that we have people out here who know how as well as in New York. But the yacht is scheduled to lie off the Castle for the evening only, and right after dinner they will embark again to be taken to Grand Haven to catch their train."

"But all my woman's curiosity is aroused by these first gentlemen of New York."

"You shall see them, I promise you that. In fact, if you will only take hold vigorously and make the dinner a grand success, there is nothing I've got that you can't have, and nothing in the world that I won't do for you."

"Do not be too extravagant; for I may take you literally," she warned.

"Good. I will expect you to, if you succeed in opening those New Yorkers' eyes.

He observed the elation produced in her by his words. He rubbed his hands: "I see, I see. A society queen like you will amuse yourself about any way she can, until something really worthy of her talents comes along. Then it's all off with the sideshows, as they say."

She was thinking: "He can help me, if he will. If I arrange this dinner, I can command his aid."

(*To be continued*)

East and West

By Florence Hamilton Randal

> "*Western women are divided into two classes—those from the East who drink green tea, and those daughters of the West who quaff the black.*"
> DAILY PAPER

COME, fair mistresses, drink my toast!
Creamy and light in this china cup.
Here's to the maids of whom we boast
Would they could give us bite and sup!

Would they could pledge us in green tea,
Every half hour throughout the day,
Let but some gossip be of me—
Here's to the dear Old Maids, I say.

Bonny are they of the golden west,
Yet we go back to the Girl who waits;
She brews the liquid we love the best,
She and Green Tea are our fates—our fates!

Ho, ye rovers, a toast, a toast!
Black though the brew, we drink with zest,
Here's to the lasses of whom we boast,
Here's to My Lady of the West.

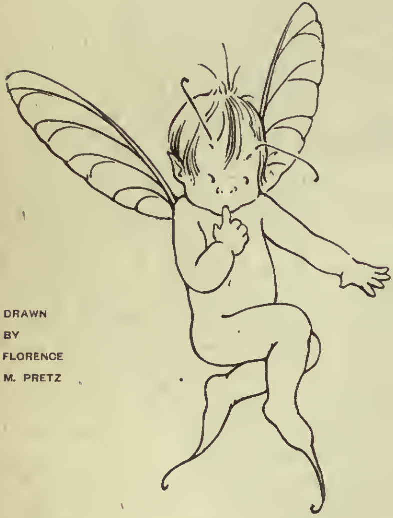
"Tea, just tea for the likes of us?
Roysterers, freed from the mine at night—"
Each—or he's mighty adventurous—
Drinks this tea, and drinks it right!

Fair are they of the spellbound East,
Fair, and sometimes we love them yet—
Drink, ye Legion of the Released,
Drink Black Tea, and Forget—Forget!

Billiken in the Nasturtium Vine

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

I THINK SHE GAVE HIM A KISS

A STORY? A fairy story? Why, of course! I'll tell you about the little Nasturtium Girl and the time Billiken went to sleep.

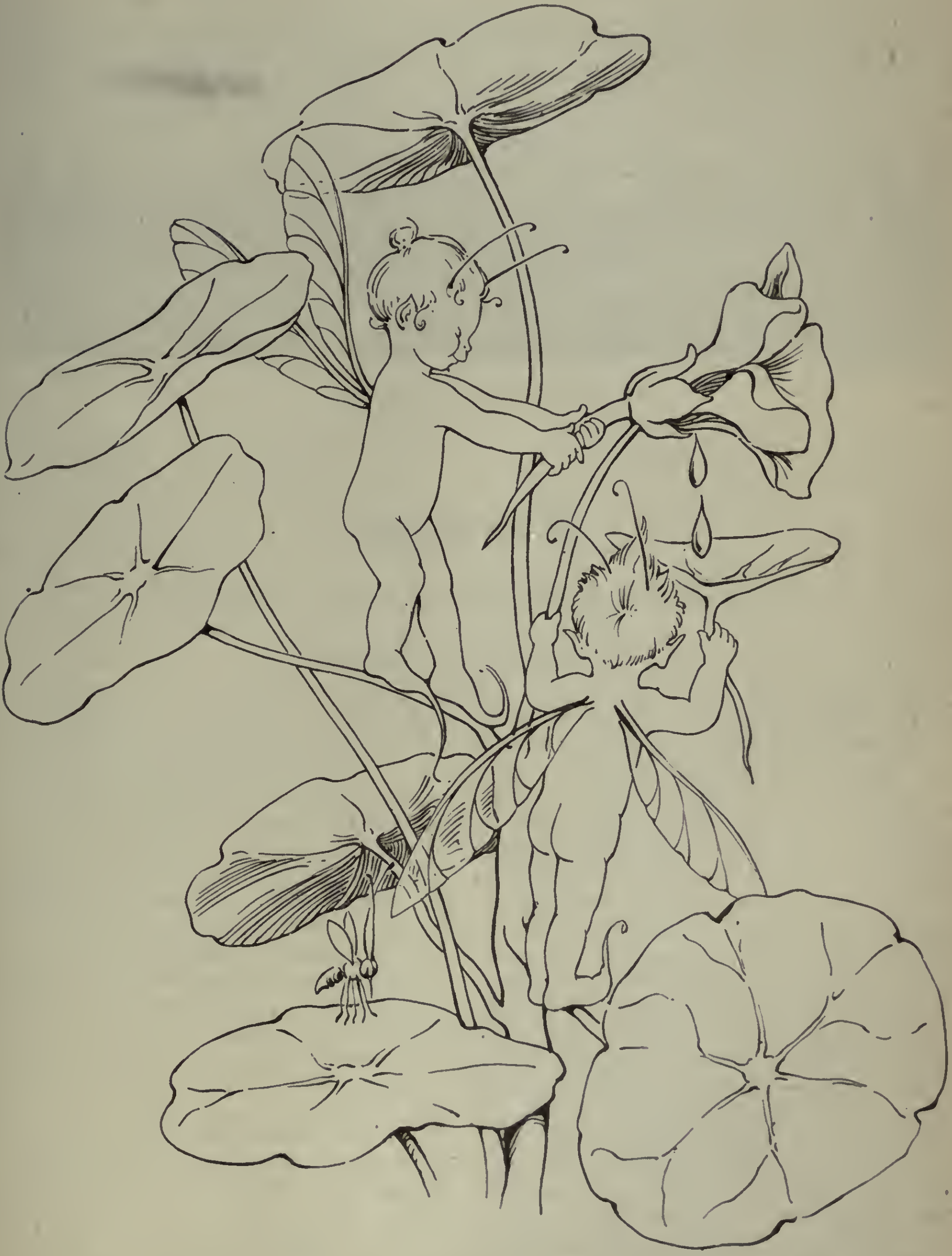
Well, once-upon-a-time there was a little fat elf named Billiken, playing out in the sunshine with a great blue butterfly. They played and they played and they played, until the big blue butterfly grew tired and flew away. So Billiken curled himself up under a grass-blade and went to sleep.

And when he woke up, it was raining! And there wasn't a toad-stool within half a mile of his grass-blade! And his mamma had put a pair of clean wings on him just that morning!

"Oh-me! oh-my!" he said. "Whatever am I going to do now?"

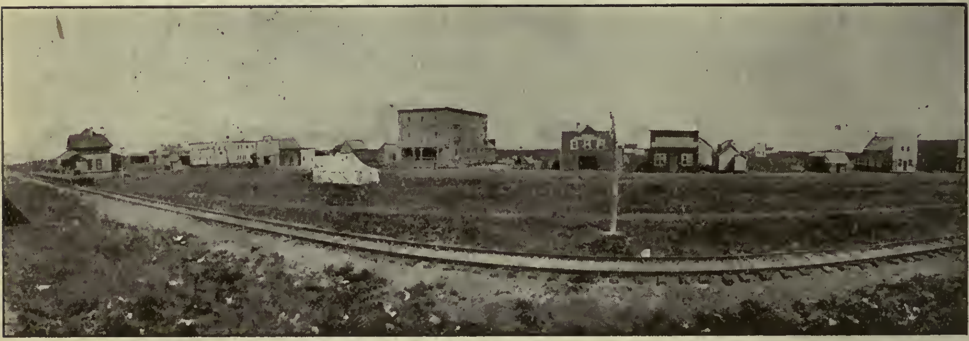
"I'll lend you an umbrella if you'll come over here," said a little voice. So he looked around, and there was a pretty little Nasturtium Girl peeping out at him from under a big leaf. So he scampered over between drops, and the Nasturtium-Girl gave him a drink of honey from her long-necked pitcher. Then she escorted him to the 'way-up-high seat, just under one of her big green umbrellas where they stayed till the rain was quite over.

Oh yes, of course he said "Thank you" before he flew away, and I'm not quite sure, but I very much think the Nasturtium-Girl gave him a kiss too.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

THE NASTURTIUM GIRL GAVE HIM A DRINK OF HONEY FROM HER LONG-NECKED PITCHER



WARMAN IN THE SUMMER OF 1906

Warman

Where the Railroads Come Together

By Robert C. McPherson

THE railroads made Warman. Had it not been for the railroads there never would have been any "Warman, Saskatchewan." There would certainly have been one of the finest agricultural districts in the West with large farm buildings and prosperous farmers and happy families, but no town of Warman where the present town of that name stands. This fertile, wealthy, prosperous farming country would have been tributary to other towns which are older than Warman, but which are small to-day compared with it. But the coming of the railroads made all the difference in the world. And it was not the coming of one railroad that did the work, but two railways perfected the situation.

First came the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now owned by the Canadian Northern, originally known as the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Valley railroad—but this did not bring Warman into existence, though other little hamlets did spring up in the neighborhood. And for fifteen long years railway trains rumbled and roared over the site of the future town of Warman, without stopping to drop a passenger off or take one on, without thinking that the time was ever coming when it would be compelled to do so, without ever dreaming that some day it would be confronted with a huge sign "STOP," which meant that this place was a railway junctional point, and here all trains, no matter whether through or local, must pull up and await orders. But that day did come nevertheless, and its coming was with the advent of the Canadian Northern. The main line of this enterprising, aggressive and pioneering railway built right through the heart of the country from Winnipeg to Edmonton, right through that valley of magic where gold, the purest and hardest and brightest gold, grows by the acre and is shipped out by the car-load, the Saskatchewan Valley—right through this great territory the Canadian Northern built its great trunk line and at a hitherto unknown point it crossed the branch of the Canadian Pacific already referred to—and Warman came at last into being.

That is Warman, the junctional point of the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway with the main line. Sounds rather big and important—doesn't it? Well, so it is.

And its importance is growing; it is not many months since those railways crossed and thus made Warman. And how can one tell that Warman will be a place of importance? The answer is, by analogy. Can a single place be named on the main line of a Canadian railway where another branch line crosses it—and that point of crossing has not become important? Can a single place be named on any railway where a junctional point of that kind has been made, and where that place has not become important? The exceptions only prove the rule. And so it is but reasonable to infer that Warman on the main line of a great transcontinental railway will speedily assume very considerable importance, not merely in the railway, but in the wholesale and retail commercial worlds.

And further, when it is considered what important towns and cities lie along the railroads which unburden their loads of passengers at Warman, the conviction of its importance in the near future grows upon us. Travelers from Winnipeg and all intervening points going either to Prince Albert or to Saskatoon by the Canadian Northern, must stop off at Warman. Passengers from Edmonton coming by this favorite route to either of these cities must do the same. Thus it is seen that Warman is the transfer point for all traffic over certain lines between several of the most important towns and cities of the great West.

But these are not the only railroads which Warman hopes in the near future to be able to boast. Everybody has heard of the Hudson's Bay railroad, which has been talked about for many years, has met with all kinds of encouragements and discouragements, but which at last appears to be on the verge of realization. This road Warman is not only ambitious, but hopeful of obtaining. And the prospects seem good.

Warman is the only point of importance on the main line of the Canadian Northern for a very considerable distance east and west. It has the added advantage of being on the Prince Albert branch, which would in this way become a feeder of the Hudson's Bay route; and then, further, Warman lies on the direct road which the Hudson's Bay railway would take in being built from Erwood to Calgary or Medicine Hat, towards either one of which it is certainly heading.

And in addition to all this there is yet one other weighty reason—weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of one million dollars, which is quite a weighty consideration even for a railway company—why the Hudson's Bay road should come to Warman; and that reason is that the Canadian Northern already have a bridge over the south Saskatchewan at Clark's Crossing, just three miles from Warman and if the Hudson's Bay railway comes to Warman it can use this same bridge; if it makes for any other point north or south of Warman it will necessitate the erection of another costly bridge. So the Hudson's Bay railway is almost certain to land in Warman.

And there is yet another road which must come. Someday there will be a railway run through that fertile stretch of country between Warman and Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan. Carlton is the oldest place in all this region of country and it has long been known as being of surpassing fertility. It is the first headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and is older than even Prince Albert. It was a place of great importance when Prince Albert was only a minor post. At the time of the half-breed rebellion of 1885 it was destroyed. and it never again gained its pristine prominence. But this fact could not injure the natural resources of the soil nor depreciate its fertility. And growing the great quantity of fine wheat which it does it must have a railroad, and all proposals for such a road that I have ever seen make Warman one of the terminal points.

And thus Warman is fast becoming a railroad center of no small importance A regular "sunburst of railroads" centers here—if we may be permitted to use such an expression. This alone will make Warman a busy place. If she gets nothing but her railroads Warman should be a town of perhaps three thousand. If she secures a portion of the wholesale traffic of the West, which her excellent railway facilities give us reason to expect, she may grow to be indefinitely larger than that figure.

And with such railway facilities, and with such commercial prospects, with a magnificent agricultural country surrounding her on all sides, with some of the most beautiful drives in the country through the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and the high hills and deep ravines of its banks, it is certainly one of the most healthy, convenient and delightful residential towns that can be found in the province.

The King's Fool

By William J. Niedig

A Fool it was, and took his Soul
Within his hollowed hands;
He took his Soul and smoothed it calm,
And loosed its strained bands.

"O Soul," he cried, "you bear the stain
Of chain-gyves interwove!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"It was the friend I love."

"O Soul, you have a flaming brand
Burned on your nakedness!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a pure caress."

"O Soul, a fissure shows your heart
Like wound of bloody sword!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a friendly word."

"O Soul, you shrink within my hand,
I scarce see where you be!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"A woman pitied me."

The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,
And knelt him down beside;
He soothed and questioned all the night,—
No Soul of him replied.

THE HEART OF A HEATHEN

BY CY WARMAN

AUTHOR OF "FRONTIER STORIES", "THE LAST SPIKE", ETC.

ONE winter's morning, when the snow had shrouded the Wasatch Mountains and work on the Western had closed down for the time, Johnson, Botts and Bannihan, professional peg-setters, found themselves stranded in Salt Lake City. The month's wages they possessed would last not more than a little while.

"What shall we do to be saved—until spring?" asked Botts of Bannihan, and the latter gave it up. It looked like the workhouse or jail for the trio. While the two men sat brooding in the twilight Johnson came in and they put it up to him.

"When you are with the Mormons do as the Mormons do—get married," said Johnson. "I'm doubleheading out of the tabernacle at high noon, Saturday, next," he continued: "Saturday is Sunday, in our church."

"It beats working" said Botts. Bannihan pounded his knee with his cap and smiled audibly.

"We'll board with you," suggested Botts.

"Not on me," Johnson answered.

"I said *with* you."

"It's all the same. There'll be no room. I have seven mothers-in-law and one child."

The two derelicts sat staring mutely one at the other. It was Botts who broke the hush. "Let us go thou and do likewise."

"I thremble," said Bannihan, "'Tis wan thing to be broke, alone, a stranger in a strange land, but when ye're married it's two. An' 'still there's more to follow,' as the song says. In this happy land of miscellaneous marriages a man's family runs up like a multiplication table, and when ye die ye leave nothing to be divided between ye're legal heirs and ye're lawyers. 'Tis this and the thought of this, that makes me hesitate like an angel fearing to thread."

"Coward," hissed Johnson, as he left the tent.

When the two men were alone together they mused on the morrow which was fish day and the one day intervening between them and Saturday—wedding day, at which time they hoped to feast.

At length the good day dawned and at the wedding they each met their fate.

Botts got a buxom bride from a ranch near town, Bannihan a straw-haired fairy from the foothills. She had been throned on the "float" as "Queen of the May" at Provo junction, and the effect had been to turn her poor little head and start her down the skids for the "stage."

Being helpless and homeless like Bannihan, she took him, for better or worse, and they began to lean on each other.

Of course when it came down to cases, Bannihan would not sit idle and see his little "sunbeam" starve. They were building the Temple at the time and the men got work. Bannihan was assigned to a spotted steer hitched to a stone-sled and when the sunbeam saw him following the ox she was shocked. It was unprofessional, and she sent him away to Ogden to find work becoming an "engineer."

Bannihan came back in ten days and found the following note pinned to the tent-flap.

"Dear Benny: Don't scold and *don't* drink. It just kills me to see you, an engineer, *my* engineer doing drudgery. It will wound you sore, I ween, to read this, but when I tell you that I have a perfectly heavenly job, I know you'll forgive. I'm going away with the Uncle Tom's cabin company. Bye-bye,

Your "Little Eva."

After that blow Bannihan drifted with the swelling tide of immigration to the Canadian West—the Last West, leaving his comrades more or less happily married and well watched by their multitudinous mothers-in-law. He ranched in Alberta and prospected in B. C., but without endangering his prospect of dying decently poor.

Bannihan's next job was with Orsdal at Edmonton. He was to report to Smith, the Silent, whose real name is Jones. After counting his spoons carefully for the third time, and cautioning him to be careful with the company's property, Orsdal gave Bannihan his blessing and a letter to the Pathfinder and headed him for the Upper Athabasca.

There was a rule on the Grand Trunk Pacific that all matrimonial alliances were to be postponed until the last spike was driven. Of course no one ever mentioned it, but there existed this understanding from the general manager down. It was a sort of unwritten law—incomprehensible and awful—and it went.

Naturally Bannihan denied himself, along with the rest. It was all very well in the second summer, when day dawned shortly after midnight and there were eleven hours of afternoon, but in the short December days—through the long, long northern nights, Bannihan, keeping camp between the Coast Range and the Rockies, found the hush of his cabin killing.

One day there came to the camp a good, kindhearted Cree Indian who said at once, that it was a shame for the peg-setter to be alone when he had a house full of women. He ended by offering the Irishman the pick of the flock, but Bannihan, remembering the Sunbeam with her beautiful wheat-hued hair, "going to heaven" every night, shuddered and shook his head. He was much obliged, he said, but he was not fit to marry this maid of the wild, and the Indian went away.

News of the nearness of the unmarried man spread, as news will even in the wilderness, and on the following Sunday the Cree came back, bearing with him a whole harem on horseback. The fact that these Indians had horses in their own right attested their standing in the tribe. They all had dinner with Bannihan, one particularly interesting girl sitting next to the host and stealing side glances at the fine face of the young Irishman.

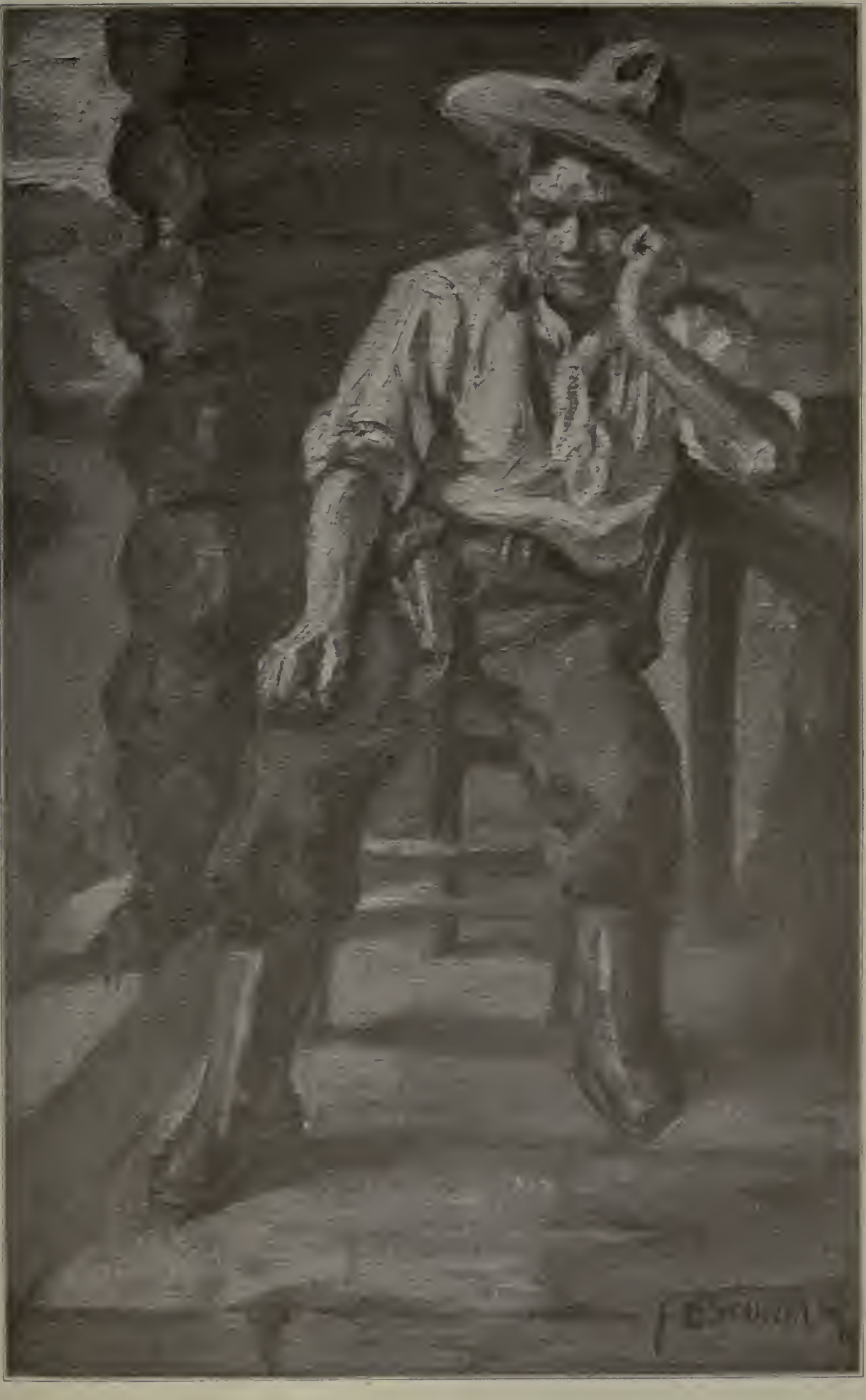
When they had packed up and were ready to take the back trail the Cree, pointing at the comely girl, grunted: "This one?"

Bannihan was surprised—it was so sudden—but managed to thank the Cree and offer his hand to the girl—not for life, but just to say good-bye.

Something in the sad wistful eye of the Indian girl, the warm clasp of her plump hand, the last backward glance at the home cabin—something or many things—stirred the red blood of Bannihan and made him stand and stare after the trailers, until they reached a bend in the trail and disappeared down the river.

Long he sat in the almost interminable twilight, thinking, thinking, thinking. A brown bird came down and dined upon his rude table while a tiny wood-mouse crept up and gathered the crumbs about hob-nailed boots. Presently, in the dusk, a deer came out of a clump of jack-pine and passed so near that he could hear her startled breathing at sight of him, and count the spots on the side of her fawn, and the prongs on the antlered buck who came bounding after his precious family. And then, though it was not yet dark, Bannihan, unspeakably lonely, sought the quiet of his couch and drifted into dreams of an Eveless Eden in the heart of the wild where the deer and the bird, the moose and the woodmouse, mated and multiplied while the Adam lorded it alone.

Two days dawned and died, and then



Painted for The Canada West by F. D. Schwalm

AND SO SHE HAD LEFT HIM—INFINITELY MORE LONELY THAN SHE HAD FOUND HIM in the twilight of the third day the dusky daughter of the gentle Cree came to Bannihan's cabin, bringing gifts and peace offerings from her father and a pouch of pemmican on her own account. Bannihan had harbored a goodly number of Cree words and these he employed now to thank the girl for her kindness. He warmed the beans, fried some speckled trout, boiled coffee and set a feast for his visitor. Like all Crees she could talk much better and much more entertainingly than the average Indian. Her father, who was brother to a noted chief, was a celebrated orator, given to fine phrases and poetic flights.

As the Irishman and the Indian sat face to face over their fish bones, it occurred to the man that he did not know the maiden's name. He asked and she answered with a string of short words that, in type, would resemble a train of dinkey dump cars, with link couplings. He wondered what it all meant and managed to ask her. Her dark face brightened as she made him understand that it meant, first, a bird, a little bird, a little singing bird, and finally he gathered it all. "Call me," she said in Cree, "for short, Nick-Kah-Moo-We-Hea-Yah-Cess, 'a singing bird.' "

And then, as she went on telling him how she happened to be named so—how she happened to be—her face grew almost beautiful.

"Many years ago," she began (she was all of eighteen), "my father and my mother lived alone in the wilderness. They were young, then, my father and my mother—young as you and I—and they were very, very lonely and they asked Wes-a-ka-chack to send them a little papoose to keep my mother company when my father went into the forest to tend his traps. This was in the moon of the golden leaf, and then came the snow and the trapping time, and when my mother was much alone she prayed to Wes-a-ka-chack to hurry up with the baby she had asked for. And when the ice went out and the wild geese came back there came a great white swan, whiter than the snow and more beautiful, my mother said, than any other bird, and it brought to my mother—well, me, only not like I am now—just a little bird-with-no-wings, she said, and so she called me.

"After that my mother was very happy and so, in our house, Wes-a-ka-chack is loved and worshipped. And that is why we find it hard to follow the mission man who comes over from Dunvegan to ask us to close our house and our hearts to Wes-a-ka-chack and worship the spirit which the white man worships. It is not an easy thing to turn against the God of our fathers, who has always been good to us, who, long before the white man came, kept us in the hollow of his hand, just as I would hold the egg of a bird. Do you think," she asked eagerly, leaning toward him, "the white man's God would send *us* a little papoose if we asked him?"

"Quien Sabe—I don't know," said Bannihan, who remembered that this dusky damsel did not speak Spanish.

"But Wes-a-ka-chack," she said with the faintest hint of a smile about the mouth, "*he* would."

And when Bannihan only gazed upon her wistful face, showing no interest in her, her God or the gift he could give, she crept toward him leaning on the little table, and asked: "Have you wife—somewhere?"

"I had—once," he stammered.

"Where is she now?"

Bannihan, remembering his "Little Eva," half smiled as he pointed upward. To undertake with his limited Cree vocabulary to explain how, and why and all the rest of it, would have been a hopeless task, so he handed her a large white lie and let her go on.

"Was she beautiful—beautiful white skin, so?" and she touched his face.

"Fairer—a thousand times fairer than I," he answered, glad to be able to tell her the truth this time.

After that she sat silent for a space, then asked if he still loved the other one who was fair and beautiful, and when he said he was trying to forget, she hinted innocently that she would help him.

By this time Bannihan had come to the conclusion that he ought to send this guileless child of the wild back to her camp, and, rising, he suggested, pointing to the West, that it was growing dark.

"O, be not afraid," she said putting a plump hot hand in his; "Wes-a-ka-chack watches over me always and he will let no harm come to you, for he knows that I love you, that you are mine, even as I am yours."

Bannihan, flushing, stood up and took her hands in his and said, gently, that she must go.

"Then you don't—you do not—*want* me?" she asked withdrawing her hands and stepping back.

"Why—," he stammered, sweeping the room with his right hand, "there's no room for a woman—here."

The girl came slowly up to the big Irishman, touched his broad breast with the tip of her brown finger and said, significantly, "No room *here*?"

She peered into his bewildered face and repeated, tapping his chest three times, "No—room—here. We Crees have a word—a pretty saying, which we say to all, even to the tired stranger who peeps into our tent, 'Peen-de-cain-pa-ta-waugh,' and it means come in, plenty of room, always room. What is the word of the white man," she asked in Cree, "which means 'no room?' "

This was entirely too much for the warm-hearted Irishman and he reached impulsively for the Indian. With a slight movement of her supple body she avoided him and passed, noiseless as a shadow, from the room.

Bannihan, recovering from his surprise, started to follow, calling to her to stop, but she gave no heed. He watched her, as he had watched the others, until she disappeared behind the bluff. Then he filled his pipe, sat down and began to think, and think and think.

The days came and went—the long sunny summer days—and the more he tried to forget the more he remembered the Indian girl. Naturally her flight only made him all the more interested in her. And then, too, her simplicity, her innocence and her blind unquestioning faith in the God of her fathers was beautiful and inspiring. And she was wise, too, not with the wisdom of the world, but she knew, without having been taught, what love was, and knew that if there were no room in the heart there would be no room in the *hogon*, and so she had left it and him, leaving him infinitely more lonely than she had found him.

And where was the Sunbeam—Little Eva—what of her? In his church once married, always married, and while he was not sure as to the binding of the Mormon ceremony, he would not take the risk.

One day an Indian messenger came running by with despatches from Orsdale at Edmonton, mostly for Smith, but one was for him, ordering him to report to the Silent One at Dunvegan. This pleased him immensely, for he could now see Father also, the priest, at that post, and find out just how matters stood. Father also told the Irishman that the Mormon ceremony was nil and not to worry, but get married and try to convert the heathen at once, reminding him that, so far, there were no Irish half-breeds in his diocese.

"Convert her!" repeated Bannihan, and then seeing the dark frown on the Father's face he cowered "Yes—certainly, Father, certainly."

It was the moon of the golden leaf when Bannihan called at the camp of the Cree. "Come in," they said to him, "there is plenty of room," and he went in and lodged with them, finding his own blankets, of course, according to the law of the West.

The Bird came in and greeted him, as though they parted but yesterday, with a scarcely perceptible nod. He watched her as she moved about the lodge, helping her mother to prepare the evening meal, her sad, yet gentle, almost melancholy face showing no sign of interest in him, which made him all the more anxious to know her, to understand her silence.

In the twilight, shorter now than when first they met, she went out and sat by the bank of a little stream that tumbled out of the wilderness and spilled its crystal waters on the broad breast of the Athabasca that caught it and hushed it and smothered its glad song into a hoarse whisper as, grand, irresistible and awful, it swept onward down to the northern sea.

And so had she been singing, her soul attuned to the voice of the wild, when this white man crossed her trail. She had rejoiced and gloried in the mere fact of being, and then the current of their lives flamed together. For a brief moment she had been thrilled at sight of him, and then when she gave him, without his knowledge or consent, her heart, when she was about to throw herself upon him as the laughing rill had thrown itself upon the mighty river, he had put her coolly aside. And now he had come to her, but not for her. No, she would not deceive herself. He had merely called in passing, to rest and sleep.

For hours, down through the deepening twilight, she sat dreaming out a long,rose-tinted,sun-kissed might-have-been, until her youthful, unspoiled heart woke her with its wild beating. His very presence seemed to sweeten and soften things. The knowledge that he was near was like the unexpected touch of a soft, warm hand in the dark. Above her head, a wakeful bird wailing for night to fall knocked his head and sang short snatches of the only song he knew, then tucked his head under his wing and tried to make himself believe it was really night.

Now it was nearly midnight and she rose, drunken with love, that mysterious intoxicant, and turned toward her tent. Under a tree near the lodge her muffled foot touched something soft, and glancing down, the outline of a blanket-bed grew out of the dark, and presently a man's upturned face. The moon that had been hiding behind a cloud came out and showed the handsome face of her white god. At sight of him, there at her feet, her heart leaped, her head swam, her soul cried out to Wes-a-ka-chack, to help her to hold him. And then like the cruel awakening from a sweet dream, came the killing recollection that he had sent her from him. Noiselessly as a cat guards a kitten she sank beside him, kneeling. She crouched above him and absorbed him. She hovered over and about him, caressing him with her hungry eyes and pouring out to him the silence of her soul. Now she began to covet him. Wes-a-ka-chack had sent him to her to have and to hold and she would hold him. Ah, even to die with him were sweet. By this time her wild blood was raging. She would hold out her hands to him as a mother reaches for her tottering child, her hot heart-blood tingling down to her finger tips that almost touched his face She longed to throw her troubled self upon his quiet breast and then she remembered that there was "no room" there. O, why did Wes-a ka-chack, who made this wilderness, not set among the myriads of wild flowers one poisonous plant? If only she had something to swallow that would still the cry of her beating heart, hush the thumping in her dazed head, that she might flow into his peaceful slumber, as the troubled rill joined the Athabasca, and then they could dream on together into that mysterious hereafter in the land where there is always room. They would come and find them there, side by side and they would build one wide grave by the banks of the Athabasca, and there, at least, would be plenty of room. And there, according to her wild fancy, they would sleep and dream with the low winds sighing in the cedars and the great wide river singing a requim that would never cease. Her troubled soul, soaring into a strange new world, would whirl and scurry as a kite caught in conflicting currents tugs at the string. She was ready at once to die for him or to take his life with her own hands, kissing his wounds and smothering his last breath as her pale sister would drink the fragrance of a dying rose crushed by the wild caress of the lover who had lain it upon her chaste breast. She wondered why Wes-a-ka-chack had sent this white man to her in the heart of the wild. Was it only to awaken in her this new incomprehensible hunger, and then leave her to starve and die alone? No, that was not the way of the God of Crees. He was for her—here and hereafter. By now she was mad. Above all rose the thought that he must not escape. Instinctively her hand went to her belt and grasped the handle of the hunting knife which had been given her by the factor at Dunvegan upon the occasion of her one peep out of the wilderness. The touch of the cold steel caused a shudder to shake her, and she turned again to Wes-a-ka-chack, who had watched over her always, who had sent the wounded moose to stop and stay the hunger of the wolves when they were chasing her; who had caused a bough to break above her head one summertime and the leaping lynx to miss his dive.

She sat erect and listened to the wild beating of her heart, but Wes-a-ka-chack was silent Once more she bent over him. A tear—the first her eyes had known—crept down her dark lashes and fell upon his face. Slowly he opened his eyes and saw her face above him and the bright blade, uplifted, glistening in the moonlight. He thought rapidly, as men learn to think who dwell in the wild, as engine-drivers who drill the darkness at eighty miles an hour. And in that fragment of a moment, he remembered the hurt, wild look in her innocent eyes when he put her from him in his own house. He controlled himself and breathed naturally the while the naked knife hovered over his heart. He pretended to close his eyes and then at one bound tossed the blankets over her and stood up. The girl stood still, staring at him as if recovering from the effect of a stunning blow. Above her own heart's beating she heard him breathing tremulously and deep. He held out his hands to her, as she had reached and yearned for him while he slept. She took one step forward; then noticing the knife still in her hands, she tossed it from her.

"Come," said Bannihan, in Cree, and she took one more short step, "Come," he repeated, "there is room." She threw herself into his arms and lay quivering and softly sobbing on his broad breast precisely as a white woman might sob.

American Interests in Canada; Canada's Interest in Americans

By Ernest Cawcroft

THE continuance of the comment following in the wake of the diplomatic visit of Secretary of State Root to the Canadian capital directs attention to the increasing interest of Americans and America in the Dominion. Business and blood are combining to promote harmonious political and commercial relations between the two predominant nations of the Northern Continent. This tourist ambassador's personal visit to Halifax signalized the oncoming of a clearer vision of the mutual purposes and needs of the United States and the Dominion.

Any commentary by a Yankee upon the commercial interests of the two nations must be preceded by the frank acknowledgment that this Republic has been deceived in the past in seeking to find a basis for profitable trade between the nations in a movement for annexation, conquest, or political alliance. It is well to bear in mind that the French predominated in those provinces of the eastern portion of the Dominion which were the key to this vast domain during the days of our Revolution; and that the United Empire Loyalists, as the people were called who left New England because of a lack of sympathy with the purposes of the Revolution, were the ancestors of the then and present rivals of the French. The statesmen of the Revolutionary era overlooked these facts then on that needless day of 1778 that witnessed the insertion of a clause reading that "Canada acceding to this Confederation, shall be admitted into and enjoy all the advantages of this Union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same unless such admission be agreed to by the nine states." This was followed by a proviso in the treaty of alliance with the French by which the United States was allowed to make a dependency of Canada should the Union forces see fit to reduce the fortresses and capture the towns which held the key to the populated eastern seaboard above the St. Lawrence. The feeling thus engendered by official action continued to the very days of the Cival War, when raids of various kinds by the citizens of the other nation on each; Indian fights which did not recognize the international line in their conduct; and unnecessary jingoism on each side of the border revived the spirit of fight after every interval of peace. Then on the second day of July, 1866, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives reported a measure in effect providing that when the Secretary of State should be informed that Great Britain and the several provinces of Canada accepted the proposition of annexation, the President should declare by proclamation that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower Canada, Upper Canada, and the territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan and Columbia should be admitted into the United States as states and territories. This bill was not adopted, of course, but the fact that it did not pass never lessened the ire of those whose hearts were touched and they found confirmation of their views or prejudices when on the twenty-seventh day of March, 1867, a resolution was passed in the House of Representatives without opposition to the effect that the people of the United States regarded with extreme solicitude the Confederation proposed on the northern frontier without the assent of the people of the provinces to be confederated, such a measure being likely to increase the embarassment already existing between Great Britain and the United States.

It was under these circumstances and with this tendency of public sentiment to irritate the two nations that the plan of Dominion Confederation was completed during the year 1867 The success of this plan of uniting the several provinces placed on the map a veritable empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle, including an area greater than that of the United States and a fertile acreage sufficient to feed every mouth in the British Empire. Thus arose a rival nation; there was placed before the sons of men the greatest possible wheat area on earth and under the beneficent rule of a free nation; and as these lands were populated and cultivated, as the farms of Saskatchewan and the cities of Alberta were connected with the ports of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the farseeing men of this Republic realized that the States were confronted with an increasingly formidable trade rival.

While the school geographies and the Fourth of July orators have been instilling the pre-revolutionary notion of annexation, Canada has been populating the prairies of the Last West. While historians have been recalling the days when the United States was willing to take the provinces as dependent colonies; and academic essayists have been discussing the hour when the Dominion will sever the ties which bind the people to the British throne, the Canadians, eschewing international politics, have developed in less than a score of years such trading centers as Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Medicine Hat, and Vancouver.

This recital of the political jingoism, which has served to keep the two nations apart, may be disagreeable reading. It is not so disagreeable, however, as finding the outlines of this sentiment in touring Canada from the

Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast and as far north as Edmonton, that last town on the frontier. The writer has called attention to the political foundation and continuance of this adverse sentiment because it will impress upon the reader the conviction of impartial Canadians that the promotion of the mutual trade and civic interests of the two nations must not be through talk of annexation or alliance, but through mutual respect, reciprocal exchange and common understanding.

Remembering that these people of the same common Mother guard their national entity with the zealous eye of their cousins in the States; acknowledging that this talk of the United States annexing Canada is as futile as the whimsical Canadian suggestion that the Dominion annex the United States; and realizing that while Canada nominally adheres to the British Crown, an independent financial and tariff system assure a commercial liberty as large in scope as is afforded in this Republic—we may turn to a consideration of those elements and interests in other fields which will promote a closer relationship between the two nations.

The common-land-hunger of the Anglo-Saxon is the key to the situation. We may award the palm of discovery and adventure to the French and the Spanish, but the prizes of settlement follow in the wake of the English. The vast area of vacant land in Canada has afforded and is affording an outlet for the overcrowded counties of England and the continental portions of Europe. The causes and results of our Civil War impressed upon the Canadians the need for the commercial and political uniting of the East with the West. Following the Confederation about the year 1867, the Canadian statesmen realized that a continuance of the plan on a successful basis was only possible through connecting Halifax with the future ports of British Columbia. A charter was granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway; a money bounty and a land grant extending across the three thousand miles of continent were awarded the project; twenty-one years ago the railway arrived at the present site of Vancouver, thus having connected the many settlements west of Winnipeg with the harbors of the Pacific and the Atlantic.

Two years ago, in investigating commercial conditions in the British Isles, the writer was impressed with the increasing interest displayed by Englishmen in the Dominion. Crowded with a population exceeding four hundred to the square mile, the residents of Yorkshire and Lancashire revived the land-hunger inherent in the race, and Canada taking advantage of this situation, populated the millions of vacant acres and in turn transported the grain raised on the fertile fields of Alberta to the Atlantic seaboard, and thence to Europe to feed the factory-workers of the great industrial centers. This movement of population from Europe to Canada has developed until it has become one of the startling economic forces of the present century.

Canada's population of over seven millions is spread over an area greater than that of the United States; and the older farmers of the American West, appreciating the advantages of their earlier migration, are encouraging their sons to locate in that region of Western Canada which boasts of only three persons on an average to every two miles of fertile territory. That this stimulus has borne fruit is proved by the fact that last year over eighty thousand Americans became Canadian settlers. During the preceding year over fifty thousand made entries; and ever since the nineties the annual exodus of Yankees has varied between twenty and forty thousand souls. These Yankees are not poor disheartened farmers coming from the abandoned farms of New England, or the partly exhausted agricultural sections of the Middle West. Statistics show that during the past year twenty settlers came from states like Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other fruitful sections of the West to every one from New England.

Now this English and American migration spells Opportunity. Since the building of the first railway, plans have been made for a network of roads through the Dominion. The Canadian Northwest has passed from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and to-day the Grand Trunk Pacific's young men are drawing their tape lines across the continent to Prince Rupert, that coming Liverpool of the Pacific. As America is digging its big canal, Canada begins the twentieth century, which, according to her optimistic Premier, is to be *her* century, by commencing to build a new National Highway that shall not only shorten the run around the world, but lessen materially the time across this continent.

Only seven years ago a poem in the *New York Sun* began: "Six sleeps in a sleeper to Montreal, and a moon or so to the end of the line," but when the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is being built partly by the Dominion Government and partly by the Grand Trunk, is completed, it will be but three sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal to Prince Rupert, the model city which is to be the western terminus of the new road. The railway, which builds the western half, but is to operate the whole system at least for fifty years, has employed expert engineers and landscape gardeners to map out and measure this unborn metropolis of the northern coast before a foot of land is offered to the public. There will be land set aside for shops and wharves as well as for all public buildings, so that before a house is erected, it will be possible for a man with an imagination to look upon the plan and see the future great city standing majestically on the picturesque shore, to hear the Chinook Limited coming out of the hills and see the great white ships coming and going through the mile-wide road that leads from the land-locked harbor to the open sea.

In time of war, with Canada protected on the north by the North Pole and on the south by the Stars and Stripes, England can rush troops from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a little over three days along this almost level line now building. Nowhere will the grade reach one per cent. or even one-half of one per cent., and it will reach the crest of the continent at an altitude 3,000 feet below the city of Denver and nearly a mile below the Tenisee Pass where the Denver & Rio Grande crosses the Great Divide. What a boon will this Line of Least Resistance be to Great Britain! When the company puts its fast liners on the Atlantic, it will be only about six sleeps from Queenstown to Prince Rupert, which is five hundred and fifty miles nearer Yokohama than any other Canadian or American port. Assuredly this Grand Trunk Pacific will be the short cut to the Orient in years to come.

Nor does the development of transportation facilities stop here. The Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are reaching out long arms into new territory; Jim Hill is credited with an ambition to project an eighteen hundred mile road in Canada; canals are being mapped or constructed which will lessen the distance from Fort William, that grain-port of the Dominion, to the Atlantic seaboard, and now a more courageous soul has projected a railroad which purposes to connect the wheat fields of Alberta with Fort Churchill, that port on Hudson's Bay which is two hundred miles nearer the Liverpool elevators than is afforded by any other route from the Atlantic Coast.

Here then, is the point of this mixing of the Yankees and the Englishmen, amidst the fruits of the Canadian continent—a basis is afforded for a reunion of the two peoples on a plane of mutual self-respect, and that reunion spells opportunities for increased commerce, widespread development and the creation in Canada, as Lord Strathcona has predicted, of an empire as wonderful as the American Republic.

Every time a Yankee from the Northwest settles in Canada, it means that there is another person in the Dominion prejudiced in favor of American agricultural machinery and the products of New England factories. It is estimated that every incoming settler is worth a thousand dollars to the Dominion; and it is a fair conclusion that the business men of this Republic may share in that increment by adopting the latest methods of directing the attention of the settlers to the excellence of the goods manufactured in the United States. Americans are located in every center of Canada from the towns along the Canadian Northern to the three million acres irrigated by the Bow River in the vicinity of Calgary. This means that in every section of the Dominion there is a practical man who will speak to incoming Jew and Gentile about the excellence of American agricultural machinery and the needed articles of the household. Canada in the nature of the case is an agricultural country; and as we produce more than sufficient grain to feed our own people, this country will for a long period export more products to Canada than will be imported from the Dominion. It is to the credit of the Canadians that they have cast aside the feeling engendered by the political jingoes and tariff tinkerers; and that they are willing to incline their ears to the persuasions of the American promoter and the American drummer. The fruits of this fertile land are so rich that it will be many years before a considerable portion of the Dominion will consent to engage in anything but farming. The way being prepared by the increasing exodus from the Northwest, the United States must continue to supply the machinery for farming and mining purposes, for the sawmills that are to cut the timber riches of British Columbia, the mining tools for the Cobalt and Lethbridge regions, and much of the machinery needed in the rapid development of the railroad facilities of the Dominion. Surely here is a market where the English tongue is spoken; where the Yankee monetary system is in effect employed; and where it is possible to overcome the prejudices of nationality by the intermingling of our own people as settlers upon the basis of common opportunity and the square deal for all men.

The Congress of the United States has joined with Secretary Root and a score Consuls in agreeing that steps should be taken to develop our steamship facilities to the end that we may capture a portion of the bountiful trade of South America and when that agreement is placed into effective legislation it will be an act of wisdom. Our magazine writers are pointing out the possibilities of the Orient, commending the wisdom of the late Secretary Hay in insisting upon the open door policy for the purposes of our commerce. Some are urging us to sell heavier machinery to the nations of Europe; others are pointing out that the day is at hand when we will enter into a conflict with England and Germany for the markets of the world. Let us cater to the trade of each and all, but we must not overlook the possibilities of stable markets at our very doors.

Do the American business men comprehend the possible development of Canada and the consequent growth of Yankee trading opportunities? Consider the opportunity in the light of the fact that only five million acres are now under cultivation in Western Canada, and that another one hundred and seventy-five millions await the plow and the reaper of the settlers from all nations. Last year the Dominion raised one hundred million bushels of wheat: experts declare that Canada, will produce eight hundred millions during some year of the present century. This means that Canada will become the granary not only of the British Empire, but of the world; that for every hundred bushels of wheat the farmers will want the heavier manufactured products of the United States, England and Germany in return. Out there on the prairies the men have large hopes, and they are willing to take great chances with eventual success in sight. Do you realize that the province of Alberta alone is two-and-one-half times the size of the British Isles and that it has a greater area than New England? There are more wheat lands in that province than in Minnesota and the Dakotas combined. Seventy-three per cent. of the population inhabiting Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and

British Columbia may be numbered as rural; forty years ago there were only eight thousand white men in that region, and to-day the population is a million souls. During the past twenty years Canada has invested a billion dollars in twenty-two thousand miles of railroads; even to-day an additional nine thousand miles are under construction North, South, East and West men have prepared and are preparing to take wheat from the fields of the Dominion to the hungry men of the European cities; they are in readiness to carry the timber to the markets of the world; and they know that the great North Country abounds in gold, silver, copper and nickel, and that beyond the Peace River where the Indian, the adventurer and the Hudson's Bay Company trapper still abide, coal and oil are indicated in abundance. Need we sneer, then, when Lord Strathcona declares that within another century the population of Canada will be as great as the present number of inhabitants in the United States? Do they not possess everything that makes for might and empire? And are they not bringing brawny, husky, vigorous men from Europe and the United States to work on land and in a climate that invigorates and exhilarates?

Three hundred thousand Americans, and four hundred millions of their Yankee dollars are interested and invested in Western Canada. First there is a settlement along the railroad or a convenient river; then comes an elevator in which to store the grain; churches and schoolhouses soon follow after the manner of the Pilgrim Fathers; and now backed by a country which will produce twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, the settlement develops from a town into a city. There is Winnipeg, for instance—wonderful and wealthy. Thirty-five years ago this city of land and grain offices was a military lamp-post from which the efforts to subdue the Indians and conquer incipient Riel rebellions were directed. To-day that city is the pivot of two transcontinental railroads with others approaching; the population of one hundred thousand is increasing at the rate of a thousand a month; and men call it the Chicago of Canada. Last year the building permits granted by the officials represented sixteen million dollars. Operations of that kind have converted the trail to the fortress into Main Street, the highway, one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, along which wander Yankee and Jew, men of Yorkshire and peasants of Russia, preparatory to being assigned to the one hundred and sixty acres of land to which they may obtain title by working six months of three successive years on the site desired. Winnipeg is the English and American jobbing center, the funnel through which the grain passes on the way to Port Arthur and Fort William. The city is sustained by a thousand mile strip of wheat lands, the assured commercial metropolis of the Northern Empire. Eight hundred miles from Edmonton, the Canadian Northern carries the tourist from Winnipeg to the capital of Alberta, the distributing center of the great North Country and the last town on the frontier. During the course of a score of years this trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company has passed from a settlement into a city with the characteristics of a metropolis. Then there is Calgary, that typical English city of the Newer World, which boasts of the best brewery in the Dominion and a three million acre fresh water irrigation plot adjacent. Vancouver already prides herself on having a harbor which is the haven for the flags and trading ships of all nations.

These harbors and this wheat, these fertile acres and those carrying ships; the growing cities of the Last West and their men of hope backed by brawn; this intermingling of the settlers of America with those of other nations in a land where the practical operation of the Mosaic law makes every man a proprietor—those are the things that make for commerce, brotherhood and Empire; those are the elements which constitute the American interests in Canada, and the Canadian interest in Americans.

Dauphin

By N. A. Myers

Commissioner Dauphin Board of Trade

LAST spring I went up over the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg. I traveled in a first-class car together with some thirty or forty settlers and business men of the new northern districts, and I was mightily interested in what I saw and heard.

Everyone was curious about the country. When the train pulled out of the yards and struck north across the open country everyone pressed his nose to the window-pane and sized up the land.

Just ahead of me an old timer was talking to a young fellow who had come up from Prince Edward's Island to settle in Alberta. He laughed indulgently.

''Every feller's looking out of the window,'' said he. ''Every feller's tellin' somebody else this is the wheat country.'' This was true, and in that wheat country northward through the prairies of Manitoba, the first town of any size along the Canadian Northern Railway, is Dauphin. It is a city of about three thousand inhabitants, and is growing as every other city and town in all Western Canada is growing, rapidly, permanently and solidly. The Canadian Northern's lines from Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon and Neepawa from the southeast and southwest, converge here with the lines from Winnipegosis, Prince Albert and Edmonton from the north and west, and extensive improvements in their yards and works are now under consideration. Dauphin is the objective point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk Pacific and Great Northern Railway, and it lies in the direct line of communication with Hudson's Bay when that route to Europe which is now acknowledged to be a necessity in the development of the resources of Western Canada and the Northwestern States, is an accomplished undertaking.

Dauphin is now the shipping point for about 1,000,000 bushels of grain and only a small portion of its rich agricultural land is yet under cultivation.

Dauphin has three chartered banks and many of the most prominent loan companies operating in the West have branches here, finding this district a profitable field for investment.

Dauphin is the headquarters of the great lumbering industry of Manitoba.

Dauphin is only nine miles from beautiful Lake Dauphin, and not far from the Duck Mountain foothills.

Dauphin has a large and well-conducted hospital, many substantial public buildings, an electric light system, up-to-date fire protection, and is pursuing a progressive policy of public improvements.

The soil of the Dauphin District is a rich black loam on a clay subsoil, and there has never been a crop failure. The average yield of the district has always been above the average for the province. As high as sixty-five bushels of wheat to the acre have been grown on a farm within three miles of the town of Dauphin.

Abundance of good water can be

obtained everywhere at a depth not exceeding twenty-five feet and very often at less than ten feet below the surface. The undulating valley lands are well watered by crystal streams rising in the Duck and Riding Mountain districts and emptying into Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis. In this extensive and fertile valley every prospect pleases and man's handiwork is turning thousands of acres of wild lands that have been covered with a network of peavine and vetches and a natural growth of nutritious grasses into fields of golden grain and, taking advantage of the natural charm of landscape, is dotting the country with beautiful homes giving practical indications of the abundant and profitable return for his industry.

The lumbering industries and sawmills that are within and adjacent to the district furnish a supply of building material at first cost and give employment to hundreds of men during the winter months.

The nearness to the mountains that are covered with spruce, tamarac, oak and poplar, solves the fuel problem for generations. The close proximity of the mountains, the great forests and the large bodies of water, regulate the rainfall and temper the climate so that summer frosts or droughts have never been known and the severity of the winter has been reduced to a very comfortable degree.

Dauphin is beautiful with the beauty of the rolling, timbered North, and fertile with the fertility of the treeless plains in southern Canada. It is busy and thriving, and is the pivotal and distributing point of a vast area.

A New City on the Big River

By S. Cookson

THEY tell a story of the smooth-handed Easterner from one of those little elm-shaded, century-old, live-forever New England towns, who came to a boom city in the West, and asked what the population was.

"Don't know yet," said the inhabitant. They'll post the morning returns outside the *Daily News* office in a few minutes."

The Easterner said nothing, but went for a walk around the town. When he came back, he spoke of progress of the city, and the number of new buildings going up.

"Are there?" said the inhabitant. "I haven't sized up the town for two days, and I don't know just what the boys are doing."

Anyone traveling along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway is constantly surprised at the growth of the towns where a little while ago was empty prairie.

Some of these are as yet no more than a siding and a rain-barrel and a dot on the map; others, like North Battleford, are busy and thriving little cities.

Two years ago North Battleford did not exist. To-day it has a population of twelve hundred. Two years ago the site of the town was merely a piece of Saskatchewan River bank just like any other piece of Saskatchewan River bank or hundreds of miles. To-day it shows the results of energy, industry and the investment o capital. To-day it offers promising rewards for the investment of more energy, industry and capital. To-day it is a city.

North Battleford numbers amongst its institutions an aggressive board of trade, and an agricultural society with a membership of over two hundred and seventy. Recently made a customs port, the revenue in the first three weeks more than paid for the expenses of equipment and the salary for a year of the resident official in charge—a truly remarkable record.

The area immediately tributary to the town comprises a wide tract of excellent agricultural lands, offering unrivalled opportunities for grain growing, mixed farming, hog raising and ranching, of which less than one and a quarter per cent. was under cultivation in 1906, producing 500,000 bushels of wheat, oats, and other crops. Before the advent of the railway, the land, although well settled, had perforce to lie comparatively idle owing to the want of a market for the local produce. No sooner, however, had the Canadian Northern Railway built its line through the townsite and established it as a freight and passenger divisional point, than every feature peculiar to the district commenced to grow and develop. The farming industry advanced by leaps and bounds and an elevator was immediately erected to accommodate the grain output. Stores, warehouses and residences sprang up in rapid succession; two chartered banks opened up branches, quickly followed by a third; and fifteen months after its birth North Battleford was raised from the humble status of a village to the dignity of a town, boasting of all those characteristics which combine to mark the prosperous growing community, the grouping together of which would usually consume many years of strenuous work in the formative period of a town's life.

In the spring of 1906 the value of buildings and improvements alone in the town represented a capital outlay of $200,000. To-day that figure has risen to over $350,000, and the program for this year will carry the total to a sum estimated at $600,000. Six hundred thousand dollars' worth of buildings and improvements in a town just two years old. If one pauses to consider the importance of what that figure represents, there is no cause to wonder that its citizens are confident of the future and anticipate a steady growth and expansion of their uniquely situated town.

Included in this year's program of building operations are a grist mill and another elevator, an up-to-date public school, several cement-block stores and offices, a brick hotel, and a sand-lime brick manufactory. This last will be one of North Battleford's most valuable assets. The bricks will be made under a scientific process and will be fire-proof; the initial plant installed will have a capacity of 18,000 bricks per day, which will be ready to be handled by the builders twenty-four hours after the first process in the making. The manufacturers guarantee that the cost will not exceed fourteen dollars per thousand, f. o. b. North Battleford. Those who have purchased the lower grade bricks on the market, and paid the piper for them, will appreciate this *slight* decrease in cost, and also the probable fact that the building trade, in this quarter of the West at least, is liable to be revolutionized.

While private enterprise has been forging ahead, the town council too has been busy. A system of waterworks, sewerage and electric lighting is about to be installed at a cost of $100,000, tenders for which have been called and the debentures placed on the market. These improvements mean cheaper water and adequate fire protection, a reduction in fire insurance rates, effective lighting, and, last and most important, proper sanitation. Sidewalks have been built along the busier thoroughfares, fire fighting equipment purchased, and a fire hall and spacious council chamber erected.

But there are other important factors working for the benefit of this town and promising fields for investment. The town is well situated on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and a number of other railways are projected to this point, emphasizing the fact that North Battleford will undoubtedly become the cross road of the commercial highways of the North, and an important industrial and distributing center. Already the Canadian Northern Railway monthly payroll at this point figures up to $10,000 and North Battleford pays into the coffers of the company for freight alone a large amount each month.

To the North there are extensive areas heavily timbered with spruce and tamarac, where the lumbering industry invities attention and development, and further North still, soon to be made more accessible by the building of a mail route to Ile la Cresse, lie the profitable fur-bearing regions, whose products are far from exhausted and which offer limitless scope to the enterprising and industrious Westerner.

On the outskirts of the area described as "immediately tributary to the town" are other large districts equal to any in the Saskatchewan Valley for agricultural purposes. Of these the Meeting Lake District is attracting the greatest share of attention, and a Dakota farmer located in that neighborhood describes the soil there as being "as rich as manure" and better than any he has seen in some of the best farming areas in the United States. The testimony of that aged son of toil is no empty eulogy.

There is no doubt that the town of North Battleford has an assured future. Not only does it occupy a natural strategic position, but its citizens are working together along progressive lines, and what nature has left unprovided they are determined to supply. Its past is a sure precursor of future development. Its business men are shrewd, progressive and fearless; all are alive to its endless possibilities. The hum of life is all around them. By day they work to the music of the saw and hammer, and at night the whistling, grinding freight trains are their lullaby.

CHESTNUTS
AND CHEESE

HIS DIAGNOSIS

THEY tell about people spending forty years learning Japanese, and how there are thirty thousand characters in a Chinese printer's case, but the land agents up in the Doukhobor district who have to struggle with the names of the Russian peasants say they can give any missionary points.

A friend of one of the agents came in recently with a local paper to ask an opinion about a certain paragraph which had been badly pied and which read something like this:

fSisn& — 54hLP9)$'J fhetaoshrdlxya — ')$ — W'W&[illegible]@?.Zvvdjh(%'' '' '' '' ?b

The agent scratched his head and read it all over again.

"I guess you've got me going-Looks like—no, it don't look like anything."

"Give it up?" asked the friend.

"Yep," said the agent. "I don't know whether it's where one of those Douks has been getting married, or just something Cy Warman said to the reporter."

HOW THEY DO IT IN KANSAS

A KANSAS man was telling stories with reference to the propensity of certain farmers to overstate the size of their wheat crops.

Once an elderly man in Topeka, engaged in the hardware business, was called upon by a farmer, who had given a skilfully padded account of his wheat harvest.

"You don't tell me!" was the polite rejoiner of the hardware man. "Well, I have been raising wheat this year myself."

"I didn't know that," said the farmer. I always supposed your interests were confined to the city. So you have a farm, eh? What do you raise?"

"Wheat—just wheat," was the reply

"Good crop this year?"

"Fine."

"How many bushels?"

"I don't know just how many bushels, my friend," replied the hardware man, in a slow, hesitating tone, calculated to impress every word upon his listener; "but it is a fact that my men stacked all they could outdoors and then stored the rest in the barn."

THE ENDLESS TOTTER

By C. L. Edson

IT totters in the evening,
It totters in the morn,
It totters in the seedtime
And when they reap the corn.

It totters in the daylight,
It totters in the gloom;
All the time it totters,
Totters to its doom.

It tottered in our young years,
While life was at its May;
It totters, totters, totters,
While our hair turns gray.

Ah, if perpetual motion
Upon this earth is known,
'Tis the everlasting totter
Of the white czar's throne.

AND THE ROOSTER SAT

THE Old-Timer was talking to the Lady from Toronto.

"It was up at Lloydminster,'' he began, "in the early days of the old Barr Colony, and Mrs. Algernon St. Clair started in to raise poultry.

"She bought a dozen Plymouth Rocks, and a setting of eggs, and a fine large Leghorn rooster—Leghorn, mind you—and went to work to make the hens set. She caught up everyone of the lot, but somehow none wanted to stay on the nest-box. Pretty soon Lewis Everett drove by on his way to town, and asked:

"'Having trouble with your hens?'

"Why yes,' said Mrs. St. Clair. "I can't make them set, don't you know.'

"'You're going about it wrong, said Everett. 'See that handsome chicken with the big red comb and the plumy tail-feathers? That's the setter.'

"Then he drove on, and Mrs. St. Clair spent her next two hours trying to make that rooster realize that his ultimate destiny was to set on those eggs.

"By and by Lew drove past on his way home, and saw her troubles.

" 'Let me show you how we do it in Canada,' said he. 'You take an auger—so—and bore two holes in the bottom of the nest-box—so—and put the rooster's feet through the holes, tie 'em under the box—so—and now he'll set all right."

The Old Timer stopped to chuckle over the recollection of the outraged rooster. The Lady from Toronto waited.

"Hanged if she didn't keep him there for three weeks until a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came along and cut him loose.''

The Lady from Toronto smiled serenely.

"Did you ever hear about the Boston woman who set her hens on hard-boiled eggs because she thought raw one's weren't sanitary?'' she asked demurely.

AN EPITAPH FIFTY YEARS HENCE

IN a few years we shall read epitaphs like this:

Here Lies
John Pittsburg Skibo Smith,
Who Was Born in a
Carnegie Town,
Educated in a
Carnegie Institute,
Studied in a
Carnegie Library.
At the Age of 30 He Became a
Carnegie Hero,
And Has Now Gone to Be With
Carnegie.

A PAGE FROM BROWNING

By Margaret George

IN mute amaze I've watched a maid
For half an hour or more,
While she, with open book in hand,
Above one page doth pore.

Full well I know she scorneth books,
Herself hath told me so;
Yet o'er a volume Browning writ,
Her blonde head bendeth low.

What verse hath so enchained her thought?
I peep behind the cover:
'Tis the fly-leaf she doth peruse:
"To Gladys,
from
Her Lover."

PUT A PRICE ON THE CORK

A MINER rode into Fernie with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to our druggist friend to be made up.

"Well, how much?'' said the miner, when the prescription was finished.

"Let's see,'' said the druggist. "It's $1.10 for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes—''

He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently:

"Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork ,and let us know the worst.''

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

THE REMITTANCE MAN

THE so called "remittance man" has become almost a stock joke in the hands of frivolous paragraphers in the American press, and even among writers who should know better. Take a scare-crow, decorate it with a monocle, make it say "Bah Jove!" and drink Scotch, and you have the receipt for "a Britisher" most popular among such hack writers who never have seen an Englishman in their lives. It was a jest to begin with, but the jest is somewhat too threadbare and too unkindly to be of worth.

Recently under the head "The Remittance Man Out West" the following letter appeared in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, and it is so good that we reprint it in full.

LANCASTER, PA., JUNE 1, '07.

Editor Saturday Night: Knowing your journal to reach the best elements in Canada, I desire to address a few remarks to them on the subject of those "remittance men" made fun of by "smart" writers on some of the press, re-echoed in the United States, re-echoed back into Canada with embellishments, and so it goes on in a fashion ridiculous to those who are acquainted with the truth of the past of Canada and its pioneer days.

Remittance men, so-called, are to-day in the Northwest, Alberta and British Columbia, the rich and influential men of the country. They are usually the rich ranchers we read about, having interests too in banking and mercantile business of that immense region. They are the people who helped to show the East what Canada was capable of as a world's astonisher!

If writers of the American press choose to make fun of such people, I don't care one cent, but I hate to see an Ontario editor making an ass of himself by doing the same thing. He writes of what he knows not, and perhaps this accounts partly for the feeling of the Western man that he does not love any too well the man of the East. This is undeniable, I am sorry to say. Personally, I was a resident for many years out there, and think I know whereof I write, and as I am of an imperialistic turn of mind, would like to see it changed for the better.

American writers on writing of the great Northwest dwell upon the differences of Eastern and Western opinion, of course under the impression that the West may some day want to go into the Republic. I believe the day is a long way off, as there exists there, as in Ontario, an intensely loyal element. Yours truly,

I. E. HALTON.

Canadians, East or West, are loyal to the Crown, and talk of annexation is as senseless as the idea of annexing the United States to Canada would be to any native son of Yankeeland. A good Canadian is a loyal Canadian and we are glad to see Canada's imperialistic spirit stated so emphatically and so clearly. A straight-from-the-shoulder expression of patriotism like this is worth much to any country.

TWO ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR OF THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

MR. Karl E. Harriman is the editor of two good fiction magazines, the *Red Book* and the *Blue Book*. The *Red Book* has a greater monthly circulation than any other all-fiction magazine published in the United States and is the most important periodical of its kind on the Continent. Mr. Harriman, also, is the author of four successful books. As we write this he is on his way to Canada with the intention of "locating" his next book in one of our three Western Provinces.

Mr. Harriman admits that he is filled with anticipations. At first he wouldn't tell whether these anticipations were of grizzly bears or fifty-five bushel wheat growing in the streets of Winnipeg, but finally he became less reticent. In this number he unbosoms himself of his anticipations for the benefit of our readers and in the next number, when he has been through Canada from Winnipeg to Vancouver, he is going to write of what he really found.

We really don't know whether the "before-taking" article in this issue will prove to be better than the "after-taking" story in the October number—but we know Canada and we have our own opinions. What do you think about it?

A NEW POET

IT is no small thing to discover a new poet. The fairy gift of rhyming is not given to many, the ear for word-music is sadly rare. But we had an opportunity recently to browse through Miss Dorothy Green's notebooks, and we found much that is worth while, and much that gives promise for the future. From time to time in THE CANADA WEST her verse will appear, and we commend it to our readers.

SOME GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

Press of matter on our columns forces us to defer publication of an interesting article "Concerning Kissing," which was written by Miss Agnes Campbell Purves shortly before she died, and which we announced in our last number. It will appear in the next issue of THE CANADA WEST.

We are also withholding, for the present, a fascinating little story by Miss Grace Benson of Winnipeg. It is a story of a hunter and his dogs that will appeal to every lover of sport—to every man who has ever set off for a day's shooting with spring in his heels and happiness in his heart. This, too, will be published next month.

TOO GOOD TO KEEP

MR. Forrest Crissey of the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose articles on rural life, "Back to the Soil" and "Petticoat Pioneering," have been featured in THE CANADA WEST recently, has given us two pieces of fiction which are among the good things in store for our readers. He also will contribute articles and sketches to the magazine from time to time.

Mr. Crissey is enthusiastic on the subject of farming, but he came into Chicago the other day from his country place with a new angle on his stock-raising industry, which officially has nothing to do with this department, but is a story too good to keep.

It was a hot July morning about two weeks ago, and Mr. Crissey was due to write an article about the "Tendencies of Wall Street,'' or something equally seriously-minded.

Wall Street was bad enough under any conditions, but Wall Street on a hot July morning in a hotter Chicago office was worse. So Mr. Crissey decided not to go to town. He folded up his suburban time-card, took off his coat, and went down to the shade of a big elm beside the Fox River which flows past the foot of the lawn, on his Lake Geneva farm. He carried a plump cushion and some sheets of blank paper.

That was all very good. The article began to fill up the sheets. Mr. Crissey inhaled the cool breeze off the river, pulled his sombrero over his eyes and congratulated himself on his forethought. But he reckoned without Amelia.

Amelia is young and frolicsome and inquisitive, and has a pedigree as long as the sea-serpent in the middle of August embodied in her cream-colored coat, soft eyes and white-ringed muzzle. She gamboled about in the middle distance, emitting soprano bleats for a little while, as behooves an aristocratic Guernsey calf, and Mr. Crissey thought no more about her. At least he thought no more about her until with one whisk of her rough tongue she swept the sombrero from Mr. Crissey's unsuspecting head, and pranced away, ears and tail waving, to enjoy her impromptu lunch.

Now Mr. Crissey is not so young nor so slim as he once was, but he gave chase manfully in that sunny field while Amelia coquetted with his Stetson. By the time he returned to his tree he was warm, and he seated himself on that hat with an expressive glance at the bossy who reached around herself and ate a fly with airy grace.

Inspiration began to come once more, and the pages increased beside him. Amelia was forgotten. Perhaps she felt lonely—perhaps penitent—but at any rate she leaned confidingly over Mr. Crissey's blue shoulder and caressed him fondly, wrapping six inches of a scratchy tongue around his right ear, and tucking the end of it neatly down his collar. A second time Mr. Crissey arose, and gently dissuaded the young lady from her confidential attitude, whereupon she heaved a weary sigh, dropped on her knees, and lay down at his feet, preparing to take a nap.

That was poetic enough and Mr. Crissey permitted it. He even had several lyric thoughts about the contrast between his facts-and-figures Wall Street story and the pretty little Guernsey lying among the grasses beside him. He left the financial article lying idly on the grass and began dreaming out a country idyl with Amelia as a heroine. Perhaps he shut his eyes to see the land of La Jeunesse more clearly, or who knows but that Robin Goodfellow touched his eyes with poppy-juice. At any rate, when he opened them again Amelia was on her slender legs, with the last pages of ''Tendencies of Wall Street'' sticking out of the corner of her pretty mouth, and an air of complete satisfaction on her countenance.

''No!'' insisted Mr. Crissey, telling the story, ''I did not name Amelia. It was one of the exigencies of her pedigree that she wear that title. But I would be willing to wager something handsome that her original owner was an atheist, a misogynist and a bachelor by choice. And if I had many more mornings in her society I believe I should be tempted to join him.''

But to come again to business: those of our readers who enjoyed Mr. Crissey's excellent article "Getting Back to the Soil" in our May issue will be glad to know that we have just secured from him a story entitled "After Seven Years." Mr. Crissey's fiction is well-known among readers of American magazines, and we count ourselves especially fortunate in having this piece of his work in view for one of the coming numbers of THE CANADA WEST.

It is the story of a young shipbuilder's apprentice in a little Scandinavian town who woos and wins the daughter of the representative of the Crown, who is of higher rank than himself. He comes to Canada to carve out a fortune for himself and his sweetheart. After seven years she follows him, and the plot of the tale turns on how he succeeds—and fails. It will hold your attention to the end.

TWO STORIES BY MR. HOWARD

IN the next number of THE CANADA WEST will appears ''Mister Peters of the Bar-L'' by Mr. Percy S. Howard, and those of our readers who enjoyed this fresh and vigorous story of cowboy life will be glad to hear that another sketch by the same author will follow in the October issue. As they are characteristic of a large part of the West, these stories will interest anyone who has ever spent time on a cattle ranch, and the author's intimate acquaintance with the types of which he writes gives the touch of reality which is their charm.

AND OTHERS AND OTHERS

THERE will be a number of good stories this coming month, among them ''The Tenderfoot'' by N. Dickie of Carberry, which strikes a new note in the repertoire of cowboy situations. The story is sad, perhaps, but still it ends in the dear old happy-ever-after way you like best. There is enough sorrow and grayness and weariness in the world without the Ibsen variety of tales where the web of life works out from black to blacker, remorselessly weaving a hopeless skein. There will be some new verse and sketches, another instalment of ''By Hill and Dale in Manitoba,'' a continuation of Miss Hind's ''A Paternal Corporation,'' new chapters of ''The Furnace"—and by the way, how do you begin to like "The Furnace" by this time? It seems to us a story quite worthy of the author of the book which *The Critic* pronounced ''the long-looked for great American Novel." All in all, the September CANADA WEST will be just as good as its predecessors, and perhaps a little better—we never have had a copy yet that we thought could not be improved upon, and we hope we never shall.

The Editor.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

Cities and districts of Western Canada have been and are invited to use these columns in making known to the outside world the special inducements they have to offer to capital and labor. Communications to insure publication must be terse, true, and above all, practical. They will be published without cost, not as advertisements but as editorial information.—EDITOR.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories, and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

SHEHO, SASKATCHEWAN.

Sheho, which means "Prairie Chicken" in Cree, is situated about 350 miles northwest of Winnipeg at the end of the Yorkton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is sometimes referred to in song and story as "Track's End." While very little advertising is being done for this part of Saskatchewan, those who have had the privilege of looking over the different parts declare it to be fine "all-round" country. For many miles in all directions it is a mixture of timber, prairies, streams and lakes. Sheho is a thriving village, in the center of this district, draws trade from a long distance in all directions, and has good openings for a grist and feed mill, and for a newspaper.

THE CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE
OF THE SUNSET
PROVINCES

EDITED · BY ·
HERBERT ·
VANDERHOOF

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF
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Vol. II. No. 5.

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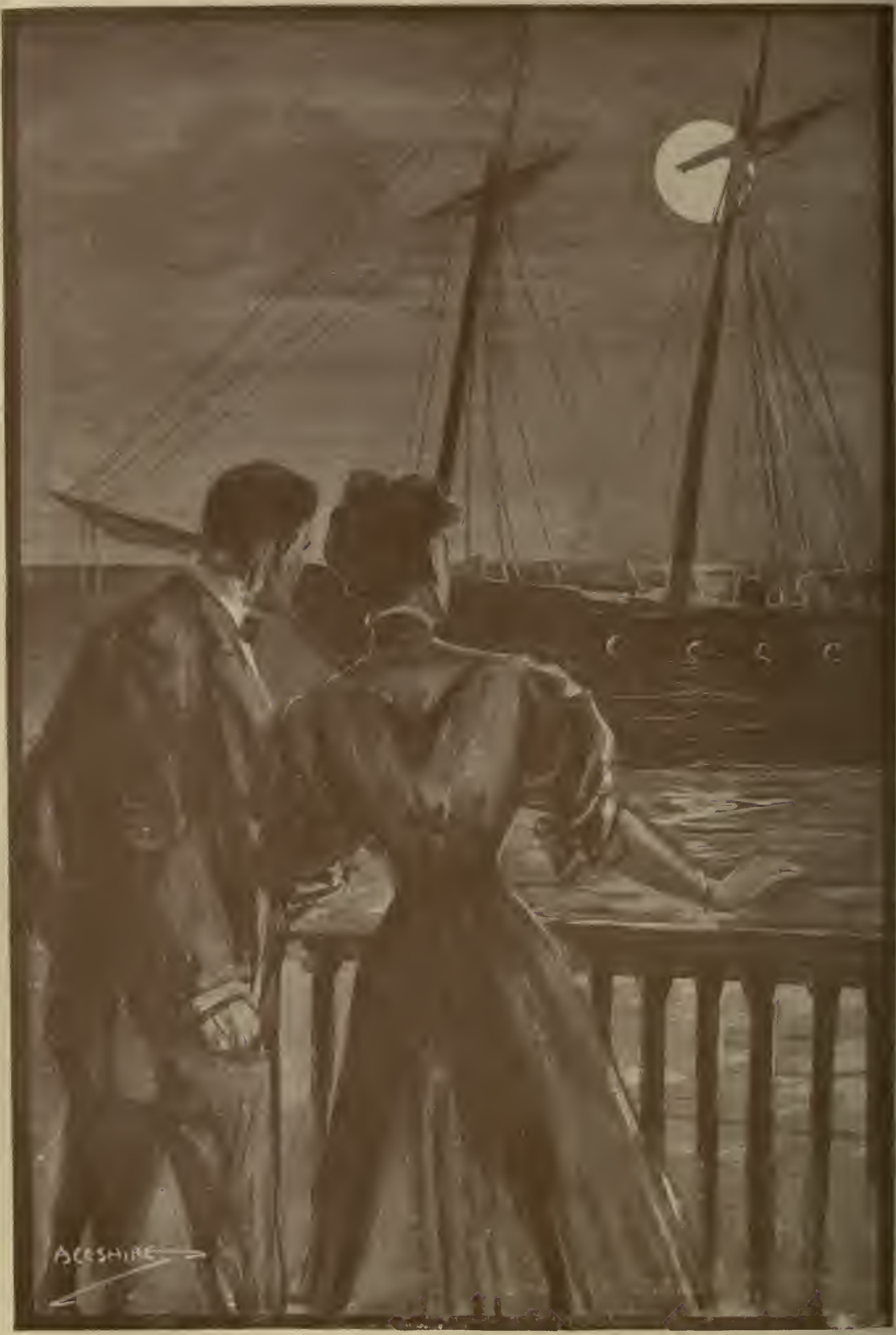

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THE
CANADA WEST

A MAGAZINE
of the SUNSET
PROVINCES

VOLUME II.
NUMBER 5

After Seven Years

By Forrest Crissey

Author of "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," "The Country Boy," etc.

"THEY are all the same! All the same!" chuckled the old boat builder to his young helper. "There never was a Norse child, from a little beggar to a little prince, that wouldn't leave a festival parade to watch a boat builder work. It's in the blood."

The boyish young workman did not look up, but the flush of color which surged into his fair cheeks showed that he knew what had provoked the comment. Finally he replied: "But the Foged's daughter is not a child. She is not little; she is . . . ."

The laugh of the old boat builder and the nearer approach of the girl cut short the lad's definition of the degree of maturity to which this chief maiden of the village had attained. Being the daughter of the first citizen, the local representative of the king, there was scarcely a fact of Svenhild Kielland's history which was not known to every dweller in Larvik. The man, woman, youth or child who did not know that Svenhild would come sixteen on St. Hansfest and that the decoration of the garden of the Foged's house was to be more in celebration of his daughter's birthday anniversary than of the usual mid-summer festival, would have been called "too foolish to eat fish." In truth the mothers of Larvik could tell to a day when this darling of the "great house" had first tasted solid food, was baptized, took her first step, spoke her first word, was confirmed, had the measles, said her first lesson, went away to school, made her first bread, spun her first thread and wove her first simple breadth of hvergang. And why not? Was she not the little princess of the place?

Sitting there on the steps which led down to the roofed platform where the boat builders were bending above their skeleton crafts, Svenhild could watch their supple movements, see each stroke which brought the graceful boats nearer completion, the smell, the pleasant, wholesome fragrance of the seasoned hard wood and still be a little apart from the workmen as became a modest girl and the daughter of the Foged.

She had been there before so often that her coming had come to be expected and the place on the steps regarded as quite her own. The old boat builder made no effort to conceal his pride in these visits from "the little lady" and she sometimes asked him questions about the boats. But not before had she given the young helper a word. He was quite surprised when, as she acknowledged his bow with her usual smile, she said: "I hope you are coming to the festival. You know it's my birthday. Isn't it nice to have one's birthday come on St. Hansfest? Then you are always sure of a party!" And she laughed merrily as he flushed red and answered:

"Yes, thank you; I shall be there. I shall surely be there."

She had never sat on the steps, from the very first time he had dared look at her, without his thinking, "How beautiful! She must be the most beautiful girl in Norway. Why, Hildegarde Swanson, queen of the last festival, is ugly beside her!" And, in fact, this estimate of the Foged's daugher was not so extravagant as it might seem, for she had all the traditional elements of Norse beauty—rose-pink cheeks, eyes of azure and hair that seemed like stilled and lusterless sunshine. But a delicacy of figure and an exquisiteness of feature rare in provincial Norway set her apart from all of her associates with a mark of distinction, fine breeding apparent even to undiscerning eyes. And her smile was the very glowing of faith and good will.

All of the money Ole had saved since he came in from the farm and began his apprenticeship was spent for clothes in which to attend this double celebration. And there was no hesitation, no half-heartedness in his parting with his little hoard. When once Ole Bakka made up his mind what he wanted, he stopped at nothing. It had been so with leaving the farm, with becoming a boat builder—with everything he had undertaken in his short career of eighteen years.

"Boy," said the kindly old boat builder to his helper the day after the festival. "I saw you in the Foged's garden yesterday—saw your clothes and saw the way in which you looked at the Little Lady." Then he lapsed into silence and shook his head many times until prompted by his apprentice.

"Yes sir?"

"No! No!" he continued. "It will never do. She is the Foged's daughter—and you are only an apprentice, the son of a poor sub-tenant!"

The apprentice made no answer, but the look which came into his strong handsome face, as he bent to his work without a word of answer, had no trace of submission in it. In spite of his boyishness there was something almost grim and sullen in the shut of his jaws and the gleam of his eyes under the rebuke of the old boat builder.

Svenhild's visits to the little open boat shop became more frequent and she no longer confined her conversation to the old man. Once she asked the apprentice how he had come to take up boot-building. Leaning back against a bench and tearing into bits a long ringlet of shaving that had curled up through the plane, he forgot himself and told of his life back on the inland farm, of the endless toil in field and woods to get enough to pay the chief tenant and keep his mother and himself from starving, of his longing to get to the town and the fjord and to make boats for the sea, of his mother's death and how he had run away and walked fifty miles to Larvik to begin the life of which he had dreamed so long.

She made no answer to all this, but the look in her eyes said: "You are very brave, Ole!" And back from his eyes flashed the answer, "And you are very beautiful."

They did not think that the wise old boat builder, who had been fitting a rib to the keel of a little yacht for the Foged, had seen this exchange of messages or had heard the story above his whistling. But that night when the Foged came down to the water front to see how his craft was coming on, the old workman contrived to let the chief dignitary of the place understand that the frequency of the daughter's visits was hardly to be accounted for by her interest in the boat and that he had done his duty by reminding the young man of the difference in station between a poor apprentice and the daughter of his patron. The Foged laughed good-naturedly:

"You are as wise as you are good, Peter. But I have no fears. Svenhild is a sensible girl and a word to her will be enough. She has never in her life disregarded my wishes—never. Say nothing more to the young chap. Opposition will only fire up all the silly romance in him and might lead him to make his attentions disagreeable. She will take care of him all right!"

So sure was the father of his daughter that, in the little talk he had with her in the garden room, he did not even exact a promise from her that she would not see Ole again. And because his suggestion that she should not go down to the boat builder's without him was so promptly carried out, he dismissed the matter from his mind. Even the fact that, while sitting beside him in the family carriage, she had openly nodded to the young builder as he passed, served to confirm the father in his conviction that there was no longer any trace of sentiment between them.

A year slipped by. Svenhild was again home from school and almost lived in the little "pleasure house" at the back of the garden, with its roof of deep red roses, and the bees did not haunt the damask blooms of the garden house more faithfully than the slender young assistant pastor followed the girl from one shady retreat to another. His deep gentle voice could be heard almost any afternoon, above the droning of the bees, reading Ibsen to his half-dreaming listener. And when the Foged saw them together he smiled and said to himself: "Not so bad! He will not set Norway afire, but he will be good to her—and he belongs to her world. He is a gentleman!"

Late one evening—the third of young Tidende's absence at the Christiania conference of pastors—the Foged caught the faint fragrance of the roses outside the open window, pushed aside the big new volume of parliamentary proceedings and rubbed his eyes. The roses somehow recalled his daughter to him. Yes; she was a sweet girl—almost a woman now! No doubt she was a little lonely to-night, with the young sub-pastor away. Perhaps if he should go out and find her in the garden he might have that fatherly talk with her which he had always expected to have sometime. His heart glowed with uncommon pride and tenderness as he walked noiselessly over the grass, thinking how obedient and sensible she had been in the matter of the boat builder's apprentice. Some daughters might have made a scene and behaved badly—but not Svenhild! And then he gave himself a bit of commendation for his wisdom in that incident. But then had he not always, in his public life, made it a rule never to bring down the stern hand of authority when softer measures would do the work?

Instinctively he made his way to the garden house and was surprised to find it vacant; but it was so cool, fragrant and inviting that he settled down on the seat, thinking, "No doubt Svenhild will pass this way soon."

Suddenly he heard low voices beside the hedge, at the back of the garden. Scarcely stirring he looked out. There just beyond the slender birch—wraith-like in the moonlight—stood Svenhild, her delicate head thrown back and her eyes lifted to those of the young man whose neck her white arms encircled.

"Dear!" he heard her say," Dearest! No matter what he says, I shall never give you up—never. Oh! if he knew your heart as I do! But it almost kills me, Ole, to think how it will hurt him.

He's my father, you know—*my father!* And he is so good!"

"But," said the young man, "I'll make as much money when I get to Canada as he has. It won't take long." Then he kissed her tear-wet eyes and vanished through the gap in the hedge. She took a few steps, leaned against the white birch and sobbed. The only words that came to the Foged, in ambush were, "Oh, father! father!"

Although he had first been white with rage he had somehow held himself in check—as he had done many a time in a political crisis. "Wait!" he told himself. "Wait! Think! I have never lost by waiting."

At last the girl moved from the tree and passed on to the house—a drooping and shaken figure, like the slender white birch bent and shivering under a summer storm.

Motionless, the father sat there under the mottled shadows thrown by the moonlight as it flittered through the leafy screen above his head.

"Canada!" he muttered. "America! That's the thing! America and time! But how I would like to beat the young farm-hound!"

That week the old boat builder told his astonished helper that he should need him no longer, as he must make a place in the little shop for the son of an old friend. "But," he added, "you have been a faithful worker, Ole, and so I give you thirty kroner—enough for your passage to America, if you choose to go with young Swanson who sails next week from Christianssand."

The steamer which would take him to the ocean port would stop at Larvik the next day. Off for Canada—and with thirty kroner which he had not had to toil for in the boat yard. Surely he was born lucky!

There was another meeting in the garden that night to which the Foged was not a witness—although he was not ignorant of it, and he spent the time pacing the library, having told his wife and servants that he must not be disturbed. He had never had so hard a fight to hold himself in hand before. But America and time would save Svenhild. The common farm-hound would take up with the first kitchen maid that came his way when once the pangs of homesickness seized him in America. Oh, he knew the breed! That was the difference between a cur and a thoroughbred! And with Svenhild, absence, the near presence of the young sub-pastor and plenty of young company of her own kind—with a gay winter at Christiania—would open her eyes and make her see the young peasant in his true light!

* * *

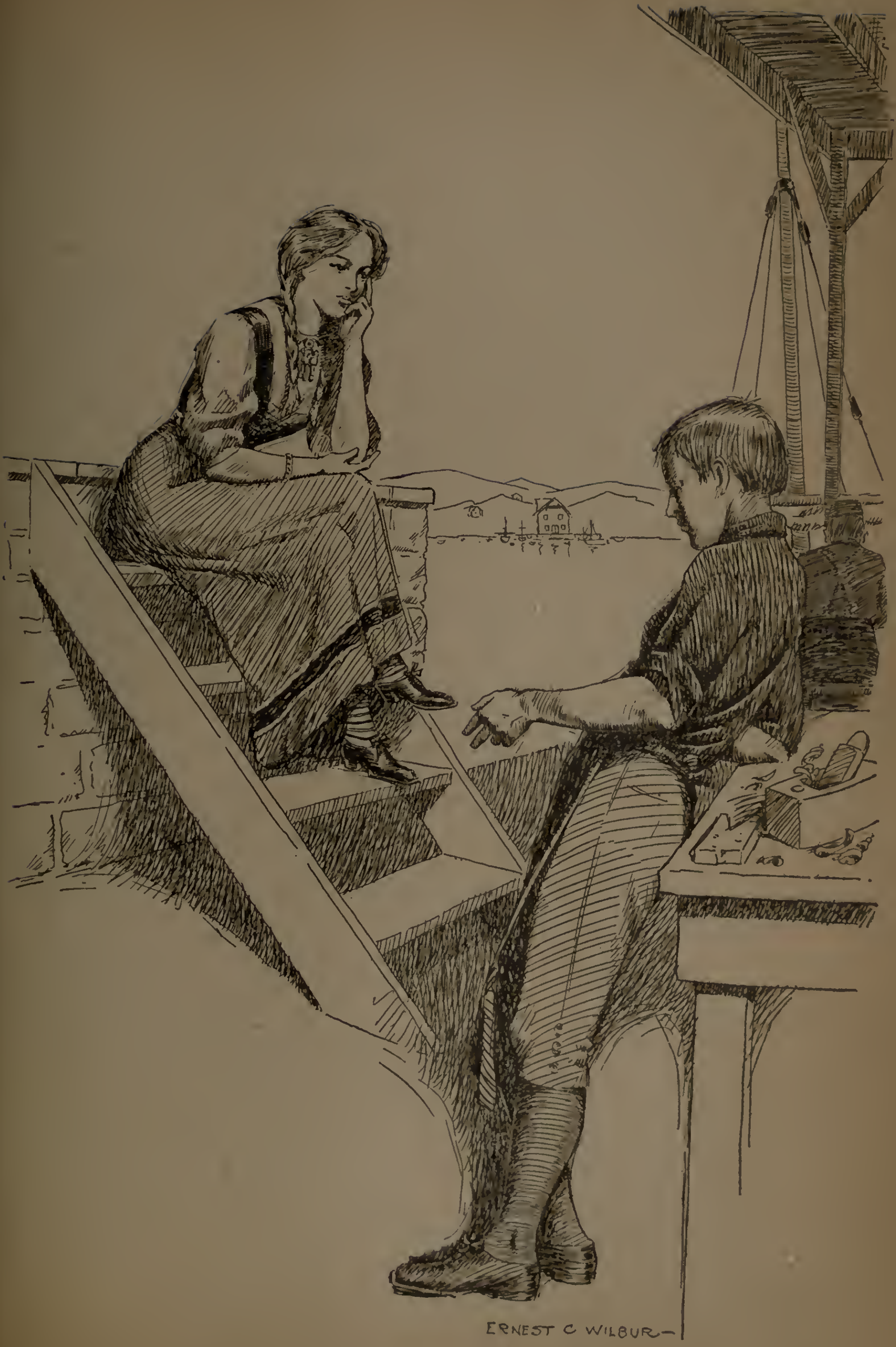
The ship that carried the young boat-builder to Canada had crossed and re-crossed a score of times since he had been among its steerage passengers; two winters had the Foged taken his daughter to Christiania and seen her received into the circle of the lesser officials; young friends had come and gone by the dozens at the "great house" in Larvik; the sub-pastor had become pastor and his pale, fine face was as constantly seen in the garden and the library and at the family table of the Foged's mansion as ever—and still the watchful master of the house saw that the expected change had not come in his daughter's heart. The letters from America still came—although not so frequently as at first—and their arrival seemed to be all she lived for. At times he wished that he had not been so wise and that he had let loose his wrath and his authority. But it was hard to see this only daughter losing the best of life, cheating herself of the golden years of happiness.

One evening when the mother was slightly ill and the big house very still and dim and lonely, he suddenly took her hand, as she sat before the roaring fireplace and said:

"Daughter! Tell me about it. Has he sent for you to go to America?"

Instantly she threw herself upon him and gave way to a wild passion of sobs—a mad outbreak of emotion which ended in his carrying her in his arms to her bed as he had sometimes done when she was a child.

"Cruel! Cruel! The farm-hound!"


ERNEST C WILBUR

HE FORGOT HIMSELF AND TOLD OF HIS LIFE BACK ON THE INLAND FARM *See page* 552 he said as he plodded unsteadily down the stairs.

Once, as the Foged and the young pastor strolled in the garden and passed under Svenhild's window, the father laid his hand lightly upon the shoulder of his companion. They stopped and listened. Above the soft thrumming of a guitar came down to them, in Svenhild's low, rich voice, the yearning strains of Solveig's song of constancy:

"The winter may vanish and spring disappear,
And summer may go—and the whole long year;
But sooner or later you'll come to me, I know,
And patiently I wait, as I promised long ago.

"God guide you where you wander, far away and alone;
God grant you his mercy if you stand before his throne.
With faith and with patience I'll wait until the end,
And should you wait up yonder, I'll meet you there, my friend."

Silently they passed on to the garden house, their cigars glowing dimly in the darkness.

"Have you spoken to her again?" asked the father.

"Again?" he answered, "A score of times. It is always the same. She weeps at the hurt which she gives to you, to her mother, to me—but says she can love only him and she will wait always—as Solveig waited for the roving renegade of a Peer Gynt! And when he sends she will go. There is no hope sir; I fear it is God's will. But I can wait as well as she."

* * *

As she came drooping down the stairway, her hand sliding along the rail and her slender little figure swaying unsteadily, her face was as white and ghostlike as the birch behind the garden house. But her eyes shone with a wild triumph. Gliding to where he sat, she steadied herself with both hands upon the great black oak table. Her lips moved before the words would come and once she closed her eyes as if in prayer—or from faintness.

"It has come—father—he has sent for me—Ole—sent the first-class passage tickets and money—and—I must go—I must go! Oh father! father!"

He caught her hand—put her in his own big chair, her shaking hands clutching its stout arms and the warm lamplight glowing full upon her golden head and quaking breast. One look at her and he turned away. He stood long at the open window breathing in the heavy odor of the roses. Yes; it was seven years since that night when the smell of the roses had brought Svenhild to his inner thought and he had gone out to tell her of the things in a father's heart!

"Yes," he said, returning to where she sat. "You must go! It is the only way you will learn how far below you this clod is! But you will come back—when you have found him out. You will come back! But listen! I could kill him—like a barn-yard cur! And you—you will have plenty of time to think of what you have done."

Again he stood by the window, while a moan from the limp figure in the great chair made him wince and quiver as from a knife thrust. Without turning he said: "But tell him that your father's door is always open to you. Tell him your people are not of a kind that can ever forget their own! And when you have had enough of him—and his kind—of kitchen maids and sailors and dock wallopers and ditch diggers in America—then come back!"

* * *

The passengers on the Canadian Pacific train for Winnipeg were puzzled by the shy little passenger whose quaintly broken speech and odd touches of dress indicated that she was not a Canadian.

"She's a pretty little Svenska, ain't she?" remarked the shoe salesman to his seatmate. "It's plain that she's no common kitchen mechanic—tell by her soft hands she's never done a day's work in her life! My guess is that she's some Swede preacher's daughter come over to visit relatives—or to meet her fellow and marry him. Seems to me I can kind of see that longing-for-you-love look in her eyes.

Anyhow she's a peach, and I'd be willing to bet that she's parsonage bred or better. Funny how the Swedes do look up to the preacher, isn't it? I lived out in Decorah, Iowa—that's the capital of Sweden and Norway in America—and I found out that they think the cloth is only one grade lower than the aristocracy. A Swede is the sure king-pin in any pickled herring community; the best of 'em kow-tow to him as if he's a little king. Now look at that smile—that's for *him*—and he's waiting in the Winnipeg station with a grin on him as wide as his hands and warm enough to melt cheese!"

"Well; do you blame him any?" replied the clothing man, glancing up from his order book. "He isn't going to draw any blank in that girl. I guess you've sized up the situation all right. Back the road a piece she was having a nice little cry all by her lonesome—thinking about the old folks, I reckon. It must tear these immigrants up some to pull away from home."

An hour later, as the train rattled into the station and the guard called "Winnipeg," the grizzled conductor himself picked up her bag and walked behind her to the platform, recalling the time when he had landed alone in America, fresh from "the ould sod!" Had he understood the Norwegian tongue he would have caught the words which escaped her tremulous lips: "After seven years!"

"Ah, girl! Svenhild!" Ole called up gaily from the station platform as she half stumbled into his arms. He kissed her—hurriedly—and for an instant heard her voice in his ear saying "Dearest! Dearest!" then turned quickly to take her bag from the smiling conductor. A moment later he was pushing her forward with the crowd which poured its babbling stream through the brass bound doors into the station. Her mind was such a dizzy whirl of sweet confusion that one minute she asked herself had he kissed her at all and the next was wondering if she had clung to him shamelessly. Could she wait until they were alone for those words, those looks, those caresses for which she had borne all the awful heartbreaks of those seven endless years of waiting. And then she smiled up at him through her happy tears—smiled at the fair mustache which half hid the lines of his lips. She had come—he was by her side and the seven years were over!

Through the station and on through the babel of yelling cabmen they hurried and he half pushed her into a waiting brougham. She saw only that it was a closed carriage and that the world would be shut out as they whirled away. Quickly she leaned forward eager to be gathered into his arms—trembling for the caress which had cost her all other dear things of life.

But her arms dropped at her side, for he lowered the window, laughed again, put up the opposite shade a bit higher and settled back upon the seat facing her.

"Don't look much like the old boat builder's apprentice, do I now?" he laughed—and pulled at his tawny mustache. "Well I guess not! Things have changed for me, I can tell you, since I left Larvik."

His chest expanded and his smile broadened as he brushed a fleck of dirt from his soft black coat and then adjusted the diamond stick-pin in his tie.

"Best thing that ever happened to me—being kicked out of that dead old hole over there. Canada's the place. A fellow can amount to something here! How the eyes of the old boss would bung out if he could see my lumber yard here—takes up a whole square." Then he laughed again and drew a cigar from his pocket—while the little figure on the other seat shrunk farther into the corner, her eyes half closed and her hands clutching the cushion. But of this he saw nothing.

"Yes," he continued, as he held the spluttering match to the point of his cigar. "I've been getting on all right. I saved it all as a surprise for you. Coming over in the steerage, that time, I thought it all out and I swore I'd never send for you until I was worth enough to buy the Foged out and could afford to throw his whole place into the fjord! I made up my mind that I'd *show him a thing or two*—if it did take a little more time. I suppose he disowned you—for a farewell? His high notions don't go in this country—and if they *did* I guess you won't have much to be ashamed of.

"I'm president of the Norwegian Society and when we get up into my district I'll show you a hundred telephone poles with Ole Bakka's picture stuck on 'em. And they're in every saloon, too! Your old man is so proud of being an 'M.P.P.'—*but that's what is going behind my own name to-morrow*, when the polls close. And the Parliament of Manitoba has got the sleepy old Norwegian House skinned a mile! I'm going to keep open house all session, this winter, so that you can keep up the habit of moving in official circles—and they do business out here all right, you bet!"

The carriage stopped and he exclaimed:

"Why, here we are at Mrs. Melum's. I've got a big meeting at political headquarters and have simply *got* to hustle back to line up things for the fight to-morrow. But I'm going to be elected all right—you don't need worry about that for a minute! Of course, I'll have to be at the polls all day to-morrow and till late at night——but the next day I'll be on hand and we'll go straight over to Pastor Johnson's; I've got the marriage license and the red tape all fixed. Mrs. Melum'll look out for you all right and you can take it easy and get rested up. Sorry I've got to hustle back, but they can't run the fight without the captain, you know."

"Take good care of her!" he called back to the landlady of the boarding house after he had introduced Svenhild. Then he slammed the brougham door and the carriage whirled away.

"My room!" gasped the girl, "I'm very tired!"

Once alone, she fell forward upon the bed and lay there for hours, a shaking, shuddering wraith of human agony and wretchedness. Only once did she speak and then she cried: "After seven years! Oh, father! Oh, God be my helper!"

At last as evening approached, she aroused herself, washed, took from her purse a scrap of paper, read and replaced it and then watched at the window until she saw the landlady go down the steps with a market basket upon her arm. When she had disappeared around the corner, Svenhild snatched her handbag from the bed and went softly down the stairs and out into the street. There she walked swiftly, frequently turning corners and keeping steadily on until she saw an empty carriage passing. This she hailed and entered after handing the driver the slip of paper from her purse.

* * *

"What's the matter, woman?" demanded Ole, standing in the doorway of Mrs. Melum's boarding house, the day after the election.

"I'm afraid to tell," whimpered the terrified landlady. "I tried to find you—I telephoned—"

"Speak up!" he commanded. "What's happened? Tell me quick!"

"She's gone. Run away—your lady—the evening after you came. She said she must rest and—"

He stopped her—his face red and white by turns—put a few terse questions and then drove, at top speed, to Alderman Oleson's place, picked him up and continued on to the police station. When they came out of the inspector's office the alderman was saying: "That's what comes of having a pull, Ole. Nothing in the papers and no noise about it! Every thing on the still hunt. But that was a wide tip the inspector gave you about looking up anybody from her old home town. Going to go yourself to see the old servant that used to work for your lady's father? Lucky you happened to recall her."

"Her boy votes in my ward," explained Ole, "that's how I came to remember about her."

The alderman remained in the cab while the Honorable Ole Bakka went inside the cottage. When he came out he gave the driver a number in a fashionable street and ordered him to "drive fast".

"Had to threaten the old woman with arrest," he explained, "to get the tip out of her. Told her I had a city officer in the cab ready to take her."

Then he lapsed into moody silence until they approached the big house and the cab wheel grated on the curb.

"You won't mind taking the car back, will you, Alderman?" he asked—and bolted for the servants' door without waiting for an answer. At last the door opened—and once more he looked straight into the eyes of Svenhild. The swift, yearning, agonizing, despairing reproach of that look almost penetrated the self-complacency of the Hon. Ole Bakka! Then the door shut with a bang and the alderman in the cab wondered if he heard a woman's voice scream—or was it the cry of a child?

When at last Ole spoke it was to say: "Well—she can't throw *me* down but *once*! It's a good thing I told nobody of this—just kept it as a kind of surprise to cap off my election. She's a fine girl all right—but there's some things a man of my position can't stand. When she gets ready to look for me she'll know where to find me. But it may be too late for *her*! This thing mustn't get out, Alderman—not a word of it, you understand."

"Not a word," answered the alderman—who realized that the day's doings had put a ring in the nose of one of the rising young political leaders of "Little Sweden." It was a great piece of luck for Alderman Oleson! He might sometime have to teach the Hon. Ole Bakka to lead—by the nose!

* * *

Svenhild had turned in at the cottage gate, two years later, to spend her "Thursday out" with old Ingred, the friend to whom she had fled in that wild hour of her heartbreak. Ingred was picking nasturtiums by the fence and looked up with a rare smile of welcome on her wrinkled old face.

"Here's the last paper from home," exclaimed Svenhild. "It says that father has given up his office and—and that means he is breaking. Oh, if I could only bring myself to go to him." Then her face lighted as she added, "and the paper says too, the Pastor Tidende has been sent to Winnipeg as a delegate to the great Lutheran convention. I wonder——"

Suddenly she stopped. From within the cottage came the sound of a tenor voice singing in her home tongue the words of Solveig's song:

"The Winter may vanish and Spring disappear,
And Summer may go—and the whole long year!"

The paper fell from Svenhild's hand and her face grew white as the spray of bridal wreath which brushed her skirt.

"Go! child! Go!" said old Ingred. "He has come for you—the pastor—go to him."

"And back to father and mother," answered Svenhild, walking unsteadily into the cottage—and into the open arms of the black coated pastor who had first taught her Solveig's song of waiting.

"It's too bad you're going to lose her," said the daughter of the big house in the aristocratic Fort Rouge quarter that evening after the pastor and Svenhild had called—fresh from Pastor Johnson's—to break the news of their sudden marriage. "My! but doesn't her preacher take himself seriously. You'd think he'd been used to refusing invitations from the Fort Rouge set all his life. And she didn't seem like a servant—she never did—but less to-night then ever. It's been kind of a romance below stairs, hasn't it—but so funny!"

And as Svenhild and her husband walked from the car to old Ingred's cottage, hand in hand, he was softly humming Solveig's song:

'The winter may vanish and Spring disappear,
And Summer may go—and the whole long year!"

How to Get a Homestead

Old Mac Tells of the Young Man's Country

By Allen Frake

BY this time the depot was crowded. The East was exchanging with the West in a parti-colored stream of humanity, grips, dogs, trucks and anxiety. On Track Seven stood the Colonist Limited and before the gate waited a curious throng of men, watching a depot agent's leisurely progress towards the bars.

The padlock clicked to the key, and the gate rolled back.

"Train going North!" he called in a resonant bass. "All aboard for Minneapolis, Saynt Paul, Winnipeg, and the Last West!"

"Last West, Mac?" queried a tall young fellow on the platform. "What's that?"

"Last West? Oh, that was just my funnin'" responded Old Mac, as the last of the crowd tumbled through the gate, and the conductor sent a long-drawn "Bo-o-o-ord!" echoing up the platform.

"No, but where is it? Thought they'd got through calling any place the *West* by this time," persisted the other. "What made you say it"?

"Why, it's them Western provinces in Canada they calls the Last West," answered Mac, swinging himself up on a truck. "I'm going up there myself next month, an' take the Missus, an' homestead. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta—prairie country where they raise forty bushel o' wheat to the acre, an' don't have to pick rocks off'n their sections. The Government gives a feller a hundred an' sixty acres, an' all you have to do is to pull a ten out o' your jeans for her."

"You're easy, Mac," said the boy with amusement. "What are they giving away good land like that for—Governments don't do that way. Look at the United States! Why, I wouldn't live on some of these reservation lands if you paid me a dollar an hour!"

The depot agent laughed easily. "That just shows you ain't lived as many years as Old Mac," he answered. "What's the good o' land to the Gover'ment if they ain't nobody livin' on it, an' makin' it earn its upkeep? What's the difference if Canada is 25,000 square miles larger than the United States if they ain't got but a New-York-full or so of people to spread all over it? They want folks to fill up the country an' cultivate it an' fence it, and make it worth somethin'. That's what the big Canucks are after—to get some of that land filled up with folks an' payin' taxes. That's why all them fellers is going up there now, 'cause it won't be so many years before land's as scarce there as it is here."

"It's so cold, though, Mac," demurred Billy. "What you going to raise—snow-birds for the hotel market?"

"Say, you're a kicker!" commented Mac. "Tain't any colder than it is here, in lots of Canada, and where it is cold it's a dry cold that you don't feel. You stand that east wind blowing off the Lake down Adams Street in January, an' you don't need to worry about not trotting in the Walter Wellman class. You could meet a can o' liquid air an' not twitch an eyebrow."

"Oh, you've been reading booklets, old man. It's wild country up there, no cities, no theatres, no churches or schools or anything else but jackrabbits and loneliness. Little old

Chicago is good enough for me."

"That's all right. The first thing my missus said to me was, 'What about Ruth an' Rachel?' she says. 'They ain't through school yet.' So I looked it up, and they's schools and churches, and I s'pose the same kind of ice-cream suppers an' fringed tidies they have over on Forty-third street. Don't go much on them things myself, but she has to have 'em. It's the land I'm interested in."

"Hundred and sixty acres," repeated the young man musingly. "It isn't so bad a start, is it?"

"No siree bob! Grain an' cattle—cattle an' grain. You just ought to see some of the prize stock they raise up around Calgary. I was over at the St. Louis Exposition an' saw the handsomest stallion ever, there. Took the prize, and the cattle—Jim-in-ee! I ain't sure but what I want to raise live critters. Out there on the Alberta ranges you don't have to put up any shelter for your stock all winter—just let 'em run loose an' feed on the wild grasses. If you want to, you can get a lease of grazing lands for next to the half o' nothing from the Gover'ment Land Commissioner. O' course you can let your cattle run on the Gover'ment lands, an' you don't have to fence, but it's better to lease your pasture and fence it on shares with your next-section neighbor. Makes you feel more secure, like."

"Must be lonesome when you start in, though," said the boy. "Patch of ground, crick, piece of sky, and prairie sod, with your next neighbor on the skyline."

"Well, it don't take long to put up a shack, an' you can get timber from the Government timber reserves, three thousand feet of it, besides roofing poles and fencing rails and firewood, no cost except cutting and hauling."

'What are the marketing facilities? how do you sell the stuff you raise? unless you're right on the railroad?"

"That's always been the trouble with the northern part of the rich Saskatchewan Valley. Except on the line of the Canadian Pacific there hasn't been anything doing. But now the Canadian Northern runs up to Edmonton from Winnipeg, an' the Grand Trunk is being put through from one end to the other, an' the C. P. R. is extendin' her lines so there won't be any trouble gettin' your truck to market, almost anywhere you want to locate. The breweries and flour mills and so on take all the grain they can get, too."

"If I went up there, I don't believe I'd go straight into farming," reflected Billy. "I'm tired of this everlasting ham-sandwich-and-cup-o'-coffee life here, and I've been wanting to get out where a man could breathe and make a way for himself. But I haven't enough to go into farming just yet. Any chance to work for other fellows?"

"Sure!" responded Mac. "First place, when there's so many settlers farmin' they need help. Then there are brick-yards, flour mills, sawmills, railroad-building, lumbering, and so on. There's no trouble about getting work up there."

"I wouldn't mind working on a farm for a while to get the run of the business. I haven't been on a farm since I was fourteen, and I don't know whether I would know which end of the plow to hitch a horse on now."

"That's all right," said the older man. "You can get a berth with some of the big farmers through the Immigration Commissioner. The wages are not much, but you get a chance to learn the business. They're about ten or twenty dollars a month, and board. They have the whole set of fixings up there, and keep lists and employment chances, and they'll put you through like sausage meat with the latest flavor guaranteed on the wrappers' table. When you get through a year with some of these big ranchers, you'll not be afraid to tackle a homestead proposition. Any of the Government agents will fix you up fine as silk. You can get a low-rate certificate from any agent which will give you low rates on settler's effects, and you can carry a car-load. All you'd want to take, though, would be the hundred and fifty pounds baggage you get on a ticket.

It don't make any difference whether you go across the boundary line at Portal, Emerson, the Soo, Windsor, or anywhere else."

"I've a good mind to try it," said Billy thoughtfully. "Might start in with a quarter-section, after a few months on somebody else's farm. Say, if a man takes up a quarter-section, does he have to break up land same as if he were going into farming."

"No, not if he has twenty head of cattle. That's what I'm going to do."

"When do you seed?"

"'Bout the first of April to the first of May."

"How long before the crop ripens?"

"Ninety to a hundred and ten days. There's so much sunlight the wheat ripens like it was in a hothouse."

"And the climate's good?"

"Sure! They're chiefly proud of it up there. You dassn't say anything against the weather."

"What about the winter?"

"Snow begins to fall the middle of November, and is mostly gone by March. Eastern climate is a little less mild than the Western. The snowfall gives the necessary moisture to ripen the wheat, and the Chinook winds have a tempering influence that keeps the weather comfortable. If there isn't as much snowfall as usual, the farmer raises a fuss, and goes into town to lick the weatherman. Through the summer the nights are cool and the day warm. Canada's all right on climate. They send invalids up there for the sake of the dry, bracing air. The most rain falls in May and June, just when they need it for the crops."

"Can you raise a crop on the first breaking of the land?"

"Yes, but it is best to use it the first year for garden truck, or flax, because it is rough before the heavy sod has had time to rot, and become workable.

"Plenty of hay?"

"Plenty of wild hay on Government or vacant land which you can rent for a little bit of money. Timothy and other grasses can be successfully grown."

"Don't they raise fruit somewhere up there?" queried Billy. "It wouldn't seem like home without a melon-patch."

"The small fruits grow wild. They cultivate plums, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries, gooseberries, melons, and all those things. In the Eastern provinces they do a lot of business in that line, and the British Columbia fruit would make your hair stand on end. It's so scandalous big. Like California."

"Vegetables, too?"

"Potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, cabbages, peas, beans, celery, squash, and 'most everything else. "You won't go hungry. Billy."

"Not much I won't," responded the boy, laughing. "Sounds like home and mother to me, after I've been hearing 'Plate o' Beans' yelled down the lunch-counter for three years. Say, will I have to change my citizenship if I go to Canada?"

"Here's what the booklet says about it," said Mac, pulling out a Government folder. "'A foreigner may enter land for a free homestead, but he must become naturalized before he can obtain a patent for it. Meanwhile he can hold possession of the land, live upon it and exercise every right of ownership. If not already a British subject he must reside three years in the country to become naturalized. To become a British subject a settler of foreign birth should make application to anyone authorized to adminster oaths in a Canadian Court, who will instruct him as to the details of completing his naturalization.'"

"How about money?"

"You can take it with you and have it changed when you arrive in Canada, or you can get it changed before you start. American money, however, is taken everywhere in Western Canada at its face value."

"Can a man who has used his homestead right in the United States take a homestead in Canada?"

"Yes."

"If a British subject has taken out 'citizen papers' in the United States, how does he stand in Canada?"

"He must be 'repatriated', or take a certificate of naturalization when he gets his final papers on his homestead. You can't take up a homestead without becoming a Britisher, but what's the difference, anyway? A man that's law-abiding is just as happy being bossed by a Parliament as by a Congress, and neither of them bother you much. There's all kinds o' folks up there, Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Americans, Russians, Germans, Norwegians,—'most everything stirred up into hash, an' all workin' like all-get-out. Everybody's good or near-good in Canada. You don't need to carry a shootin' iron in your coat-tails. 'Jever hear of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police? They've made the country walk chalk up there. They don't allow bad men, or grave-yard makin' as a sport. They're awful good in Canada. They come around every so often and take a report of your troubles and if everything isn't goin' right, they fix it up for you. Don't make any difference what the matter is the mounted police will fix it somehow."

"Got a map of the vacant lands in your clothes, Mac?" inquired Billy—"one that's down to date, so I can pick out my homestead?"

"Nope! They don't have 'em. You see things change so fast up there with all the new folks comin' in that by the time they'd got one printed all fine and dandy it would be all wrong. You'll have to see some of the Government agents. After you've decided whether you want to ranch around Calgary, or raise wheat in Saskatchewan, or go in for mixed farming up by Edmonton, or lumbering around Prince Albert, or clerk in a hardware store in Winnipeg, you can begin to find out about the country in any of these districts, and get her narrowed down to a township or two, and then you can find out what lands are vacant there, and make your dicker. There's the new Peace River country, up northwest of Edmonton. It ain't really opened up yet, but it probably will be before so very long, and it's splendid country. There's farming settlements four hundred miles north of Edmonton now, and the surveyors are working up there running meridians this summer. There didn't used to be anything up there but a fur-trading post and a bunch of Sioux, but it's as fine country as a man would want to settle down in for the rest of his natural life."

"That's where they have the long days, isn't it?"

"Eighteen hours of sunshine to ripen the wheat, Billy. That's the place to grow your crops. You can read the newspaper at ten o'clock in the evening without a lamp, and you just ought to see the pictures of the garden stuff and the wheat and the oats and the barley they turn out. Talk about Kansas and Minnesota! They aren't in it!"

"Well, sir!" said Billy, rising to his feet, and hefting a big grip from the baggage-truck, "I guess I'll go. When do you leave?"

"I think I'm off about the first of next month," responded the big man.

"Take out a homestead for me, when you get up there, and I'll come."

"Can't do that, Billy, sorry to say. You have to make entry in person, or it's no good. I'll look around for you, though, and you'll have six months to perfect your entry. I'll give you any pointers you want, for I believe you're having the chance of your life right now."

"I'm glad you told me about it, old man," said the young fellow, extending a muscular hand. "Put it there! I'll begin to get ready right away, and I'll see you in Canada."

"So long, Billy, take care of yourself," called the depot agent after the boy, as he strode down the platform.

The conductor of the Prairie Traveler nodded to old Mac, and smiled.

"Good kid, ain't he?"

Mac straightened his shoulders proudly.

"You bet your life. You just watch him. If he don't go to that Canadian House o' Lords some day, I'll, I'll eat my quarter-section, sir, Good-night."

Mister Peters of the Bar-L

By Percy S. Howard

VERY hot? That's not half strong enough. It was simply scorching. There was not a breath of air, and the dust from the branding-pens lifted about three feet off the ground, hanging waist-deep and giving men and horses the appearance of emerging through a mountain cloud. All the boys were half dead with heat and exhaustion, and the mixture of dirt and perspiration gave us as dirty a look as coal-heavers.

We were branding the younger calves, and were doing the job on foot, having given up our horses. The little creatures seemed too hot to make much resistance, and only when the hot iron seared them would they give a beseeching cry to their anxious mothers who kept up a monotonous walk along the outside of the corral, each in her turn trying to force an entrance as the cry of her offspring reached her ears.

The afternoon was wearing away when Mr. Peters strolled up to see how the branding was progressing, artistic as usual with his white collar, English riding breeches and leather gaiters, all of which were a mortal sin in the eyes of the ranch boys.

Mr. William Peters was not a favorite. He had come from the East to take charge of the ranch in the absence of his brother, Long Pete, who had been he idol of the men, and who either was off on a prolonged tour, prospecting, or dead. At any rate he hadn't been een at the ranch for over a month, and he boys were getting tired of the very Eastern gentleman who represented the visible authority at the Bar-L.

He came into the pen just as Harry nd Grant were in the act of roping ne of the larger calves. The rope ropped around the calf's hind legs with the usual sureness of Grant's throw, but a five-months old bull calf is no easy task for even two grown men to handle—and the amount of bellowing that calf did before he gave in was a credit to his family!

So much were the men taken up with the nervy little chap that no one noticed the unusual excitement in the herd of cattle outside, and not until the calf's mother thrust her body through the broken gate was the infuriated cow noticed. However, she was not bashful. She gave one hoarse bawl, lowered her head, and charged directly at Mr. William Peters.

That innocent gentlemen was standing with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, watching the man with the iron, and the first knowledge he had of his danger was the unanimous yell of the men who were fleeing in all directions,taking refuge on fences, sheds, and anywhere else out of reach. He had small time to choose his roost, but made a dive for the fence directly in front of him. With one bound he was astride it, but to the surprise and horror of us all, the cow charged straight at the fence, breaking and sending to the ground all but the top rail. Peters hung to that like grim death, shrieking a string of amateur curses and looking for all the world like a half-grown young crow out of its nest for the first time and clinging to a very shaky little branch.

The cow seemed to feel that she had not found the right article yet, so she turned, bellowed, and charged again, just grazing his boots, and eliciting an ear-splititng yowl from the unfortuate gentleman. The boys clung weakly to their perches, nobody having strength or inclnation to interfere until the screeching Peters protested that he could last no longer.

Then Grant lassoed the cow, and soon brought her into submission, while Peters climbed down, and gasped his way back to the shanty.

The incident rather put the finishing touch on the boys' dislike of the boss.

"Why can't he eat meals with the outfit?" asked Shady Bill, gesticulating with a doughnut at supper time. "Seems to me like a feller might come in amongst his men in a God-forsaken place like this an' not put on Government House airs. 'T'aint as if he were somebody, 'cause if there's a feller here that ain't a better man nór him, he'd better go an' shoot himself. Why, he blatted like a blamed sheep when he was on top o' that rail with nothin' but a doggone cow after him."

Shady Bill was not accustomed to using so much oratory, but the crowd's feelings were thoroughly aroused, and sitting on their bunks after supper they tried to think up some scheme to cure their boss of his "stuck-up ways."

"Might put him on the blue roan. She'd buck him so high he'd come back with a map of Mars in his pocket, an' by the time he got back he'd be ready to eat the steers so long's he got himself filled up," remarked Rattlesnake Joe.

"He might meet a heifer when he got back an' not even have a top rail to hang on to. We don't want ter send him ter heaven for good—we'd miss him too keen," objected Kennedy with a grin.

Long River Tom turned his eyes pensively. "Take him out an' dump him in Salt Crick, an' tell him he's too fresh."

"Easy, easy, thar now, boys," remonstrated Shady Bill. "Don't be so radical. Le's jest give him a hint, like. He ain't a bad feller—he's jest got too many dumfool b'iled shirt notions. Take him out on the range an' lose him somewhere for a day or two, so'st he kin get up an appetite."

The idea was a good one, and the boys arranged then and there for a fake round-up in which all hands, even to the cook, would take part. Of course Peters wouldn't stay behind, and Shady Bill, with Harry Jacobs, was elected as Chief Boss-Loser. The two were to take Peters up into Devils' Coulee, which was a second Hole-in-the-Wall, and leave him there. It had but one entrance, and no one but an expert could possibly find his way in or out. It was a large place, some two miles long, and nearly as wide, tangled with brush and trees, and might have been a little Garden of Eden in that treeless waste, had there not been too much spear grass and too many rattlesnakes. Also the flies in the early summer months were beyond description. Altogether, the boys had chosen a nice place for their boss' vacation.

Fifteen minutes after breakfast next morning, everybody was in the saddle, cook as well as the rest. Some rode this way and some that. The cook rode around the stable, off-saddled, and went back to his kitchen. Peters, Shady Bill and Harry went off in a roundabout way towards the Coulee.

Peters being a tenderfoot, Shady Bill instructed him tenderly about the direction in which he was to ride, and branching out, the two boys left him in Devil's Coulee. They took a circle and met again at the opening, from where they rode back to camp. Most of the boys were waiting for news, with eager faces, and seemed disappointed that things had gone off so easily.

The day passed on like a Sunday. The boys lay around smoking and playing cards. Long River Tom and Sandy Grant had a little row with a bad horse or two. Hallelujah Sands invented an entirely new story about his ranching experience in Arizona, and everybody turned in early.

Next morning half a dozen of the boys hit out for Devil's Coulee after breakfast, while the rest of the camp stayed near enough home to be handy when the boss was found.

But finding the boss wasn't such an easy proposition, after half an hour's hunt the party split up and started out to beat the bush. Two hours later they met again, Grant leading Peters' mount limping with a bruised right leg and scratched nose. He had found the animal in the southwest corner of the Coulee, and without a word the men set out for that quarter, saying nothing and looking at each other as little as possible.

The boss was lost, that was sure. He had probably fallen, which would account for the horse's injuries, and he might be lying anywhere with a broken arm or leg or neck.

We rode and looked and shook every bush in the Coulee for about an hour, and at last I heard a faint halloo to my right. Riding in that direction I soon met Shady Bill, and presently found Grant, Long River Tom, and the other boys standing beside the stretched out form of William H. Peters.

Dead? Oh no! After a little persuasion he sat up and then stood up. Hurt? Somewhat. Right side had sus—sustained several bruises, and his hand pained him slightly. Fell? Came a beastly cropper. Here Shady Bill smiled. Could he ride back to the house? With care, yes.

He seemed to have no suspicion of the trick played him, and was so grateful for our finding him that we felt ashamed of ourselves. After a somewhat painful ride back to the shanty, we laid him out on his cot and dressed his scratched side as well as we could.

"Sure ye ain't jammed up somewhere else?" asked Shady Bill at last.

"My hand pains me," answered Peters, smiling lop-sidedly. "Could I have gotten blood-poisoning?"

Shady Bill examined the hand.

"Aw, that ain't anything," he pronounced, and sauntered out of the room, giving us the wink to follow him. But when he was once outside his face changed.

"Boys," said he very gravely, "there's a little hole in that feller's palm, and its beginnin' to swell up. By Gad, boys, as sure as a heifer ain't a stud horse, that feller's been hit by a rattler."

A rattler! We looked at each other. And we were responsible.

"It ain't so bad ter see a feller die with an ounce o' lead in him, but ter see a cuss go off all on account of a damned old rattler, an'us guys responsible—say, what the devil are we to do?" asked Bill, thoroughly upset.

Nobody cared to answer the question. Everybody was thinking.

Tobacco juice was good to draw out poison. Whiskey was the best thing to drink. Presently Mr. William H. Peters had one and one-half bottles of Scotch in him, and a wad of tobacco as big as a baseball on the puncture. Harry was gone on the best horse to fetch the doctor who lived at One-Eye, fifteen miles away, and the boys sat around asking each other how they thought Peters was now at five minute intervals.

I looked in after awhile. Peters lay on the cot, deep in dreamland, breathing heavily and smelling like a distillery. Shady Bill and Rattlesnake Joe were kneeling by the cot, taking turns at sucking out the poison, while Blinky Smith sat beside, steadily chewing tobacco for a poultice. The "suckers," as the cook playfully called them, looked pretty well tired out, and said their heads felt like split cabbages. An old blanket was thrown over him, and two feet in striped socks hung pathetically over the end of the bed.

"Guess the p'ison's out by now," pronounced Bill, rising at last. "We might as well stop suckin' at it."

Joe rose up wearily, and after bandaging Peters' hand with two old shirts and a huge wad of chewed tobacco, we all went outside and sat down to wait for the doctor. It was not long before he came, and hurried into the cabin with a very grave look on his face.

"Lord!" said Grant savagely, tramping up and down before the door. And "Lord!" we all echoed mentally, waiting there in the hot afternoon sun for the doctor's verdict. We didn't like Peters yet, but we didn't want to have him up and die just on account of a practical joke.

Most of the boys walked around; others flung themselves face downward on the ground; the most uneasy of the bunch threw stones at the little gophers that peeped out of their holes as if they knew how miserable we were, and wanted to make fun of us.

"I want a couple of you boys," said the doctor, suddenly appearing at the door of the shack. Everyone sprang forward, chorusing, "How is he, Doc?"

The doctor shook his head. "Can't tell yet," he said, and choosing Harry and I, returned to the sick man.

Peters was stripped to the waist, and in consequence of the tight bandaging on his hand and wrist, his arm had turned black nearly to the shoulder.

"When did this happen?" asked the doctor gravely. Our legs trembled as we explained the incident, and the doctor nodded thoughtfully, without a word. Finally Harry and I grew thoroughly impatient, and Harry burst out, "Can't you give us any hope, doctor. Ain't there a chance?"

"Couldn't say yet," responded the doctor. "Couldn't say," and with that we had to be content.

That was a wretched night. None of us turned in except the cook, who swore he wouldn't lose sleep for anybody, not even the Angel Gabriel himself. We lay around in groups and smoked ourselves into stupidity. The doctor told us that if Peters died, he would have to report our foolishness in town and let the law deal with us. It was not the law that troubled us, but the fact that the business had been too one-sided. Peters had not had a chance for his life, and if there is anything a Westerner likes, it is fairness. Shady Bill expressed the general feeling of the camp as usual.

" 'T'ain't so bad to make a man pass in his checks on a square deal, but this here puttin' a feller in a dirty snake trap an' havin' him kick the bucket ain't what none of us here like. The blamed law can do jest as it likes for mine. Damned if I care. See?"

Shady Bill shoved his face within two inches of the doctor's whiskers as he went on record, and emphasized it with a thump of his fist on the table, but the doctor didn't seem properly impressed. He took two steps backward and began to laugh. Bill looked at him wrathfully.

"Now,what the hell are you laughin' at, you doggone, pug-faced coyote. It's a damned nice time for you to be lettin' off your ha-has, ain't it, you knock-kneed, wall-eyed, spavined, rat-tailed Rocky Mountain canary, you. You jest cut into that air room an' stop there till I tell you to come out, an' if I see your greasy old nose stickin' 'round the door post, I'll give it one o' these here," and to make his statement clearer Shady Bill loosed off a shot from each of his forty-five calibre Colts nearer the doctor's heels than agreed with that gentleman's dignity. He jumped four feet.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" he shouted. "Your boss is all right."

"What's that?" said Shady Bill, steadying the six-shooters. "Peters all right? You're mighty nigh the book o' the recordin' angel to be tellin' extry lies."

"He's all right, I tell you," persisted the thoroughly angry doctor. "It wasn't a snake bite at all—just a splinter he got in his finger, but you darn fool galoots thought you were so clever you deserved a good scare."

Shady Bill lowered the Colts, without a word, and the boys made one unanimous movement in the direction of the shanty. Peters was sitting up with a seven-foot grin on his face, faintly visible in the early dawn.

"Hello, boys!" he remarked as we trooped in. "You nearly gave me the horrors with all the booze you poured into me yesterday. I don't know whether I saw more snakes than you did, or not," and then he and the doctor laughed like two children, while we quietly faded away.

The doctor didn't stay for breakfast, however—said he had a pressing engagement in town, but Peters came out and ate with the outfit in a casual everyday sort of way. After that rattler episode the boys called him Snake-bite Bill, and the boss and the ranch were the best kind of pals. We were darned sorry when Long Pete ambled in from Vancouver with the marks of a two months romp on him, and his brother put on the white collar and hiked back to the East once more.

OUR GARDENS OF HESPERIDES

The Welcome of the Cities

Edmonton

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

"THE Golden Fleece is far to seek," they said,
Those old adventurers, sad and travel-worn;
"Yea, very far," and laid them down and died.
The Spaniard sought for Youth till he was old
Among the Southern groves; but we are wise,
And through our silver birches gleam the homes
Of our adventurers who come to dwell
Among our Gardens of Hesperides.

Eastward we look where stretch the silver rails
Across the prairies, shining in the sun;
Westward we look where brood the ancient hills;
Northward we marvel o'er a virgin land;
And in the quiet dusk we turn to hear
Our children laughing where the war-whoop rung.

Happiness Valley

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

Editor of The National Magazine

IT was Manitoba, the first of the wheat-growing provinces of the West, that made Winnipeg and enabled her to assume the position she holds to-day. Here, in summer one understands why the wheat grows as it does and why last year's average yield per acre was more than twenty-one bushels. Through the long summer day the sun shines straight down through a thin, clean atmosphere that serves precisely the functions of a glass roof over a hothouse. It is for all the world like being in a big conservatory. The nights are cool and harden the grain.

Manitoba is well settled. Two streams of immigration flowing in from the States went northward and westward over the prairie country until the heavily wooded northern section was reached. This deflected the newcomers to the westward through the Saskatchewan Valley. There have been many names suggested for the Valley of the Big River, but "Happiness Valley" fits it best. From the scrap of a log-and-clay shack in a six-house town to the biggest ranch among its golden wheat-fields, contentment and courage and faith and hope are there. Happiness Valley it surely is, and Happiness Valley it will be until the last harvest is gathered, and the Angel Gabriel checks up the grand total.

When you mention Saskatchewan Valley you must assert that it is the special pride and preserve of the Canadian Northern Railway,—pronounced C & R, which means "See and Rush." This road has been extending at a rapid rate during the last few years, conducting a great tide of immigration into the fertile basin of the great Valley. Here, not only have mammoth crops been raised, pouring wealth into the hands of the tillers of the soil, but new social structures have been erected and new ideas have taken firm root. With hundreds and hundreds of rising towns along the line of the Canadian Northern, from Edmonton to Winnipeg, to say nothing of the wide-reaching branches built up in two years past, this district forms an exhibit which no railroad in the world can surpass, for these embryo cities are built to stay. A few hundred prairie settlers have grown as if by magic into a quarter million souls and two great new provinces.

Incessantly extending its capacity, this road is still fairly overburdened with traffic, although twenty-five hundred miles of steel reach across the rich country of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it is not surprising that railroad builders are among the most optimistic of people when questioned as to the development of the country, past, present or future. The peculiarity of Canadian railroads is that they go where the people are, rather than build on the chance of the people coming and settling later. They run cross-lines, cross and criss-cross, through country already settled but longing for the coming of the railroad. The Canadian Northern has been a nation builder, though in reality it is itself one of the products of the country. Built almost without gradients, it draws along its level road-bed a great tide of immigration.

EDMONTON

A mile of road every day for nine years has been the record of this company, which has come into close touch with the settlers and municipalities, and has considered all interests in developing the rich heritage which awaits the people of the Northwest. The time-tables, with their list of stations, include a goodly representation for every letter in the alphabet; no lack of originality there. Radiating from the main line are many branches reaching out for still more traffic.

Edmonton has been reached by railroad only within the last two years when the Canadian Northern came in. This is one of the big fur depots of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company has been in here for years, and now it has a competitor in Revillon Freres, whose trappers are working over the same territory with the older company.

On the high hills above the river on which the city is built the prospect is pleasing to the eye. In the river below there are gold dredges seeking to extract the precious dust from the sands of the river. "Farthest North" is the centre of a rich farming district instead of a "jumping-off place". The fields are diversified by frequent pieces of timber land. Coming north to Edmonton over the miles of flat prairie dotted with raw frontier towns, the contrast is striking.

Nor is it any hotter in Chattanooga to-day than it is here, thousands of miles to the north. After you come within the zone of the warm winds from the Japan current, latitude ceases to be a factor in making temperature. While the town is new, the contrasts are startling. Within rifle shot of a railroad passenger office that could not be distinguished from the most spacious one on lower Broadway, I came upon an Indian family on their travels. First came the squaw pulling the head of a reluctant piebald pack pony. The second pony was drawing a *travois* loaded with an outfit and surmounted by a baby. On the third pony was an Indian girl with the lead-line of another pack pony, and bringing up the rear, without burden or responsibility, was the old Indian who was the head of the outfit. They were travelling across country to visit friends and paid not the slightest heed to our comments or presence.

STACKING HAY

Edmonton had but 1,500 or 2,000 people in 1898, when the rush to the Yukon gave the town its first impetus to a larger growth. Notwithstanding, four years later the population had not increased. The Hudson's Bay Company had had a trading post at Edmonton for more than a hundred years, but the Saskatchewan River was the only outlet to the world. Freights were prohibitive. A keg of nails was worth $50. The greatest need of the town was a railroad. Finally, less than two years ago, the railroad came. To-day, Edmonton, with 16,000 souls, is the third city of the prairie west.

The stock thrive on the rich, nutritious grass, and are kept out during the winter without any protection, roaming at large. No one seems to think of such a thing as putting up any hay or shelter for them through the cold months.

Mr. Obed Smith, the Dominion Commissioner of Immigration, advises me that homesteads may be obtained from ten to thirty miles from the C. N. R. on any part of its main line West and branches. The slogan of the Dominion Government immigration campaign is "Free farms of 160 acres."

Leaving Edmonton the line swings to the north to avoid the Beaver Hills which are soon seen lending outline to the east, and at Fort Saskatchewan crosses the north branch of the river.

The Company has designed a steel bridge to span the river at this point (known as the fourth crossing of the Saskatchewan), seventy-two feet from rail to average water level, and 760 feet in length length between abutments, divided into four spans of 190 feet each. This bridge also has accommodation for vehicular traffic.

Journeying southwesterly the homesteads are newer, for the road has been open to Edmonton only a short time but on both sides of the line are many houses in the course of erection for the land is well taken up in this district.

Vermilion and Vegreville are cities of great ambitions, surrounded by many splendid farms, and the finest grazing country in the world. A farmer near Vegreville, digging a well, came upon a clay of peculiar appearance and texture, which is very plentiful throughout this province—a large brick manufacture has resulted; and these bricks are much used in building up the new towns of the Northwest. Lloydminster, located exactly on the boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan, is a British colony brought from the West of England, and retaining the accent, expressions and customs of the old country, though permeated with something of the sturdy pluck and thrift of the prairie.

Stretching across the country from the Hudson Bay to the Pacific Ocean is the largest pulpwood timber region in the world and is tapped at many of its Southern extremities by lumber companies who supply building material to the settlers at very reasonable prices.

Crossing the handsome Saskatchewan bridge, we drove on to North Battleford, near which is located Battleford, formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory. North Battleford has set out with great purposes, and the land office is kept busy platting the rich soil whereon the townsite is located. Farther on, we passed through numerous growing towns and beautiful wheat land and also the district settled by the Doukhobors.

At Warman, named after the famous railroad story writer Cy Warman, a Canadian Northern branch runs to Prince Albert, the terminus in Saskatchewan. This town has felt the thrill of growth, and the opening of the new country to the northwest still goes on. A few miles farther south is Saskatoon, already an important wholesale center. When one looks at the map and sees the great Saskatchewan wheat belt reaching north for a thousand miles, and finds Saskatoon at the center of the largest area of wheat lands in the world something of its prospects may be realized.

East of Warman the South Saskatchewan is crossed by a steel bridge which at ordinary level of the water is 85 feet high. The site of this bridge then known as Clark's Crossing was the scene of a fierce battle between Her Majesty's soldiers and the half breed followers of Louis Riel.

East of Warman on to Humbolt, the country is rolling and beautiful to see. Scores of pretty little lakes are to be seen from the car windows. In summer these lakes are literally alive with ducks and other wild water fowl.

On to the east is Humbolt, which I shall always remember as the place where I went out with a traveling man to find "a bachelor's button." Not a flower, mark you, but a plebeian button to be put on without needle and thread. The thrifty housewives of that new city evidently don't use these modern appliances for the single man; for though every other kind of button was offered us, not a bachelor's button could we find, though some of the shopmen facetiously suggested a shingle-nail as a means of repairing, where a fellow did not know enough to use a needle and thread.

I now traveled through the eastern part of the Quill Plains country. The soil here is a rich dark loam, lighter than the soil of Manitoba, easier to work, warmer, and it can be worked earlier, partly because we are still in the wake of the warm chinook winds and partly because the season opens earlier as you go west and northwest from Winnipeg.

Far to the South I can see Quill Lake, and beyond the dark outline of the Touchwood Hills. A little farther on to the right lies Spirit Lake, from whose silent shores myriads of wild cranes rise and spread their wide white wings in the gleam of the headlights of passing locomotives. Doubtless these were the spirits seen by the American Indians who gave the lake its strange name.

This is a region where in the fall many sportsmen enjoy a few days shooting of the prairie chicken, sometimes known as the Canadian grouse. Game laws have been successful in preventing the destruction of this excellent prairie fowl and the bird is found in large numbers throughout the West, but nowhere more plentifully than in this district..

Crossing from Saskatchewan to Manitoba, the boundary 256.4 miles from Winnipeg, I entered a more broken country, winding along the gentle bluffs overlooking deep, wide and attractive valleys, threaded by clear, cool streams of running water. This the upper Assiniboine Valley is an ideal ranching district.

At Dauphin, begins the Prince

Albert branch, which circling far to the north, taps the famous Carrot River country, where few farms have been under cultivation for a quarter of a century with never a drought nor a failure from any cause, which facts are attracting a great number of the best class of settlers to the region served by this northern branch.

Swan River, 100 miles north of Dauphin on this line, was the first capital of the Northwest Territories and the first headquarters of the police. In this region are great strawberry fields. Berries from Swan River are shipped as far south at Winnipeg.

Every town and village has its Board of Trade which is a self-appointed Trade Vigilance committee and goes after the "Knockers," and the citizen with cobwebs in his head is soon shoved aside.

An effort is being made by the United States to stem the tide of immigration with the assurance that "There is as good land to be had at home as anywhere." "That may be true" says the enthusiast, "but the relative value of the land, as to what it will actually produce for a given quality of work and outlay—these bear no comparison with the new lands of the West."

But even if this were not so, there are persons who are born pioneers; who love the excitement of the new country, and the joy that comes from overcoming obstacles in the formation of new settlements. The land is being settled more quickly than it can be surveyed by the government, and the farmers are requesting the official survey, in order that their title to the land may be firmly established.

We hear the plaint of the land men, asserting that there is only so much land on earth left for ownership. They figure it all out at such a ratio per head, until it makes a fellow feel he really ought to hie him to the West and grab a piece before it is all gone. This desire acquires new force while one is looking at these vast tracts, the ownership of which is now so easily secured. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon always finds a way to settle the country sooner or later, even though it has been heretofore passed by as untenable.

This last western frontier of the Northwest was never overrun with hostile Indians, nor is there any sun-scorched desert or alkaline plains to make the journey in the prairie schooner anything but a pleasure excursion—very different from the old pioneers' experience in crossing the plains in the days of Sitting Bull, Black Kettle and Rain-in-the-Face.

Taken, all in all, from the Saskatchewan's headwaters near the great Howse Pass in the Rockies to its last sandbar on Lake Winnipeg, there is no more promising and performing valley in the world. Wheat field follows wheat field, farm follows farm, pasture follows pasture, veins of minerals score the high banks, fish leap in its waters, white steamers ply among its currents, and the canoes of the fur-traders shoot the rapids of its headwaters. The long strings of "empties" crawl towards the misty mountain skyline and crawl back laden with the wheat, the ore and the cattle of the New North.

He who would go seeking the Blue Flower of Joy like the knight in the old tale, need search no further than Happiness Valley, for here it may be seen in the eyes of the people.

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

The Partridge

By R. W. Dunlop

THE partridges live along the banks of the creeks, ravines and rivers of the province. They prefer the low thickets of branching willow to any other shelter, so when you want a good bag of the shy birds, you must climb and crawl and dodge and sneak and worm your way through the acrid tangle of interlaced willow sprays along the stream.

But patience is the cardinal virtue of a sportsman, and presently you hear the challenge, "Chick! Chick! Chick!" of a brown vedette hidden among the leaves. If you pass on, there will be nothing more said, but should you intrude further you will hear an indignant "Ip-ip-ip!" and a protesting "Pr-urrrr-ip!" The leaves rustle and the bird has gone. But not flown you console yourself, and crawl through the branches cautiously, expecting to see him under your feet at every step.

One of the peculiarities of partridges is that they are never at the spot you expect, and after some beating about, you retrace your steps and try again. You listen. There is a patter of little feet on leaves. He is still there. Through the shrub you hump yourself with deadly determination to find that bird or perish in the attempt. You are perfectly sure he is within a radius of ten feet. You know that you are going to get him. You are so sure that you put down your blunderbuss, light your pipe and let your face loosen up. You take two steps forward in an absent sort of way, when—"Burr-rurrr-up!"—the whole solar system heaves up under your feet. For eight seconds your are sure you have stepped on the tail of a bear; for two seconds your mind does a mad loop-the-loop; for three seconds you are busy swallowing your heart. At the end of thirteen seconds, it dawns upon you that it was the partridge, and that the partridge has flown.

It takes a cool nerve, a quick eye, and the knowledge of experience to wing a partridge in the scrub. He rises so unexpectedly and so noisily that you are taken unawares and unprepared. You are startled and bewildered, and find a difficulty in getting your gun into action quick enough. Besides, his flight is peculiar and startling. He rises quickly at an angle of about 45 degrees to a height of some ten feet; then shoots down at a rocking angle of about thirty degrees, making a sudden turn just before alighting. Then he runs.

Some windy day in November you will feel the call of the savage in your blood, and taking your gun, will go forth to seek and to kill. You will not be particular as to the kind of game you get, but will shoot on sight.

This mood is not suitable for the open fields, but leads you into the dark and sheltered places. You feel at least a second cousin to the wolf. Along the shelter of the fence you sneak, and down into the ravine where the dead leaves are thick under foot and the branches close overhead. It is warm down here in the hollow, and in the chill of later November the wild things shelter themselves in its covert. You move quietly, every nerve alert, your senses preternaturally sharpened.

Presently a little rabbit—a very little rabbit—is startled from his shelter beneath an old log, and jumps out to investigate. He stands about ten feet from you, and looks you over mildly and reproachfully, wiggling his nose. Click—swish—snap! your gun swings into line, and the little rabbit will never investigate the suspicious rustle of leaves again.

The underbrush gets thicker, and in a moment you find half a dozen partridges sitting sleepily together in the shelter of a thick willow bush. Your eye takes in the situation coldly. You move to one side, and get four of them in your line of fire. When the smoke lifts a little you see a fluttering mass of leaves and feathers before you, and two birds still bewilderedly upright and motionless. Again you fire. Then you step forward masterfully and gather up the birds. They are a good deal mangled, but they are dead, and that is the principle thing in your present mood.

Few persons have ever found a partridge's nest. A miser hiding his gold is open and generous compared to the mother partridge in the egg mood. You may detect her returning from feeding, and about to go on her nest, but sneak and crawl after her as craftily as you can, you will not find the golden eggs.

The nest is made of grass on the ground near some old log or stump. The place abounds in miscellaneous underbrush. The eggs, from ten to fourteen in number, are a grayish drab with numerous irregular dark spots. The tiny, dead-leaf-color partridges are wonderfully clever in hiding. Strolling through the woods in June you may suddenly be surprised by the mother partridge flying up in your face, looking as large as a gobbler, and making as much noise as a waterfall, while a dozen little brown balls duck under leaves, chips, and any other sort of cover with a tiny cheep. The little hen then drops to the ground, flutters her wings, and cries pitifully. She flutters again, falls over mortally wounded, and struggles away feebly. You rush forward to pick her up, but she just manages to flap away a little further and lies panting on the leaves. You just miss her again. You feel sure you can catch her, but somehow you don't. You are going to grasp her feathers at the next step, when lo! she rises on strong wings and darts in one sweep out of sight.

You realize that you have been sold, and cheaply, too, at the price. Never mind, you will go back and capture the twelve chicks. You find the place easily in about ten steps, get down on your knees and carefully feel the ground all over. Shakespeare says, "Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes." He must have overlooked the man who searches for young partridges. Although you feel all stuck full of eyes and ears and hands and humped backs, you'll be darned if you can find one young partridge. So you turn sorrowfully away and let it go at that.

There is something friendly in partridge nature if it is not deceived. The birds will live quite near your buildings if you do not molest them; and make themselves quite at home around your stable door and upon your grain stacks. They relish a diet of grains, and will eat anything from oats to wheat or barley.

They habitually feed about an hour before sunset, coming out of the bush into the open when food can be found there; if not, feeding on the willow-buds and woodland berries. Occasionally a partridge may be found feeding in the early afternoon or even in the morning, but the usual meal hour is that just preceding darkness.

The semi-domesticated bird of the farm-yards is plumper and of finer flesh than his wild brother, who remains in Nature's silent places. His flesh is flavored with the tinctures of his barks and balsams, his wild grasses and rank berries, and appeals only to the palate of those gypsies who prefer the camp-kettle of the open to the silver and cut-glass of the Royal Alexandra. And if you chance to be kin to the Romany Chals, you know with the gypsy that "Life is sweet, brother There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath."

The Minister's Thanksgiving

By W. Everard Edmond

I HAD reached the little railway town late at night, too late to visit that herald and pillar of civilization, the village barber. Accordingly the next morning found me wending my way down the street to the sign of the striped pole. As I entered the door of the little shop, the sound of a church bell struck my ear.

"Not Sunday, is it?" I asked the "artist" as he took my hat.

"Sunday! No sir, we don't keep open on the Sabbath," he responded, giving me a look of mingled rebuke and suspicion.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed the next moment. "You mean the church bell! Why, this is Thanksgiving Day and that is the first bell for service. It's a great day with us here, sir. In fact, it was a Thanksgiving Day service that made this town what it is."

After six months with a survey party it was good to hear a new voice again, and I asked for the story. The knight of the shears selected a pair of clippers, cleared his throat, and began.

"Well, sir, it was this way. Five years ago a minister and his wife came out here from the East. Not much of a place to come to then, sir; one general store, one hotel, a blacksmith's shop, and about half a dozen rough shacks, that was the size of it then. I hadn't started up then, but was cookee at the hotel. I remember the day the minister came. It was a cold day in March and he didn't get what you might call a warm reception. Old Pete the stage-driver brought them over from the railway, forty miles away, and there wasn't a soul to meet them.

"But that young couple had come up here to stay, and stay they did. They had a little shack put up, and they held services there until in the fall the school-house was built. It must have been pretty heart-breaking work, but they were the cheerfullest couple you ever saw. They never complained, in fact, I don't believe they knew how.

"One Sunday in November the Pilot made us sit up by saying that the following Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, a service would be held in the schoolhouse at eleven o'clock, and he would be glad if any friends would come up the night before and help decorate. The collection would go towards the building of a church.

"I'll tell you sir, this notion of the Pilot's didn't strike any particularly responsive chord in our hearts. The cattle had turned out badly, and money was mighty scarce. However, on Wednesday night three or four of us went over to the schoolhouse with a sheaf of oats, a few turnips and pumpkins, and a bag of potatoes, and before long we had the place looking quite festal-like. When we had finished, we all went down to the 'Queen's.'

"It was a frosty night and we found quite a crowd gathered around the big stove. Our arrival seemed to disturb the general meeting, and Big Bill, the blacksmith, began to josh us about our 'aidin' and abettin' the parson in his foolishness.' Old Pete the stage-driver said that after such a rotten season as that we had just passed through it was nothing short of a crime. Pete found plenty of supporters, and when some one said that he had inside information that the railroad intended to give us the go-by and put the right-of-way through the German settlement to the North of us, the language, sir, was enough to make the baseburner ashamed of itself.

"Suddenly a big man in the corner—he had come in on the stage that afternoon—rose and looked, out of the window.

"'Look! What's that?' he cried. 'A fire!'

"We looked once and rushed for the door. As we ran up the street somebody yelled, 'Fire! Fire! The minister's shack's on fire!' But we were too late. The fire had got a good start and in half an hour the little wooden shanty was a heap of ashes. In the meantime the minister and his wife had come up from old Mrs. Grenfell's where they had been when the fire broke out, and we tried to tell them how sorry we felt. Though the Pilot's face was white, he thanked us with a smile, and said he hoped to see us all at the service in the morning. Then he and his wife went off with Big Bill who offered to put them up for the night.

"When we got back to the hotel, it was some time before anyone spoke, but at last old Pete shifted his quid of Granger Twist and drawled, 'Well, boys, we've been talking about bad times, but for real, genuine, downright, all-fired hard-luck, the Pilot has us all beat to a standstill. An' he's goin' to have his service just the same. Now if that isn't pure grit, I don't know what it is. If religion does that for a man, I guess it's up to us to support it to a finish.'

"'Right you are, Pete!' said the store-keeper who had joined us after the fire. 'Our minister's a man of the right stamp and it's due to us to back him up. He said last Sunday that the collection would be towards building a new church, but I guess he needs a house a good deal more than we need a church, and here's fifty dollars to start the list.'

"'And here's another fifty to cover yours,' said Pete. 'Who's the next man?'

"Well, that started the ball rolling, and would you believe it, sir, in twenty minutes we had three hundred dollars. The stranger who had been taking it all in got up and said, 'Gentlemen, not being a resident of this town, I suppose I might excuse myself, but the fact is, I'm getting interested in the place. See if you can get more names on your list to-morrow, and I'll double whatever you raise before the service.'

"At half-past ten next morning we met at the Queen's Hotel, and found that three hundred and seventy-five dollars had been collected. The stranger wrote out a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, slipped it in an envelope and handed it to Jones, the store-keeper.

"I need not tell you about that service, sir. It was great. Before giving out the number of the closing hymn the Pilot reminded us that the collection would be devoted to starting a church-building fund, and said the amount would be announced at the close of the service While we sang, Jones and Big Bill passed the plates, counted the collection, and handed it over to the Pilot. When the last verse had been sung, the Pilot's face was white and he seemed to find it hard to speak.

"'Friends,' he began, 'I find the collection this morning amounts to one thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. It is wonderful, and I thank you all. Mr. Jones tells me that one thousand, one hundred and twenty-five of this amount is for me to build myself a new house with and only twenty-five dollars is for the new church. I cannot try to express how deeply I feel your kindness to myself, but friends, I cannot take this money. I cannot take back my word that this morning's collection is to be devoted to the Master's service in building a new church. Thank God, we can begin building at once.'

"You may be sure, sir, we were struck all of a heap by the Pilot's speech. Big Bill rose to enter a protest, but the stranger was on his feet first.

"'My friends,' he said, addressing the congregation, 'I want to congratulate you on having for your minister a real man of God. I know you are disappointed that your pastor will not accept your contributions for himself; but in the end you would have been more disappointed if he had failed in his duty. I admire you my friends, for what you have done. I admire your action, sir,' turning to the Pilot, 'and

I wish to make a substantial expression of my admiration. You, sir, need a home; no minister should be without one. Allow me to place here my cheque for one thousand dollars, which is not to be included in the collection.'

" 'You will wonder, friends, why I, an utter stranger, should take such an interest in your affairs It is easily explained. I like your spirit of enterprise and resource, and what I have heard and seen here since I came to your town has decided a question I came here to solve. The new railway will run through this town—not through the German settlement. This is on good authority, for I am the vice-president.'

"He sat down, and the minister's wife started the Doxology. We tried to sing, but our hearts were too full. Five years ago! It seems like yesterday.

"There you are, sir. This is my last job for to-day, for there is the second bell, and I wouldn't miss a Thanksgiving service to shave King Edward himself."

The First Link in the Chain

By Edward Angus

"AND the world moves on." General Manager Morse's private car has been out over the first finished division of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Portage la Prairie to Rivers, and the speed recorder registered a mile a minute over the new track.

Most of the American Railways in the West were built hurriedly, two furrows plowed across the prairie or desert, the ties thrown down and the loose dirt tamped under them,. then division after division would be turned over to the operating department and the track finished between trains, so eager were the builders to reach tide water on the Pacific. The Grand Trunk Pacific are building and finishing as they go, and when this first division is turned over to the operating department they will be able, this autumn, to whirl wheat cars, those dark red revenue earners, along the new line with the speed of an express train.

The writer has just had the pleasure of riding over the first finished division with General Superintendent Winter, on his track motor.

West of Portage the line lies straight and level for thirty odd miles, then there are a few light curves, a long trestle spanning a valley and another tangent over which the future limited trains will fly "as a pigeon flies." But the best thing and the thing that counts most for speed and comfort in travel, as well as for economy in operation, is the fact that it is practically a level line throughout the length of the wheat district, for, after all, wheat is what counts in Canada.

And all the way the biscuit-colored ballast is spread smooth and wide along the main line and the sidings as well, and you would never know, if you were not told, that you were travelling over a track that was just being finished for fast trains. And while John Riordon, the track expert, is putting the polish and the pumice on the first section, the track laying machine that great mechanical civilizer, is spitting steel and shooting ties out along the grade to the West, and, at the end of each day the skeleton track reaches out toward Saskatoon, the half-way house, so to speak, between Winnipeg and Edmonton.

It is expected that before the frost interferes with the work the road will have reached its steel fingers to this metropolis of the great Saskatchewan valley, quickening and giving life to this already exceedingly lively little city. It is a great transformation and the changes already wrought in the Canadian West by reason of the building of this new national highway are really wonderful. Where, but three years ago, when the path-finders dragged their chains through the waving wild grass, there was only silence and the sighing winds, new homes are being built, and new towns are being born which will become cities at no distant date.

The fields of our West are wide and our Western wilderness wider, but pioneers and empire builders are furrowing the fields and the Trans-Continental Railway is waking the wilderness and will bring to the makers of these new homes, the products of this wilderness.

It is indeed interesting to mark this march of empire. In the yards of Portage la Prairie temporary stations, perfect little houses, are being built and placed upon flat cars, to be sidetracked at the various sidings. The central part of the little station is used for the waiting room. One end cut off by a counter that crosses the car-shaped room, fences away the operator's desk and table—the ticket office. At the other end of the room ten feet is cut off which makes the operator's or agent's sleeping room.

As fast as permanent stations are built these flat-car depots are moved on to the front—and so the line is being finished and the West is being civilized.

The Witch-wife's Charm

By M. Gilman

As I walked down the breezy lane—the birds a-singing free—
There came along an old witch-wife, and shrilly called to me:

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said; "Oh, buy a charm of me
To chain thy sweetheart to thy side though he is on the sea."

"I will not do it, dame," I said. "If false at heart he be,
I'd rather have a charm to keep his face far, far from me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid," she said, "Oh, buy a charm of me
To break the curse of foes of thine who might work ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said. "If foul of heart they be,
A deeper curse is laid on them than aught they lay on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid," she said, "a potent charm of me
To bind for aye thy friend's strong heart in love and faith to thee,"

"I will not do it, dame," I laughed. "The charm could never be
Can make or break the chain that binds my friend's strong heart to me."

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one. Mr. Worth, through jealousy, gives Wytcherly orders to return to Chicago. Romaine undertakes the arrangements of the stag dinner to the New Yorkers.

(*To be continued in the October number*)

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE SHIP OF DEATH

THEY planned a long last day together, and the day answered their expectancy. The air was sweet, the heavens soft, and no wind blew. They wandered in the morning by the shore and in the afternoon they penetrated to the recesses of the woods.

Oh, she was gay throughout those final hours—lightly she disported underneath their threat. She jested and she teased; with red lips she mocked him, and then with her eyes repented. And as she walked she caroled snatches of gay song.

She plucked a scarlet flower of the woods—the short-lived blooms are brilliant under the high North—and stayed her steps to show the beauteous thing.

"Promise me, promise me, Jack Wytcherly," she prayed, upturning the pale flower of her face, "that, when I send for you, and if I do, you will come quickly, you will not wait." Her eyes importunate yet held him off. "It is not hopeless, if only we be true. I'm plotting for us both.—Then tell me you do wish it, will it, even as I do!"

When he asked if she had need to ask, she said: "I ask because you are a man, and of a man is any woman sure?"

And when he responded to her piteous regard in terms that were superlative, she gave him one deep look. "I am so glad, so glad," she said.

And sighing her content, she turned to lead the way. "Leave all to me," she called, "leave all to me." And in sudden access of elation like a strong young girl she skipped along the forest trail.

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He overtook her in a sylvan glade, where like a panting nymph she awaited the pursuer. Her eyes were hazel stars, her burning cheeks confided to the air the fervour of her blood. She leaned against a grey green trunk.

But startled by his nearness, she moved off, once more the leader, he the led.

Yet, as she went, she threw across her shoulder words: "Oh, believe me, we will win. I know, I know! You shall come into your own; for I, I am the one for you, to wed with you, to make of you a man."

Then sudden fear of what her tongue had spoken drove her in a panic, and down the meandering path, in and out the stems, as if wings fluttered at her heels she fled.

A treacherous creeper stayed the flight. But, as she stumbled to her knees, she resourcefully pretended that she had stooped to search the ground, and, when he stood over her, she had ready in her palm a sprig for him to see.

"Fall's herald," she said dolourously.

He respectfully surveyed the crisped and red-brown tiny leaves.

"The change is come," she explained. "I scented it this morning, when I first awoke. The span of summer is so brief up here—the flowers flourish, and overnight they die."

And she led the way home mournfully.

. . . . .

They sat the evening in the gallery and she was still oppressed.

Fog brooded upon the water. The thickness masked the lake, it muffled sound, it seemed to press the forest back remotely from the beach. The gallery became marooned, and the intrusive loneliness crept between their chairs. While mysteriously from the bosom of obscurity rolled in three times a minute a deep sullen wave, which without preface emerged from the vapour's flank to break with suffocated growl.

"Tomorrow," she lamented, "tomorrow at this time I shall be sitting here alone, and you, you will be gone far out."

"However hard, 'twill not be long—we'll not allow it to be long," he comforted.

She paid no heed. "Oh, that Chicago!" she burst forth. "I can see her, I can see her now." She stared into the wall of fog.—"Chicago squats there on the marge, the monster, the enormity! I can sight her baleful fires, I can scent the odium of her evil smells. She reeks, she is an offense to heaven, I swear!"

Half arisen from her seat, one hand tightened on his shoulder, the other gestured histrionically towards the lake. "There! She attracts; you feel her force; she draws you as a magnet; she will nail you to her breast. Round and round you will be swirled, far from my reach, out of my arms!"

He drew her down into the chair, soothing her with fond protestations and precious sweet words.—Finally: "You are as if obsessed by your own conjuring, are you not? My Chicago's not so bad."

"I hate her," she declared.

"When you might love her if you but knew."

"She is the great devouring brute."

"That and something else. She is a city dowered as was Athens with a tolerance, divine, to shelter every folly and harbour every wisdom. To the world she may seem ludicrous at times; but her children love her, respect her daring and her force, have faith that out of Nazareth beauty and power shall arise."

"What credulity!" she murmured, moved by his eloquence but unconvinced by his plea. Then almost sharply she dissented: "But I am not modern, I am opposed to modern. At heart I am an aristocrat, a feudalist, as unreconciled as ever my proud mother was. So, though I fail to accept the loveliness of your Chicago, you will pardon me."

As once before he asked: "How is it that you can bring yourself to consort with me, who am a pleb, a commoner? How do I exceed my city whom you hate?"

A soft hand stopped his mouth. 'Listen!" she bade. "The *you* to *me*: that *you* is a lovely, baffled spirit, the finest spirit of a man that I have known, delicate, divining, instinctively distinguished, capable of ardent flights. For *you*, to make the *you* what you were designed to be, I'd sacrifice my life, my name, my immortality!"

She leaned to rest her head against his arm. "I am not an aristocrat for nothing," she said haughtily. "I am not afraid. I do as I like, like where I'm inclined, dare as I desire. As for your origin, your bringing-up, your manners even (although, dear man your manners are exquisitely natural) —what have they to do with it? I could ignore them, were it necessary, more easily than could your Yankee woman with her proprieties and niceties. And if I find in you a personality that charms, a body that I love to touch, a soul of which I stand in awe, what besides, in heaven's name, should I demand?"

She whispered: "You may put your arm about me if you will.—Now I will tell you what I am resolved, if the worst befall, if we are stopped. This is my cottage on my own land. So, if there be no better way, come here; come hither this winter. Bring me your poems—we will write poems, grander poems than you ever wrote before. Drop quietly out of your world, and hither post to me. Winter, like a friend, will 'leaguer us, and we'll make the winter count. Then, if we fail, we will at least have lived, have had our fling, our little day. So we have that, why let the deluge come! It comes soon anyhow."

The moon rose gradually. They watched its beams like skillful knives cut the cordage of the fog which lifted as if released. They witnessed the enameling of the waves, the brightening of a million little crests with silver.

In felicitous low voice she sang him songs of her own, words of longing for her own land put by her to plaintive airs. She sang with artless art. And he, whose whole life had been vain longing after beauty, immaculate, without flaw, lo, he was surprised by beauty unawares.—A beautiful woman singing in the night, singing in the moonlight by the margin of a lake, singing to capture him she loved!

. . . . . .

Some cloud obscured the moon, whose light fell only now in patches miles apart upon the lake. The two had risen to their feet and stood together by the rail.

—"Look!" Her fingers closed convulsively upon his arm. "Look! It is a death ship stealing by."

He saw. On the face of the black water across a pallid, moonlit streak, like a shadow picture on a screen, without sound or stir of life, a skeleton, a ship! Black, blacker than the water out of which it stood up high, the spectre, emergent from gloom, again to plunge into gloom, loomed sinister and dread.

The hull was gaunt, the side-hatches gaping, the rigid poles bereft of spars. Across the vision like a water-hearse it floated, an empty shard, a monstrous coffin. The steam-tug, which had it in tow, was hidden in obscurity ahead, so that without noise, showing no lights, a mockery of motion, the ghastly craft crept upon the affrighted scene.

"Our portent!" she exclaimed and fell against his shoulder.

"Absurd!" he whispered, gathering her strongly to his breast.—A vagabond of an ore-boat going north to refill."

Presently she raised her head. "Tell me you will never utterly forget the little I have been to you, the all I wished to be! Tell me for my solace. So long I have been miserable, and for a little while ecstatic, that now I'm spoiled to endure wretchedness again.—Oh, I do dread the nights, the awful nights to come!"

However, at the actual parting she was calm. She stood upon the dock, while he rowed away.—"Good-bye, Jack Wytcherly," she called in golden tones whose music haunted him forevermore. "Good-bye, Jack Wytcherly, good-bye. For me never grieve—I have been helped, not harmed. Into my petty life has been introduced a noble and victorious sentiment, which in mine own eyes hallows me. Farewell."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

BY A CANDLE'S FLAME.

Wytcherly, homeward bound, paced the steamship's deck. The Castle launch that morning had conveyed him northward some twenty miles to catch the boat for Chicago at her last port of call.

The merchant prince had coldly shaken hands, as he said admonitively: "Your time up here, Wytcherly, has done you good, and I want to hear that Worth and Ware are getting special benefit from it. The advertising department can stand a little extra vim. See that you supply it."

Mrs. Worth had been kinder. "I shall miss you, Mr. Wytcherly, you were so clever. Possibly it would have been to your advantage had you acted a trifle more discreetly, but you couldn't have been more entertaining. And I'm sure that I don't blame you. Where a woman is dead set upon making a fool of herself over a man, the poor man's not morally bound to restrain her by force, I suppose. Here—please take them—are four parcels for the four dear children with the right name on each. Tell the tots all about their fairy godmother, please, and make them love me in advance, or when they see me they never will care for such a dilapidated fairy godmother as I am."

Professor Byram had not troubled to remove his hands from the pockets of his coat. "Well, good bye, Wytcherly. Maybe I shall run across you in Chicago some fine day. I am glad to have become acquainted with a representative newspaper man—we students, I conceive, should welcome every opportunity of contact with the ordinary workaday world. And even though we could not quite agree about your rhymes, you will scarcely nurse a grudge, I hope. Besides, I think, considering the wide divergence of our tastes and pursuits, we have gotten on fairly well together."

"We have," agreed Wytcherly. His ingenuous smile stultified the plain significance of his words. "You have talked and I have been amused, taught and I have been edified, expatiated concerning your intellectual growth and social rise and frankly I have envied you."

Professor Byram bowed his deep acknowledgments. "I am more than pleased, Wytcherly, to have proved of some small benefit to you in a casual way. And I may add, if sometime again you will let me have the poems, I may after all be able to do something with a few of them."

Such was the manner of his leave taking at Castle Caribou. It was a different experience he had had at the lighthouse, when first he stepped into the morning. Agnes was awaiting him.

"What, you child!" he exclaimed. "Something for me?"

"Yes, sir, a letter." The maiden's eyes consulted far horizons. "She said how I wasn't to mention it, but mebbe you'd have something for me to take back, yes, sir."

"So I have, Agnes—how did you guess it? I meant to mail it where I catch the steamer, but this will do better. Inside's a little envelope for somebody you know. I've had the idea too that a tortoise-shell comb with gold mountings would about suit the dead black of your hair. Perhaps I'll find one in the city and I'll send it up here if I do."

"Yes, sir. But mebbe I'm going to Chicago myself, yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Mrs. Worth says she's dying to take me home with her this winter, yes, sir."

"But I supposed you were devoted to your present mistress, Agnes. That's why I took an interest in you."

"Yes, sir. But she says she ain't a-going to stand in my way. When she leaves the cottage I have to go home. And my mother's an awful strict woman, yes, sir."

"See here, you little fool, Chicago makes a cherry bite of girls like you."

"Yes, sir, but mebbe I'd like to see a bit of the world while I'm alive."

"To be sure—I hadn't thought of that. Well, Agnes, good-bye. And if I can help you in Chicago, let me know.

Give that letter to your mistress and tell her—you know what to tell her."

However it was of none of these incidents that Wytcherly was thinking as late that afternoon the steamship sighted the tall East Tower of the Castle guarding the Ojibway island straits. He was engrossed with an intense perception of how far away was yesterday and all it had contained. As he sailed down the straits his gaze sought to recognize the familiar places, at which their love had been enacted so short while ago, and his mind repeated those most simple and heart-breaking lines:

"The memory of what has been,
"And ne'er again shall be."

Twilight was already thickening, as the vessel in the bottom of the straits groped for the channel between the lighthouse and the cottage, which gave egress to the lake. The pilot, shunning the island's shoal, hugged Mainland Point for deep water's sake. Wytcherly hung over the port rail in order to pick up the signal which her letter had proposed.

The while he wondered whether that smallish opaque spot upon the stub of the low point could be Idlenesse—Idlenesse, which in his thoughts had assumed the proportions of a temple.

His eye painstakingly searched between the films of darkness, although he rather fancied that her poor signal would prove powerless to penetrate the distance. Her assumption that it would, did it not illustrate the faith of woman, their pathetic divorce from reality. By now he must be abreast the cottage—in fact it was slipping by.—There shone the dot, a speck, the spark of a firefly. It was stronger than he had supposed could be, yet ignobly he commiserated her for the paltriness of her means.

But behold, it brightened, shone, a gem of fire, a yellow fleck, a bud of gold pinned upon the night's black shroud, the beacon of a companion soul to a departing soul, a faithful woman's star of hope shining for an uncertain man. He felt ashamed.

And now the progress of the steamship by virtue of some angle, disclosed a miracle. The faint diffusion of the candle's light somehow was momentarily sufficient: it showed the purest outline of Romaine's face, sketch of her throat, the tracing of an arm upreared from which the sleeve had loosened—the portrait of a shadow, as delicate as it was brief, and yet that attained the significance of vision, the great character of revelation—Devotion stood revealed.

From the lofty stern he watched the dissolvance of the shore in distance and in dark. The enormous scenery of island, headlands, forest, castle, blurred to a vast confusion of tremendous bulks. The whole obscurity loomed mightily above the watery space, was mixed, distorted, magnified by shadow and by fragmentary light. Gigantic screens were pushed aboard the stage and were withdrawn. "The shifting of the canvases of the Titans!" Wytcherly reflected. "How inconsequential are mere human feelings."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

A PROFESSOR ON A TALENT.

The monkey-and-parrot family claimed Miss Patrice Powell mentally, although sentimentally she was a dear.

She was endowed with a little memory and a large imitative faculty, so that she repeated the phraseology of those whom she admired and adopted their enthusiasms. Animated by a propensity to worship, she was continually seeking a proper idol before which to fall down. But when the idol because of clay feet itself fell, she was likely to dance upon the fragments disrespectfully, and to show herself a little shrew.

Professor Byram understood the necessity to continue to impress her with the fact that he was an intellectual giant and a literary lion. The withering power of her tongue on more than one occasion had signified what was in store for him, if he should fall permanently from the pedestal of her regard.

Although shrewd in design, he was simple in conceit. In this instance policy ran with his vanity, and therefore inclined him to overplay the game.

Indeed, since his arrival at the Castle he had indulged in a revel of self-expression, which, if it affected the girl to admiration, came dangerously near boring her betimes.

Patrice reproved herself for lapses into inattention and wondered guiltily why his lofty dissertations did not produce in her the edification she had anticipated. With sorrow she questioned whether she were really as advanced as she had believed, whether after all she were fitted to pursue the intellectual life.

To her own dismay she found that increasingly she was becoming irritated by Professor Byram's not infrequent reference to "my intellectual development," while she reached the climax of her heresy when she actually doubted whether the history of even such a mind as his was especially important. At any rate the recital made her yawn.

She appeared on the terrace after Wytcherly's departure. A dog-whip, wielded by her gauntleted fore-arm, lashed the atmosphere in vigorous fashion, as she strode up and down. A golf cap confined the billows of her hair; her walking skirt was extremely short; her stout riding boots would furnish impact to a kick. Altogether she was motley in attire, mannish in her manner, rather rakish in effect, and plainly on the hunt for trouble.

How to contrive trouble with the scant materials at hand was a quandary but her conglomerate sporting display at least expressed her disposition upon the point. In fact as she swaggered on the terrace, whistling as if to a dog, slapping her thigh as though it were a horse, hallooing as a huntsman might to a field, her secret heart was wishing prodigiously for George.

George could tell her what to do. He would take her for a gallop or risk her life in his motor car. He would talk animals and nothing besides, and if any need arose, he was the strongest man in miles.

Professor Byram, issuing blinking from the library, found her in this wilful mood.

Patrice thumped the whip upon her skirt, stamped her heel into the ground, and frowned.

"I am newly come from contemplation of the flawlessness of Peter's style," he began with singular inadvertence.

"Oh, get a man who's not a mollycoddle!" she ripped out. "And you, do something, anything! If nothing else, propose!"

"Do you really mean it?" He was perplexed, delighted.

"Really mean it!" she scoffed. "Did Mr. Wytcherly this morning when he said good-bye? Bet your life I do. If you haven't got gumption enough to know when a man is guying you, of course you don't when a girl invites you to make love." And she walked saucily away.

He followed. Only the last clause of her speech was intelligible to him and that was construed as favourable by his vanity. "I agreed to row you down to Idlenesse this morning, and I'll undertake to make love to you every yard of the way, since you've challenged me."

"You make love, you laggard!" Patrice railed. "You couldn't make it fifteen minutes at a stretch. You'd ramble off about your precious intellectual development, and the gorgeous brain you have. To complete your happiness you require just one thing, and that's a pupil, you everlasting pedagogue!"

His fair face went red and white, while he clumsily endeavoured to show his "sporting blood." "I will make you a wager which I dare you to take up. It will require an hour to row you down, and I'll wager if you agree to listen, that I will make love to you from the start to the finish."

"Goody!" exclaimed the girl. "It's a bet. And I'll be game to lose—I haven't heard a man make a fool of himself over me the longest time. Heigh-ho, I'm Rosalind—woo me!" She pirouetted on her toes. Her eyes were languishing, her actions hoydenish.

Many times he had proposed and as often been put off. In fact he had proposed whenever she was disposed to be amused thereby.

But as she now informed him on

their way to the boat, making love was a different matter. "Any donkey who can bray," she said, "can propose. It takes a real live man however, to make love. Some men do it one way, some another; but any man who's a man can do it well. He must just stow his own conceit."

War in the boat was on from the moment he assumed the oars and she an air of prime expectancy. But her dissimulation deceived the simple man; masculinity had been left ashore, and like a true daughter of Mother Eve she encouraged him with faintly blushing cheeks.

He was confident the hour of his triumph had arrived. "I have always known that in you I had encountered my affinity, my one true love, the only woman acceptable to my temperament. You understand my idiosyncrasies; you sympathize with my peculiar moods; you divine the victories of my spirit and the black despairs into which a mind like mine must fall."

"Pretty well," she criticised. "Better, a little more of me, a little less of you."

"You will make such a wife as no university professor ever had," he complied. "The ladies of the faculty will adopt your style and my colleagues all will envy me. Sentimental students will dedicate their effusions secretly to you, and at the football games every eye will turn to where you sit. The visitors will ask, who is that beautiful and fashionable woman, and they will be told Mrs. Professor Hugo Byram of the University."

"Now you're talking." The girl's eyes danced. "But can you keep it up? If you do, you win the bet."

Having earned enconium, he recurred naturally to the more interesting topic of himself. "I need you every day and hour, Patrice. Notwithstanding all my mind, I am singularly dependent upon love and appreciation, I believe. I have been long so lonely a soul, deprived by my very excellence of the consolations ordinary men enjoy. Therefore what you are to me very much exceeds what women are to other men. You are the greatest stimulus to my intellectual career, the alleviation of what to you and you alone I acknowledge is my genius."

Genius, the word, had always dazzled poor Patrice. Its utterance sufficed now to invoke her gravity. "What if he is?" reverently she queried. "But probably he isn't," common sense replied.

He fancied the moment opportune for a small preachment. "From my observation of your tendencies, Patrice, I am convinced that in marrying me lies your sole assurance of intellectual advance. Left to yourself and to the tendencies incident to your station you will inevitably decline to the level of pure frivolity, and I shall be prepared to hear of your abandonment of culture altogether."

"It's either up to me to win that bet," reflected the girl, "or to get engaged. That's clear as mud."

She revolved the alternative in her mind. Ought she to "get engaged?" Was he a genius? Did he constitute her only intellectual hope? She puzzled seriously, until it occurred to her that she objected to being kissed in a boat.

No—she looked at him—a boat was not a nice place to be kissed in, and she wasn't sure this morning that he looked nice enough to be kissed by. She cherished one old-fashioned prejudice or observed strictly one tradition—she was exceedingly particular about when and how and by whom she first was to be kissed. Besides, since she was not menaced while in such elevated company with an immediate decline to the frivolous estate, it could not be so very urgent, that she should immediately be kissed.

She determined not to "get engaged," but to win the bet. To that end, "Do you call Mr. Wytcherly a genius, too?" she innocently inquired. "Romaine does."

If a young professor of elegant erudition ever may be said to snort, Professor Byram at this juncture may be said to have snorted.

"He's off," recognized the girl.

"Candidly I do not." He was compelled to "pull up"—so Patrice phrased it—in order to render his judgment with becoming dignity. "I regard Wytcherly as no more than a clever journalist, and not properly a man of letters."

"That will let Romaine down a peg."

"True he possesses ill regulated brilliance, but he must always lack the distinction of style and of mind which are the fruit of a catholic culture and of that alone."

"You're on my side. Romaine and I have squabbled over him until I could have shaken her and I know she wanted to slap me."

"It scarcely matters what is the extent of the raw gift, as style is nearly all in all. If Wytcherly could have enjoyed such instruction as I impart to my pupils, there might possibly have been a chance for him. But, lacking that, his plight has been such as to confirm me in an opinion I have held.

"And that?"

"That I and the men like me in the universities of the land are performing what is perhaps the most important work for literature in America today. Ideas may occur to the man in the street, but to the man of culture alone is art possible. I confess there have come moments when I have asked whether I were not scholastic, whether I ought not to jostle with the throng in the market place; but I have been reassured by the example of Wytcherly. I am doing the great work, the needed work, while popular writers scribble for the day. The crowd may never applaud me, but if I am superior to the mob. By my efforts will be perpetuated in America the correct traditions of form, the classic purity of English speech, which the barbarian violence of the times threatens with vulgarity."

The able young professor, if he had ever heard, did not heed Walter Bagehot's observation that the trouble with writers who knew how to write is that that is all they know.

However, by the time the boat reached Idlenesse Professor Byram in the absorption of his theme had forgotten his engagement to make love, while Patrice in the admiration incited by his eloquence had forgotten the existence of the wager.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

A PECKSNIFFIAN.

"You may not think it, dear Romaine," said Patrice, "but this is positively our farewell call. Professor Byram returns tomorrow to the University, and I am going up to Mackinac to my friends. So you are losing everybody at once."

Mrs. Eccleston had been found in the gallery. She was girt with an apron, but occupied the hammock. "It seems your household duties are a fraud after all," had laughed Patrice.

The dreamer, sitting up, submitted to be kissed by the girl, but apparently she did not notice Professor Byram's offer of his hand.

But Patrice noticed. "Too bad," she said pointedly, "that Hugo must leave so soon. He really has made himself so very agreeable, Aunt Worth says."

"Then you must?" inquired Mrs. Eccleston perfunctorily.

"It is imperative. I have some very important literary work which cannot be delayed. I am making large plans for the future." The answer should impress her, Professor Byram reasoned.

The lady lifted her eyebrows perceptibly. "I remember, you were to publish a novel soon. And there is some poetry, is there not?"

He looked conscious—he glanced at his hands and feet with that admiring wonder displayed by a young puppy to whom paws are still a miracle. "Yes," he admitted, "I have found true inspiration since I've been up here. And Miss Powell has magnanimously aided me by her encouragement."

"Which doubtless determined you to succeed at any price," said Mrs. Eccleston understandingly.

"Ah, I have your sympathy also." He glowed. "Although I would not employ the verb succeed in relation to art—I should say attain."

"I am corrected," smiled Mrs. Eccleston. "Although I fancy you intend to succeed."

"To be sure he does," said Patrice. "Just tell, Hugo, what you've done."

"I have been drinking exhilarating wine these last weeks," he declared, "the potency of which, if you will pardon me the mixed metaphor, has supplied me wings. In other words I have ridden on the back of Pegasus."

The girl gushed. "Yes, yes, Romaine already knows a little. You're so modest that I disregarded your injunction. And you think it is adorable, don't you, Romaine."

"Merely a little *tour de force*, Mrs. Eccleston," he deprecated, "which is not worthy of having met your eyes. Before you pass judgment on the quality of my inspiration, I beg you to wait until the novel appears. Of it I confess I am proud. I am prepared, indeed, to boast of it, and to assert that it may live for a time, because of its possession of a few virtues, extremely rare these days. The intellectual development of the hero, I am confident, will constitute an important contribution to literature, while its purity of diction and the perfection of its form will recommend it to the favour of the cultivated class."

This prolonged self-congratulation was cut short by a curious examination in the clear regard Mrs. Eccleston turned abruptly on the speaker. "As a matter of literary speculation," she inquired, "I wonder whether your spontaneous creative activity owes everything to your simultaneous association with Mr. Wytcherly."

Patrice bit her lip. "I call that uncalled for, Romaine. The idea!—Professor Byram in the same class with Mr. Wytcherly!"

The lady still looked her interrogation.

"Who can tell?" he vaguely answered. "Often our most vigourous intellectual fermentation proceeds from obscure suggestion, does it not?"

"Yes." She probed: "But I should fancy contact with a mentality as electrical as his, as diametrically opposed to the merely critical mind, must have ascertainable effects."

He resented the obvious disparagement of his own originality. "The truth was," he said with some heat, "even if it seems to smack of egotism—the truth was that I affected Wytcherly profoundly, but he had nothing to teach me. Of art, of culture, of pure thought, of what the great minds of the world have done, he is quite ignorant. I fancy, however, that I lifted the curtain for him an inch or two and I am convinced that he returned a sadder and a wiser man."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," in rebuttal quoted Mrs. Eccleston.

The dogmatic young professor took offense. "There should be small difficulty in classifying Wytcherly," he asserted in severe tones. "The fellow is a degenerate representative of a very ancient type, that of the street poets, popular rhymsters who catch up the floating sentiment and voice it in the vernacular. Pray, what can such an undistinguished talent mean to a scholar, a man of culture, concerned and perplexed with the intricate and subtle questions proposed to the instructed intellect? Absolutely *nil*!"

Mrs. Eccleston struggled from the hammock to her feet. "Excuse me for two minutes, but I've a cake baking in the oven." She disappeared.

"Is she seriously displeased?" inquired Professor Byram. "I hope not, although truth in my opinion makes always in the end for our highest good."

"I'm glad you spoke right out in meeting plain," declared Patrice. "If only she won't be too obstinate and not believe a word of it."

"But you say she is a highly intellectual woman. Then she cannot well refuse to acknowledge that what I said is true."

"Of course Romaine is intellectual, everybody says she is. But I am afraid she is infatuated with that odious little man. Can't you see? That's the reason I encouraged you to tell her what you thought of Mr. Wytcherly."

"But if she is so intellectual, I cannot understand how—"

"Oh, there are some things the cleverest of men, even you, professor, are not expected to understand. Don't try."

The girl sprang abruptly from her chair to catch at a paper, lifted by a gust of wind from the reading table. "Stop it, stop it!" she exclaimed.

But the professor was not agile, and the elusive sheet fell twenty feet away. Patrice followed it.

She held it up. "My, more verses!" she laughed. "Romaine's another poet on the sly."

She took a longer look. "Whew!" she ejaculated, and stretched the sheet between her two hands, and bent her brows. Glancing sidelong at the unconscious pedagogue, her pretty lips gave vent to a whistle. "Well, I'm hanged," she muttered, and reread.

Holding out the paper at arm's length, she strode back to the professor. "Do you know what this is?" she demanded, vibrating from head to foot. "It is your poem, a copy of it."

Either his eye quailed, or her surmise was wrong. "That is interesting," he rejoined coolly. "May I see it?"

"No such thing!" She waved the sheet indignantly within his face. "It is your poem—the one you gave me."

"Your friend copied it perhaps. You said she admired it so much." He smiled.

"No such thing, either!" She shook her head.

He ventured on reproof. "This is what comes from your disregard of my direction to show it to no one. It has gotten out in contradiction to my expressed wish."

"Don't talk to me like that!" Patrice lost her temper. "You happen to be neither my greatuncle nor my husband yet. Besides this isn't Romaine's hand-writing, and I'll bet it's Mr. Wytcherly's."

Professor Byram paled. "Could I by mistake have left a copy in the leaves of the scrap-book, when I sent the latter back to him?"

The young woman confronted him squarely. "Do you know what I think? I think you've got the barefaced cheek, and plenty to spare. Listen to this—this line is written at the top: 'I send these for a last good-bye. I wrote them down for you one night not long ago.' And the poem is entitled: 'To the Chatelaine of Idlenesse.' What have you got to say to that? Of course it was written to Romaine. I was a booby to let you twist it to fit me."

Mrs. Eccleston swept into the gallery and brought a chill with her.

"We found this, Romaine." Patrice held up the paper. "The wind took it, and when I picked it up, I saw what it was."

"It may be as well that you did," the lady said.

Professor Byram's eyes involuntarily invoked her pity or her mercy, but Mrs. Eccleston was blind to the appeal.

He reddened, shivered—for an instant he verged on breaking down. The next he rallied, by the grace of a sublime conceit or effrontery. Appearances, moreover, constituted reality for him, and he believed in words, the saving efficacy of lies.

"We had a grand time working over it, Wytcherly and I." Once commenced he found he could be glib. "And our collaboration proved fortunate for us both. These verses are but a specimen; we are resolved to undertake jointly some work worth while. Naturally I regret that the secret of our co-operation has transpired; but I am confident that it will be held sacred by our two mutual friends."

So smoothly did the explanation run off his tongue that before he had ceased speaking, he had regained the larger portion of his self-assurance. He did not doubt that women would accept his statement, which seemed, indeed, so plausible, that he was in danger of believing it himself. He was accustomed to having his least word held law and gospel by whole classes at the University.

Therefore he was surprised, when Mrs. Eccleston expressed skepticism. "Your claim, Professor Byram"—she addressed herself to its consideration with a dispassion becoming to a daughter of lawyers—"your new claim is singularly at variance with the facts made known to me by actual occurrences and by Mr. Wytcherly."

"You must think us as big fools as we look," hotly interjected Miss Powell.

Mrs. Eccleston repressed the latter. "And since the issue has been made, we may as well have the evidence. I remember Mr. Wytcherly informed me many days ago that he had composed some verses in my honour, and in the letter which yesterday I received, he enclosed them with the statement that no one else had seen them, and I must keep them for my own eye alone. At once I recognized them as identical with the verses you presented to Miss Powell, and I drew the one deduction possible, that Mr. Wytcherly by mistake had left a copy in the scrap-book, which you had from him."

She awaited the reply, her gaze impartial but imperative.

The professor showed himself a shifty fellow. "We each, it seems, Wytcherly and I, have claimed exclusive credit, he to you, and I to Miss Powell. Reprehensible, no doubt, but natural, Mrs. Eccleston—an application of the hoary maxim that all is fair in love and war I should say." He glanced meltingly in the direction of Patrice, who in response tilted her chin.

The special pleading convinced one auditor at least—Professor Byram. "Whatever claim Wytcherly may have made behind my back," he added, "to me at least he professed eternal gratitude."

"Unfortunately, Professor Byram," objected Mrs. Eccleston, "your attestation of a fact does not to my mind prove the fact. I witnessed what may be called the process of the poem in the sole author's mind. I am acquainted with its genesis, its growth—he repeated lines to me before he wrote them down."

But the able professor was not overwhelmed. He managed to protest speciously, he instinctively endeavored to blunt the clear point of this positive indictment. Indeed, he demonstrated that dispossessed of his æstheticism, his talent and his affectation he was precisely that unlovely thing, a "shyster" mind and soul.

Mrs. Eccleston was ruthless. "I once heard the man whose shoe-strings you are not worthy to unlace, say of you that you were an intellectual Pecksniff. I remember that I thought it at the time a brilliant falsity. I think it shrewdly true, Professor Byram." Her cold and just penetration stabbed him through and through. "Your ordinary mental processes impress yourself as being marvelous intellectual feats. If your mind performs the mental arithmetic of the multiplication table, you hail the trick as a discovery in calculus. And if, perchance, you correct a limping foot for Mr. Wytcherly, straightway you claim collaboration."

And without affording opportunity for reply, she turned to Patrice and talked with smooth perfunctoriness of Mackinac and the friends to whom the girl was going.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

A PLAIN MIND ON A PROFESSOR.

Miss Powell presently arose. "I think that I'll be going; Uncle Worth will want me this last day. Good-bye, dear." As she kissed her friend, she whispered: "I mean to telegraph to George to be at Mackinac."

Professor Byram would have made elaborate *adieux*, but the young woman cut him short. "Oh, come along," she ordered sharply, and as he followed, added: "No one wishes to hear another thing from you. Just you paddle me across to the lighthouse, as quick as you can—that will be about all."

That truth will out, and in the end be vindicated, is but one more "pathetic fallacy," which the multitude hugs to its heart. Truth may die hard, but half-truth is immortal, while to lies are given ninety-nine-year leases. Truth is to each man what he sees, and each sees differently. The rays of truth are no X-rays, penetrating skulls regardless of density; truth, on the contrary, is deflected from the reason by the lenses of self-interest and of vanity. Mental idiosyncrasies, not to mention the peculiarities of physical perception, can be relied upon to play hob with truth.

Professor Byram was not conscious of his own despicability. Had he not employed words in fair succession to explain, and were not words the final facts, and facts but the occasion for words? To the young doctrinaire what ought to have taken place—or what he wished to believe had taken place—assumed superiority to what actually did occur. If the human race is unanimous in its propensity to lie, nine-tenths of the liars display a marvelous facility of belief in their own lies.

Therefore Miss Powell was confronted in the boat not by a detected deceiver, but by a much injured innocent.

"Row straight across," was her direction. "I'll telephone to the Castle for the launch, and you can row home by your lonesome."

Half the distance had been covered before he ventured to complain: "Your Mrs. Eccleston never will believe that anyone could aid her genius, Wytcherly."

Provoking no response, he enlarged his plea: "Unfortunately I never shall be able to make her understand how vast a service I performed for him, or what a debt, as he acknowledges, he owes to me. If he has any talent, I have enabled him to employ it to advantage for the first time in his life, and if ever in the future he does anything, it will be because I showed him how."

"Fiddle faddle!" declared Patrice, her gaze not taken from the lighthouse cupola.

But he was undeterred. "I trust, when the opportunity occurs, that you will compel your friend to do me justice. She wrongs me greatly by reason of her mistaken zeal for Wytcherly. I—"

"Oh, do stop tooting your own horn. One would fancy you a motor car, to hear you blow about yourself," interrupted his companion.

Not for a moment was he checked. "But you are not so provincial as to be affected by her prejudice in favour of the man she loves, I am confident."

"Shut up!" said Patrice. "You needn't lug in that to help yourself, you cad!"

In despair he dropped the oars. "I can say nothing which is not wilfully misunderstood. You misjudge my every motive; you misinterpret my most artless speech. Yet there actually is not a charge from which I feel called upon to defend myself."

"Oh, yes there is," she cried. "You've a heap to answer for. If you have done nothing else, you've let me make a fool of *me* to Romaine. Don't deny it now! Haven't I been crowing over her, and strutting up and down in her vicinity about you? Haven't I sickened her to death with glowing accounts of your intellectual development and your tremendous mind? Oh, I'm vexed; I've sung a daily song to her about your mellifluous culture and your stupendous learning, you pedantic donkey! And all the while, if she hadn't been so kind, she could have had the laugh on me up her sleeve. If you think, whatever else I do, I ever will forgive you for allowing me to make such a ninny-hammer fool of myself to Romaine, I never will, the longest day I live!"

"Chagrin for herself, not anger at me," considered the professor and concluded there was hope.

Probably the present moment afforded him the last opportunity for some time to impress her mind. It behooved him to impress it so considerably that she would remember after he was gone. He commenced: "I have deeply meditated upon what I am about to say. It is in the nature of a duty which I owe to you. So I regard it."

"Well, get it off your mind—I want to get on shore."

"I have concluded that the influence of Mrs. Eccleston is not beneficial to you in the highest sense. You over-estimate her intellectual endowment. Her culture is not deep; her mental scope, not wide. Her opinions, many of them, I find erroneous, and her conception of literature is not what it should be."

"Well, I'm not one bit sorry she's not all of them. I don't care for your amendments to Romaine."

"To reiterate is futile," observed the sage professor. "You are in no mood to receive the truth. What care I wish to say concerns myself."

"Naturally," remarked Patrice.

He girded up the loins of his authority. "I have a future," dogmatically he stated, "a future which cannot be diminished by what Mrs. Eccleston imagines or Wytcherly asserts. And I am convinced that I am justified in my self-confidence. Your fondest expectations for my future shall be fulfilled. I stand upon the threshold of achievement, important, perhaps great."

"Go tell it in Gath!" scoffed the girl. "Howl it from the housetops! You can't fool me. Romaine says you're a learned echo, and I believe she's right. She says you are a self-appointed college priest of literature. She said it before you were found out."

Professor Byram for the first time realized that his influence with Patrice had passed. He became frantic, boasted and begged. "I will show what I can do, if you will believe in me, Patrice. I can win the plaudits of the world, confute jealous Mrs. Eccleston, conquer fame, if you will only stand by me now, and inspire me with your encouragement. The Wytcherly affair is incidental; the verses but a little *tour de force*. What I really am is the critic—America demands the critic, whom she needs now above all things. Estimate, if you can, the good wrought by St. Beauve to France, or Matthew Arnold to Great Britain. The like I would do in America. American taste was never lower; her artistic standards are given by the mob. A critic, courageous, catholic, calm, can reform the public taste, re-establish letters, substitute for present-day sentimentalism, sensationalism, journalism, an art which shall remain democratic, while it rises free from vulgarity."

However much his eloquence warmed himself, it failed to warm Patrice.

She derided him. "That thunder doesn't go with me; for I'm on, as they say."

He moaned: "Oh, you are just as other women—you don't understand, you don't understand."

The unsympathetic female stepped to the lighthouse wharf. She turned half about. "And what's more: I may not understand as much as I would like, and I'm not really intellectual as I would love to be; but my head is level and I have plain sense, and what I think you are, if you wish me to be clear, is a cheap rascal, no more, no less." She gave him a caustic look: "A pickpocket poet, if you please."

Might Have

By Edith M. Thomas

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend:
And what was the goal, when the years were fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
I have lived my life, and I face the end.

Concerning Kissing

By Agnes Campbell Purves

No one will require to be told what a kiss is, and yet everyone will admit that there is some truth in the remark of the American humorist, that the only way to define a kiss is to take one. We have many different kinds of kisses in this country, but we are not so far advanced in osculatory practices as our friends in Europe. It is not a breach of Continental etiquette for two members of the male sex to embrace and demonstrate their affection for each other by a hearty kiss. A Frenchman likes to maintain his reputation of *bon enfant*, and to him is granted a privilege, which, fortunately, here, gentlemen do not enjoy, for on New Year's morning he kisses every young lady of his acquaintance, whom he may visit or call upon. Although, possibly, we might envy French ladies in this particular, we must admit that we get a fair share of labial compliments during our lifetime. We are well-nigh overwhelmed with affectionate motherly kisses, long before we can appreciate or return the compliment. And then we have, amongst many others, the kiss of friendly greeting, the kiss under the mistletoe, the kiss in the ring, the automatical kiss of the actor, the kiss blown from the tips of the fingers, and the formal kiss of fashion, which is subservient to the laws of etiquette. These salutations, when between royal personages, vary in number, according to the age and rank of the person kissed and it is a serious matter, if one kiss too few, or one too many is given.

"The stolen kiss which the inamorata
With an easy cruelty denies,
Yet wishes that you would snatch,
not ask, the bliss,"

is supposed to possess certain qualities peculiarly its own.

The divinely sweet and rapturous is the other kiss—the

"Evanescent touch that thrills
The ardent lover's trembling frame
A dew which on the heart distils,
And kindles into flame,"

in reference to which Dr. Walcot writes:

"When we dwell on the lips of those
we adore
Not a pleasure in Nature is missing;
May his soul be in heaven, he
deserves it I'm sure,
Who was the inventor of kissing."

The lover's kiss is often a lingering one. Byron speaks of the

"Long, long kiss, the kiss of youth and
lover."

and Tennyson says:

"With one long kiss, my whole soul
thro'
My lips as sunlight, drinketh dew."

In "Locksley Hall" appears the line,

"Our spirits rushed together at the
touching of the lips,"

a sentiment which had previously been expressed by Shelley, who speaks of

"The soft and sweet eclipse
When soul meets soul in lovers' lips."

"Pleasant is the welcome kiss
When Day's dull round is over,"

says J. R. Drake, but sad, sad is the kiss of which Robert D'Ordsley sings:

"One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we are severed, my fond
heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you!"

Many poets have sung of the parting kiss, but for true pathos, tender feeling, and touching sentiment, nothing is to be found to excel Burns' little gem, entitled, "A Kiss," the last two verses of which run:

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest,
Thine be every joy and treasure
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure

Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heartwrung tears I'll pledge thee
Wailing sighs and groans, I'll wage thee."

In the pages of Shakespeare, many kisses are recorded. There is Romeo's kiss in the vault, and Antony's dying kiss to Cleopatra when he mournfully says:

"Of many thousand kisses
The goodly last, I lay upon thy lips."

There is the curious kiss which Pyramus gave Thisbe, through the fingers of Tinker Snout, when he represented the wall; but the strangest kiss ever recorded is that of Titania, when she kisses "the fair, large ears of gentle joy"—the ass. There is likewise something ludicrous about Petruchio's kiss, and we have that beautiful verse about a kiss in "Measure for Measure" which runs:

"Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes that break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But thy kisses, bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain."

Treacherous and revengeful kisses are not wanting in Shakespeare—the most terrible being that given by Othello to Desdemona before he smothers her.

But what poet has not sung about kissing, and who has sung more beautifully than dear old Allan Ramsay when in the "Gentle Shepherd" he makes Patie give Roger a lesson, by telling him how he managed Jenny. This is how he proceeded:

"I laughed and sae did she, then in great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist,
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth
While hard an' fast, I held her in my grips,
Ma very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair, she flet wi me, between ilka smack,
But weel I kent she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom
Do you sae too and never fash a thoom
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
Sae woo anither, and she'll gang clean mad."

Poets are rather unreasonable in their demands sometimes. One sings of his lady-love:

"Oh, let me on thy panting breast recline,
And press my burning hurried lips to thine,
A thousand kisses let me first implore
And after them, a thousand more.
A thousand thousand let me still repeat
Till my joys grow as numberless, as great."

Another rhymster—Sir Hanbury Williams—whilst demanding sweet kisses from his darling Chloe, declares:

"I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, my charmer be kind,
For while I love thee beyond measure
To number I'll not be confined!"

He also asserts that

"The wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content."

And a similarly minded writer goes the length of saying that he desires so many thousand kisses that

"Scarce will arithmetic the same explain
Millions and millions multiply in vain."

Some very curious kiss transactions are on record. Kisses have actually been put up at auction to the highest bidder. The Duchess of Gordon, while she went about hiring fairs, in the north of Scotland, enlisting soldiers, used to offer the lads along with the shilling, the alternative of a kiss. It is well known that if a lady salutes a gentleman while he is asleep, she can demand a pair of gloves. Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth" tells how Catherine obtained a pair of gloves from Henry Smith, by stealing a kiss while he was asleep, and Gay humorously describes the practice thus:

"Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the bout
And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout,
For custom says whoe'er the venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

The Book has to be kissed, when the oath is taken. It is probably the kiss that makes the words sacred and inviolable, but Cowper truly says that:

"Thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book outside, who ne'er looked within."

The Book itself swarms with kisses of all complexions, from the innocent kiss of Rachel at the well, or the pathetic and beautiful kiss of Mary, when she washes the feet of her Master with tears, to the most terrible of all treacherous kisses—mentioned in the Bible or elsewhere—the kiss in the garden of Gethsemane, which meant betrayal and death.

One can find eight basal diversities of the kiss in Scripture:

Salutation—Sam. xx—41.
Valediction—Ruth ii—9.
Reconciliation—III Sam. xiv—33.
Subjection—Psalms ii—12.
Approbation—Prov. ii—4.
Adoration—I. Kings xix—18.
Affection—Genesis xiv—15.
Treachery—Matt. xxvi—39.

The most honorable kiss (honorable to give and to receive both) was perhaps that which Margaret of France in the presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Allen Charto, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to the astonished attendants: "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth, which has uttered so many noble things." Ah! it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

Punchinello

By Margaret George

I'M a writer of comic songs—
Poor one, too—more's the pity;
The kind of songs that the gamins sing,
And the servant-girls in the city.

I'm not growling; I earn my bread;
Each year I write just so many;
But once in my life—for three sweet months—
I lived without writing any.

Woman, of course. She dropped me—cold.
I loved her, too, more's the pity!
The song I wrote when my heart ached so—
They sang it all over the city.

Out of the Darkness

By Cy Warman

SIT with the chauffeur, if you can afford it, or on the front seat of the trolley as she takes the curve on Main Street opposite the city hall, and get a new view of the wonderful Winnipeg that is rising out of the plains.

It will remind you of a certain curve in Regent Street, though the scenery is not the same; the faces of the people you pass are not the same. They are, for the most part, younger and brighter, Also they are making better time than the people on Regent Street usually make. One is impressed with the speed of things. It is, of a truth, a swift city.

A few blocks farther down you come to the great granite and red brick pile that loomed so large as you rounded the curve. Pass through the swinging door, mount the marble steps and stand in the spacious lobby of the finest hotel in Canada, and one that ranks well up among the best taverns of the world.

The sun sinks in the cloudless West, leaving that wonderful pink glow that gleams only in the northern sky. The stars twinkle forth in the darkening dome, the electric lights, bracketed on scores of huge columns, screwed into the ceiling, spider-webbed in a maze of metallic mesh-work and swinging in ornate basket-like chandeliers suspended and supported by massive flat-linked, wrought iron chains.

As the shadows deepen, and the lights grow brighter, the soft strains of a stringed orchestra come across the great lobby, filling the main dining hall, the long corridors, and the cafe. Gradually the big dining-room fills up, and the cafe gathers in a goodly number who prefer the European plan of living. Over in a quiet corner a grizzled old Factor from the Far North blinks and squints in the brilliant glare of electric lamps, of which he has heard often, but has never seen, for he is forty years in the fastness.

After dinner the guests stroll about, lounge and smoke. There are groups of friends and small dinner parties gathered here and there, for the place is so large that it is almost "exclusive." Away over in the northwest wing of the wide rotunda an open grate fire burns, giving a cosy air to that vicinity. Here the lounges are usually occupied.

Up the marble flight on the floor above there is a bewilderingly beautiful drawing room, large enough for a summer garden, another great, wide lounging hall and a delightful billiard room, exclusively for the folks who live in the house. This floor holds the viceregal suite, which I shall not attempt to describe. The furnishings throughout are rich and splendid, but always in excellent taste. One feels that, despite our boasted democracy, and love for the "simple life" whatever that means, one should "dress for dinner" at the Royal Alexandra. That much seems to be due the house and the host.

Up from the main floor floats the inspiring strains of the stringed band, beating out a medley of Yankee airs followed by a perfect cyclone of clapping, in which scores of Canadians join, and we drift down again.

Over in the European cafe the old Factor draining his small bottle, blinks and blows smoke, As he leans back in his chair his eyes rest upon the ornate jugs and mugs and battered bric-a-brac that rest upon the plate-rail near the ceiling, and he tries to remember. Away back in his boyhood, beyond the wide Atlantic, he had seen something of the sort, but forty years in the fastness . . . . no. it is not quite clear . . . and he drains his glass, pinches the moisture from his eyes, and smokes.

Now the orchestra strikes up "God Save the King" and all the English, many Canadians and not a few Americans, stand up until the orchestra has ceased its song to the sovereign.

Winnipeggers, who have come in for the table d'hote, which is already becoming famous, go down to their trolleys, motor cars or carriages, and the guests go up in the elevator, and presently the great house is quiet and the city sleeps.

Moritura

By Margaret George

I am the mown grass, dying at your feet—
The pale grass, gasping faintly in the sun;
I shall be dead long, long ere day is done,
That you may say, "The air to-day was sweet."
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now
When someone shakes the bough;
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh, "A snow in June!"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp that flickers on,
Striving to give my old, unclouded light,
Among the rest that make your garden bright;
Let me burn still, till all my oil is gone—
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note—
Death's fingers clutch my throat!
New grass will bloom, new flowers bloom and fall-
New lamps play out against your garden wall:
I am your singer—singing my last note.

What I Found in Western Canada

By Karl Edwin Harriman

I. THE FRONTIER.

IN Western Canada I met a man—a man with eyes as blue as the North, and a square jaw and big hands—the sort of a man, I took him to be, who, seeing a thing to be done, does it. And said I to this man:

"Who's dealing faro-bank up here for you now, anybody I happen to know?"

The man removed his pipe—he was smoking an expensive English mixture, I could tell by its aroma—and regarded me sceptically. Then he shook his head.

"Nobody," he replied.

"Nor anything doing at the dance-hall down the street?" I persisted, recalling a week of lurid nights away to the South, across the line, in the sand country where the cactus blooms and the "bad-man" has his habitat.

He turned to me then and tapping my knee with his pipe-stem said: "There doesn't happen to be any dance hall, you see."

He smiled at the amazement in my eyes.

"And would you mind telling me?" he pursued, "just where you think you are?"

"On the frontier," I replied without the least hesitancy.

And then he laughed. It was well to hear him laugh for it was a good, clear, full-throated laugh; not the dry, alkali laugh with which I was more or less familiar. So ere he had done, I was laughing with him—the two of us, on the plains of Western Canada, facing North with nothing but the blue sky, and the sweet air of a summer day, and the rich green fields, between us and the horizon.

My business happens to be fiction—therefore had I come into the North. Where may one hope to find a better scene for fiction than the frontier. "Therefore," said I to myself, "I shall

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Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, who is the editor of two of the most successful fiction magazines in America—the Red Book Magazine, and the Blue Book Magazine—has recently returned from a trip through Western Canada. In our last issue there appeared, it will be recalled, an article by him entitled "What I Expect to Find in Canada." The present paper is its logical successor.—*Editor.*

THRESHING THE GOLDEN GRAIN IN

go up on the Canadian frontier; its the last on the continent.''

And acting upon this idea I had come to Western Canada to discover that every element which for years has helped to give glamour to the American —rather, the States'—frontier was missing. Disappointed in the beginning, I discovered presently that in the very absence of these elements was the story—the big, throbbing, human, story of the Empire Builders and the light that lured them on.

For this the men and women of the Canadian frontier have done: they have profited by the mistakes of their brothers and sisters South of the line.

The little Canadian village balanced on the horizon, away off there, or nestling at the feet of the protecting mountains knows nothing of the lawlessness that characterized such a village, so placed, on the Southern plains twenty years ago. For in that little Canadian village is a slim-limbed young man with clear eyes and a clean-cut, resolute countenance, who wears a uniform the chief characteristics of which is a stiff-brimmed, leather-banded sombrero; and that young man, fearless, just, and absolutely honest, is a living, breathing, acting, personification of the Law, upon which the dwellers in that little village, and the plains for miles around, look with that reverence which has ever been a charecteristic of the Englishman.

In the beginning the States' frontierman broke cover and cut for the West under the spell of gold. He moved swifter than the Law. The Law was twenty years in catching up to him, and in the meantime he had established, at the furtherest outpost, an individual code, based on passion rather than justice. When, finally, the Law did come ten years were required to uproot that code, so for thirty years the American frontier flourished without any regard whatsoever for statute books.

How different conditions ''north of the line''! When the first adventurer pressed on into Western Canada what did he find? The Law—the Law as meted out by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Law was there ahead of him and he obeyed its mandates. Later, as others came, as settlements sprang up and commerce was born, appeared the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, a natural, logical evolution. further to see that the laws of the east were obeyed here in this vast, limitless land of sunshine, to the West.

Too, perhaps chiefly, the presence of lawlessness in the early settling of the States' West, and its absence today in the Canadian West, may be accounted for by the varying lures which drew men into the wilds. South of the line the lure was the lust for gold; north of the line the love of land; the one unclean, breeding passion and wantonness; the other, clean, breathing the spirit of God and honest toil. The one drew on the man with the knife at his belt; the other lured him with the plow share. The one adventurer dreamed of the day when he would wrench the gold from the rock, the other of the day when he would reap

THE NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

the grain—the golden grain. Each sought the gold, only one dug for it in the nugget, while the other garnered it in the berry. So were they the same, yet different.

II. THE WHEAT.

I had spent days in the desert of the southwest. My eyes were adjusted to the grey flat, unbroken landscape, dotted with sage, here and there, now and again a cactus. Then I awoke miles further on amid the wheat fields of the San Joaquin Valley. The grey had, over night, became gold—the clean gold of the grain. It was a vast, boundless yellow sea, shimmering in the sunlight, rustling like silk, swaying back and forth in long sweeping waves. Something got into the heart of me as I stood on the shore of that golden sea and gazed across it—something different from the awe I had felt amid the silent fastnesses of the majestic mountains. For here, before me, was not a dead thing, a monarch at rest after untold ages. Here was life, the very germ of it in every yellow berry swaying in the breeze. Here were all the forces of life, here was a peoples' food. It was my first view of a great wheat field. And I had yet to see the greater wheat fields of Canada.

Said a clergyman standing near me on the station platform, as he swept his eye across that shifting sea of golden grain: "I have never felt so close to God before." Then it was that I realized the meaning of my own feelings and with this realization came another, a more material, but none the less significant thought. It was this: Thirty years ago it was impossible to raise wheat in this valley. Why? Because the available wheat area of North America is constantly expanding.

In 1847 our United States commission, headed by a virtuous and bewhiskered expert, reported that the available wheat area of the continent of North America was bounded on the West by a line drawn from the Dominion border to the Gulf along the west boundary of Minnesota; and on the north by the Canadian line! And the humor of that report, considered today lies in the fact that it was the truth—in 1847. To-day the wheat crop of that area is about equal to the banana crop of Massachusetts as compared to the combined crops of the new areas. The fact of the matter is, Nature is playing a game—a game with wheat—besides which the "market" game is as mild and innocuous as battle-dore and shuttlecock.

As a wheat area becomes populated to a degree that forbids the growing of the grain in a measure necessary to supply the demand, a new area springs into being. This process has been going on ever since the first crop adventurer crossed the Mississippi to find a soil that would produce the berry. To-day it is probably true that there are no new areas in the United States. That is not to say that the United States as a wheat producing country has reached its limit, for all the available area is not under cultivation. It is merely to say that every area *is known*.

What has happened? North of the Canadian line—from that line to the arctic circle—is the great new area—an area that is destined to become the bread-basket of the Western world—the granary of the Anglo-Saxon race. And it is a safe assumption that thirty years ago wheat could not be grown where it is grown to-day in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. North of the line is the greatest wheat area that the world has ever known, every inch of which, when the new Grand Trunk Pacific is finished, will be available. I know of nothing more impressive than the railway journey from Winnipeg west to the mountains across plains that sustain no break as far as the eye can reach in every direction—hour after hour the plains, all available, all ready to produce the world's food. And the world's granary they will become. The lives of a hundred future generations lie in the fields of this vast territory. Food, the fuel of the human engine is here, and the white farmer is the engineer who will shovel it, for years to come, into the firebox of the world.

III. THE MAN.

John Clarkson had lived in Iowa. He was a farmer; his father and his grandfather had been farmers. His four boys were farmers with him. His Iowa farm—I don't know its acreage—was worth $20,000. Two of the boys were married. Each had a house on "the old man's place". The two unmarried boys lived with their father and Sunday afternoons washed up their box buggies, got out the new harnesses and drove out of the yard, one in one direction, the other in another, to call on two girls—farmer's daughters whose names might some day be changed to Clarkson.

The "old man" sat out on the back porch all Sunday afternoon with the dog and "got to thinking," as he told me later. In some way he had come across a pamphlet in which was set forth the benefits of "mixed farming" in Western Canada. John Clarkson read that pamphlet through twice from cover to cover.

"And the more I thought the plainer it all was," he said to me a month ago as we stood together on his porch in—. But I'm getting ahead of my story. It's as easy to follow John Clarkson's line of thought as he sat there playing with the old dog's ears, as it is to follow a trout stream.

Some day he was going to die—that was a certainty. And his estate would be a clear title to an Iowa farm worth $20,000. There'd be four heirs—to say nothing of grandchildren yet to come. And he was a wise enough old man to realize that besides leaving that farm to the boys, he would leave as handsome a four-sided family row as ever made a man turn over in his grave. As it was, *he owned* that Iowa farm; owned it from the east wood lot to the west meadow, free and clear. Being a peaceful man and shrinking from the contemplation of a row among the boys after his death he read the pamphlet through a third time. When he had finished his mind was made up. John Clarkson packed his sheep-skin valise and disappeared. Bill, the second boy, asked him where he was going, but the "old man's" reply was rather indefinite—.

"Never you mind where I'm goin'," he said. "I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"You don't think he's got softening of the brain, do you, George?" asked the oldest son's wife.

George couldn't say positively, but he hoped not.

After a fortnight the youngest boy declared that in his opinion dad had gone over to Ottumwa to get married.

The two daughters-in-law fainted, and all four boys turned pale.

Then the wanderer returned.

"I want the whole kiboodle of you to come into the settin' room to-night after supper," said he, "while I tell you what's happened."

So, almost breathless with expectancy, the old man that evening faced the four boys and the two young wives and—told them. When he had finished, they looked at one another, and then, little by little, they began to see the method in the "old man's" madness. To make a long story short, that conference in the settin'-room ended with all four boys and two wives ready and willing to act as "paw" had outlined.

Within two months the Clarkson farm was sold for $21,500, and a carload of Clarksons and two carloads of Clarkson effects left Iowa headed north and they didn't stop until they entered Western Canada. For this is what old John Clarkson did with that $21,500 He purchased *four farms* north of the line, each as large as the Iowa farm, and he gave one to each of his sons. There they all live and breathe, and thrive to-day—the four Clarkson boys from Iowa, their farms touching and two new farm-houses going up, for those Iowa girls decided not long since that the name Clarkson was good enough for them and they were willing to follow the boys into the great out-of-doors up there were God helps a man win at the game of farming.

"And I'm living round with the boys," said old John to me. "I've earned a rest anyway. The boys own it all. I've given 'em everything and they ain't kicking. 'Course sometimes it's bad for an old fellow to give up all he's got to the children; more often than not when he does the children, especially the daughters-in-law, work him into the poor-house at last. But I figured that out all too—" he chuckled—"you see, there aint any poor houses up here, so they've got to let me eat at their tables and sleep in their beds as long as I live."

"Poor houses aren't needed up here," put in Bill's wife as she made a cat's cradle for the new baby.

No, nor will poor-houses be needed for years to come. The sustaining land is here and where the land needs no more than the asking to bring forth gold, there's scant use for poor-houses.

The wheat has, in a word, followed the white man and there is no wheat equal to the white man's wheat. The white man since the beginning of time has ever sought new world's to conquer, new fields to plow, and when Nature has felt that he needed that new world, she has opened it to him. But always his advancement has been in two directions—not four. The sunset and the north star have ever been the beacons by which he has set his course. Since he first left "home" the currents of his wanderings have ever been West and North-West because the end of human life is to the West—where the sun goes down; North because North is UP and to ascend must ever be the instinct of life if the race would survive. And it is an interesting fact that an analogy between man and the grain that gives him life may be traced step by step from the first human migration to the present day. The further North the white man can live, the better man he is. The further north the wheat will grow, the better the wheat. The long, long sunshine-days of the growing season, together with the short, cold nights, harden the berry, just as they would seem to bring out the iron in the man.

Old John Clarkson's boys are going to be that sort of men, just as the wheat they are growing now is that sort of wheat.

So these are the three things I found in Western Canada—a vast and wonderful new country—the greatest agricultural area on the North American continent—and last and best of all, men and women in whose eyes are seen the fires of inspiration—men and women who realize they are building an Empire.

* * *

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Paper 3

THERE is an old saying, that there is plenty of food and work for every one born into the world, if it were only properly distributed. It is the eternal "if" that spoils so many of Life's good plans and good promises.

The farmers of the Canadian West hold the record for the largest cereal production, per capita, of any farming country in the whole wide world. The land is so easily cultivated that one man can do the work of three, in the matter of preparing and planting.

Just because the land is so good it brings forth abundantly and the man who can plant for three, had need be able to do the work of six in reaping.

It is the merciful provision of Providence that no matter how fat the land, no matter how easily accessible, the personal equation is necessary to ultimate success. When the settlers began to pour into the Canadian West, the talk was ever of the number of acres broken, the ever increasing area of cultivation. When some of the wiseacres asked "Who will harvest all this crop?" the answer was, "Oh, the new immigrant will be glad to earn money that way to start."

It was quite true that the incoming immigrants for the first year was willing to work as a harvest hand, but it was equally true that by the next year he wanted harvest hands of his own, so the problem grew yearly more complicated.

In 1885, when the C.P.R. was completed, there were under cultivation 565,228 acres and the crop of the Canadian West that year was 14,907,184 bushels; this included all cereals. In ten years the cultivated area had risen to 1,776,773 acres, the crop was a heavy one, and there was not merely a cry for help, but a perfect wail went up from all over the West, "Help, help, we want help!"

Newspaper men, Government officials, bankers, wholesale merchants all joined in the cry. Something must be done, or the splendid harvest would be wasted because there was not help enough to gather it in.

For several years, prior to 1895, the Canadian Pacific Railway had a plan of help for the West under consideration. The officials of the road knew, none better, that through the counties of Ontario, in Quebec and away down by the sea in the Maritime provinces, there were thousands of young men, whose harvest work was practically ended before the Western harvest began. Not only were there young farmers, but in the cities of the East were also thousands of young men whose boyhood had been spent on farms and who would only need a few days to get into the swing of the old life. Moreover, thousands of these men were longing for an opportuntiy to see the new land, but the ordinary price of travel was to them prohibitive.

Quietly inquiries were made, through the Southwest, and middle states, where harvest excursions on limited lines had been run, a mass of data was accumulated and by the time the cry for help was urgent in 1895, the company was ready to act.

Throughout Eastern Canada the first harvest excursion was advertised extensively, "5000 hands wanted to help reap the harvest of the West.

Excursion will start from such a point on such a day. Fare $12, return fare $18."

Then and there, was much excitement in old farm homesteads and city lodgings Only $12 to the West: why, the Canadian Pacific Railway could have got 50,000 men.

Luckily for boys who came off farms, mothers packed them such generous baskets of provisions, that they never had to spend a penny on food the whole way out. Homespun blankets, patched quilts and feather pillows were requisitioned, and it is safe to say that more old-time carpet bags saw the light of day on that first harvest excursion, than will ever again grace the baggage cars and colonist sleepers of the "The Great Company."

The boys from the city had in most instances to purchase their outfit, and though it was more flash it was not half so comfortable as that of the boy from the farm. But everyone got ready somehow, and it is quite safe to state that no one missed the train on that momentous occasion.

Though as momentous as the two former occasions, when the East had rushed men to the rescue of the West in extremity, this time it was not to be the forced marches along the Dawson trail that marked 1879; nor the rough box-car rides, alternating with marches in water half to the knees, of the trip in 1885. There were no rebels in the Western land, only a riot of golden grain that meant bread, butter and jam to its growers, and bread, at least, to many a starving wretch in the old land across the sea.

Yet even as the former expeditions had been sped upon their way with tears and cheers, so was the first harvest excursion of 1895. Cheers for the brave new land with its open door of opportunity, and some silent tears from the old folks left behind, who felt intuitively that to many of those starting on that journey the call of West had come for all the future, and the old home would know them no more.

Of course, as was inevitable, in such a gathering there was a percentage of the hoodlum element, but the majority of the 5.000 who came were young men from the farms of the old provinces, men and boys accustomed to all kinds of farm work, the very best of harvest hands.

Like all new ventures it worked somewhat "green" at first, too many men flocked to one point, too few to another, and some few of the men had been born tired and never got over it, but on the whole the scheme was a success and the West harvested that year 59,984,807 bushels of grain of all kinds.

When the final round-up of the return tickets was made, it was found one thousand out of the five thousand that came West had decided to remain as permanent settlers.

As the intervening years have passed the excursions have grown in number and size, and the plans and the arrangements have been admirably systemized.

As in the case of immigration, the Immigration Department works hand in hand with the railway in preparation of lists of men requiring hands, the number and class wanted. As early as the month of February these names begin to come in, though of course the bulk of them are not made up until some idea has been gathered of what the harvest will be. The number brought each year has steadily increased with the rapidly increasing area under cultivation.

All harvesters are ticketed first to Winnipeg and re-ticketed from that point to destination, and so expert have the officials become in the handling of these crowds that it is a regular thing for 600 harvesters to be checked up, re-ticketed and baggage re-checked in twenty minutes.

To lessen expense to the farmers the excursions are run just as close to harvesting time as possible, and usually there is not an hour to spare, so that the men are simply rushed to destination as fast as steam can carry them.

When the farmer has to pay $2.50 and $3.00 per day and board he does not want men round a week doing nothing. When a thousand-acre field is ready for the binders, it is equally important that the men should be on the spot to start. The railway company is supposed to be able to tell to a nicety just when harvesting will commence in each district. The calculations have been wonderfully accurate so far.

The acreage sown to wheat alone in 1906 was very close to 5,000,000 acres and the harvest of cereals of all kinds ran over 200,000,000 bushels and to garner this, in addition to the men on the spot, 23,000 harvest hands were brought into the country, of this enormous number a little over twenty per cent. became permanent settlers.

The tickets for these excursions are good until the end of November for $18 return; this is to permit of the men helping not only with harvesting, but with the threshing, the bulk of which is still done from the stock in this country of magnificent distances.

Unique in so many things the Canadian Pacific Railway is unique in this: No other road has ever carried harvest hands such tremendous distances at such low rates and in such large numbers.

With an ever increasing area of cultivation, and a constantly decreasing supply of men willing to come for harvesting alone, the problem of the Western harvest is not yet fully solved, but no doubt the Paternal Corporation will find a solution to this as it has done to a score of other problems equally difficult.

For the present year, owing to the late season of seeding, the number of harvest hands required is estimated at 20,000. So much of railway construction is going forward, that of this number probably nearly fifty per cent. will remain in the West, so the plan of harvest excursion is an excellent immigration policy as well.

When the Dark Comes Down

By Cy Warman

QUEEN of my heart, when the dark comes down,
When the lingering light in the red, warm west
Glows faintly and fades over tower and town,
A new light burns in my happy breast.
I know it is morning, wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart.

Queen of my heart, when the roses die
And the low winds waltz with the eddying leaves,
We know a happiness, you and I,
Though the rain-drops drip from the drooping eaves.
I know it is summer, wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart.

"M. Montgomery, Real Estate"

By Mae Harris Anson

Editor of The Minneapolis Journal Junior

BEHIND the modest sign, "M. Montgomery, Real Estate," on a leading street of Prince Albert, lies one of the romances which prove that Western Canada is not only the young man's country, but that golden opportunities lie ready to the hand of the woman who knows how to make use of them.

"M. Montgomery" is, in reality, Mrs. Mary Montgomery, a dot of a woman, who at first sight seems to possess none of the earmarks of the aggressive financier. A second look, however, reveals an expression of calm shrewdness lying deep behind her blue eyes, as well as an indefinable something that was once expressed by the noted purist in language as "savvy." He was talking of the qualities that made for success in Western Canada, and ended with the words:

"People fail in Western Canada if they have no—no—well, as we express it in Alberta—they fail because they have no 'savvy.' They do not know how to work, they do not care, and they do not want to work anyway."

Now, Mrs. Montgomery has plenty of "savvy." The sign upon her office is just one year old, but her knowledge of good land is an instinct almost as old as herself. It is a tradition in the family that she was never known to pass a fine stretch of field and meadow and woodland, that she did not say,

"I'd like to own that piece of property."

When her husband died ten years ago, she found herself with four children and 3,000 acres of land. That sounds like a good provision, but the land was heavily encumbered, there were outstanding debts, and the four children were not only blessed with healthy Canadian appetites, but were of an age when their breadwinning powers had no market value.

All the latent business ability in Mrs. Montgomery awoke at the magic touch of Necessity. For a year and a half she was matron of the jail, of which her husband was warden at his death. During this eighteen months she bent her best energies to the adjustment of her tangled affairs, and the creation of some solid ground beneath her feet. She sold some of the land, to save the rest, and somehow managed to pay off the most pressing debts. At the end of this time, she received an appointment in the land office at $50 a month. It was not an easy life for even the bravest spirit, for housework, "mothering" and all home life for her children were compressed into the few hours, left to her outside of her office work, morning and evening.

Nor was it an easy matter to feed and clothe and house and educate four children on $50 a month. So Mrs. Montgomery looked about for more financial strings to pull. She saw men doing well in life insurance, and even though they were men and she a woman she did not see that the work was so intricate but that she could master it as well as they. So she made application for an agency with the Confederation Life Insurance Association of Toronto. When the name "Mrs. Mary Montgomery" was laid before the board, they were simply stricken speechless with horror.

"A woman!" they exclaimed, when they recovered their breath. "A woman on our rolls? Impossible! What could she do? Besides, we have never had any woman agents.''

Fortunately for Mrs. Montgomery, the western manager was a man wise beyond his associates, for he had communed with the Spirit of the West, and knew that out in ''God's country,'' all things are possible, even for a woman. When the storm of conservatism had spent itself, he said,

''Try her, anyway. If she proves a failure, she can be dropped at the end of the year.''

During the first twelve months, Mrs. Montgomery made $300 in premiums. That was just seven years ago. To-day, her income from this source is never less than $1200. What is more, many another woman has been allowed to follow in her footsteps because of her success. By careful management Mrs. Montgomery was able to put by a nest-egg, and though life meant unceasing work, she was happy in the thought of the provision it meant for those dependent upon her. Then one day she learned that a certain tract of land, containing 1200 acres, was offered for sale at $4 an acre. She wanted it, even as she had always wanted any good piece of land she ran across. Her nest egg was just enough to make the first payment. There was absolutely no other tangible fund from which to make the second payment, nor could she hope to save enough to meet it, out of her regular income. It was a big proposition, and a daring one to attempt with no resources save a pair of hands, a level head and a huge capacity for work. Yet her instinct told her the investment was a good one, she had faith in the Prince Albert district—and she made the plunge, determined not to worry, but to work. And she worked to such good effect that by the time the second payment was due, she had sold enough of the tract to meet the demand. Thus heartened, she kept on, and by the time the third payment came due, she had not only sold so advantageously that she could meet it, but she had 600 acres left clear.

So the years went busily on between her Government position, her life insurance work, her home duties and the responsibility of giving her children the best educations possible. And every dollar that could be saved was invested in real estate with so unerring a judgment that it was speedily sold at a profit.

''I bought what I personally wanted to own and live upon,'' she says. ''And every piece of land I have come into possession of I have had the more or less dim idea of sometime making my homestead.''

That ''something I should like to live upon'' is undoubtedly the secret of her wonderful success, for buying land for a home, and buying it for speculation pure and simple, are two different matters—generally.

After three years in the land office, Mrs. Montgomery's want-to-know spirit longed for better knowledge of the land business, and she asked to be transferred to the registry division. There she found that the work of the office was frequently delayed because the registrar was also the commissioner for the taking of affidavits, and when he was absent, all affidavits had to wait until his return. Her business instinct suggested the advisability of a second commissioner, and judging from her experience in the life insurance business, she saw no good reason why she could not answer the demands of the position, and she asked for the appointment. The Government looked at the matter through her eyes and she has the distinction of being the first woman commissioner for taking of affidavits in Western Canada.

And all this time she was buying all the real estate she could handle with her limited time and resources. A few miles out of Prince Albert there was a particularly attractive river farm, which she had always admired. One day she found it on the market and bought it, thinking that if office life grew irksome she could go there and earn a living from the soil. That was three years ago. Early this year the Government offered such a tremendous advance over her original investment that she sold it as part of the site of the new penitentiary. Again, she bought a third interest in a hotel.

Within two months, it was sold at a profit yielding $1500 each to the three investors. And so the record might go on indefinitely.

Two years ago, Prince Albert awakened to the new era which more numerous railway connections brought about. Substantial brick and stone buildings replaced the frame buildings of pioneer days; banks began to erect new offices, pretentious in every way, and the town buzzed and hummed with tales of profit made in real estate. Then Mrs. Montgomery's don't-see-why instinct awoke to full life and she determined to answer the call. But she did not at once resign her position under the Government to do so. Oh, no! That was altogether too rash a move for this clear-headed little woman. Her holiday vacation was close at hand, and she decided to use those three weeks for her experiment as a dealer in real estate.

The first morning of her vacation, the sign went up, "M. Montgomery, Real Estate." It has never come down, for in those three weeks her commissions on sales amounted to half a year's salary. She felt that even if she did not make another sale for six months, she was still better off than grubbing away in the land office, and her resignation went in.

The record of the twelve months since then sounds like a "landed-in-New-York-without-a-penny-and-is-now-a-millionaire" kind of story. It has been like picking up what looks like a silver dollar and in turning it over, performing some "fie, presto, change!" act that transforms it into one hundred dollars or more. Not one investment has turned out badly. So far her judgment has proven infallible, and her lead is coming to be watched by others.

While most of her holdings are in Prince Albert and vicinity, Mrs. Montgomery has begun to acquire property at other points in Western Canada. She owns one-half interest in fifty-two lots at Fort William, and she also has blocks of real estate at Saskatoon and Vancouver. All her Prince Albert and Vancouver property is improved, as it has always been her policy to put up some kind of a building and so make the land yield some income.

In a way, her business life has just begun. Her family is grown. She has rentable property that gives her a comfortable income. She knows that startling as has been the increase in land values throughout the Canadian West the past two years, only the first chapter has been written, and that the whole country, east, west, north and south, responds joyously to the efforts of those who would make Canada the marvel nation of the twentieth century. So that while Prince Albert still claims her allegiance, she has already made plans for wider operations.

Perchance to Dream

By Margaret G. Davidson

I am so weary! Yet I fear to sleep!
How hard it seems to lose myself—to go
To that strange world where tyrant Dreams hold rule—
Where I may kill my friend and wed my foe!

The Bubble Fairies

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

LITTLE-BOY was out in the garden one day, blowing bubbles. He blew clusters of baby-bubbles, and pairs of middle-sized bubbles, and single big bubbles, and the wind looked over Little-Boy's shoulder to get a chance to blow them away.

The Sun shone down on the bubbles with a jolly fat smile, and Little-Boy blew and blew and blew until his bowl was full of them.

Pink and orange and silver and yellow they were, and they twinkled like a little rainbow.

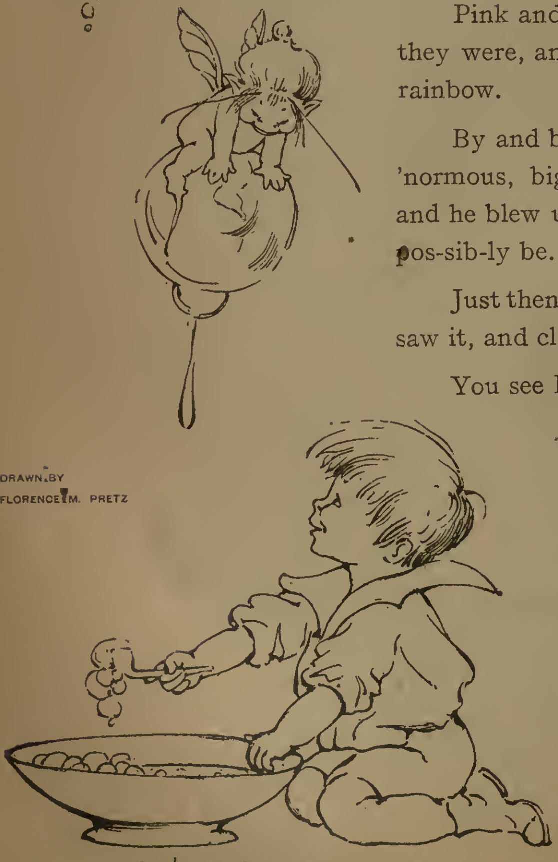
By and by Little-Boy blew a huge, 'normous, big bubble, and he blew and he blew and he blew until it was just as big as it could pos-sib-ly be.

Just then a cousin of the Nasturtium-Girl saw it, and clapped her hands.

You see Little-Boy's big sister had been picking sweet peas in the garden that morning, and picked the little cousin's house right off.

So the cousin was visiting the Nasturtium-Girl, and looking for a new house, and the huge-'normous-big bubble was just the thing.

"Don't you s'pose he'd let me rent it, Nasturtium-Girl?" said the cousin.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

AND THE HUGE-'NORMOUS-BIG-BUBBLE WAS JUST RIGHT

"I guess he would. He's a friend of mine, and I'll go ask him," answered Nasturtium-Girl, and over she flew to where Little-Boy was sitting.

Of course he would rent it—he'd let the Nasturtium-Girl's cousin have it for nothing—where was she?

"Here I am," said the little cousin shyly, from under a leaf, and Little-Boy bowed very politely.

"Take it and welcome," said Little-Boy, and in she popped with a "Thank-you."

And the huge-'normous-big-bubble was just right. There was a parlor on one side and a rainbow curtain that divided it from the kitchen, and a front door with a cluster of tiny bubbles for a porch, and the little cousin said she never saw a more convenient arrangement.

Little-Boy heard the Wind chuckle over his shoulder, and then puff! He blew little cousin away in her bubble to Fairyland.

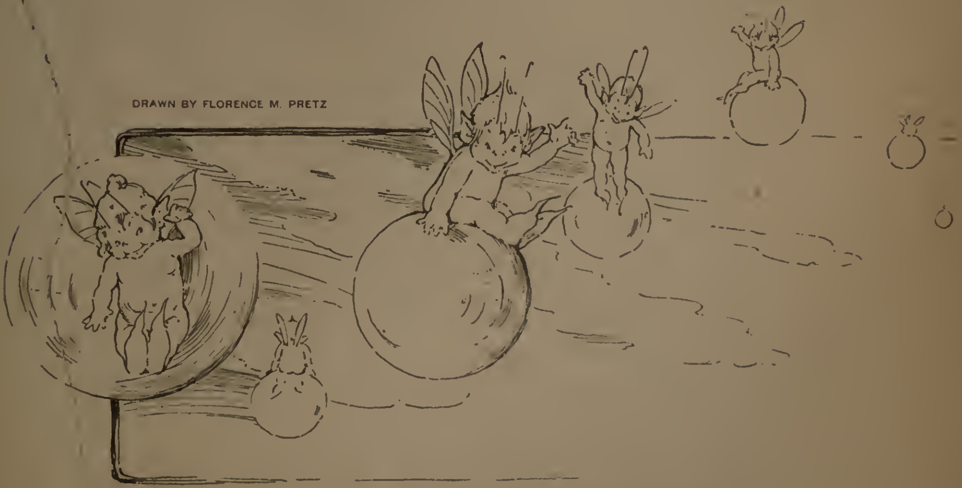
"Good-bye! good-bye!" called Little-Boy as she sailed away.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" said the Nasturtium-Girl.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" waved the little cousin merrily, and she was gone.

And do you know, ever since, all the bubbles belong in Fairyland, and there is a fairy living in every single one of them if you look sharply enough to find out.

Just you try it some day, and see.


DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

THERE IS A FAIRY LIVING IN EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

"THE MASTER PIECE"

IT was Charles Baudelaire, that marvellous master of French prose, who dreamed of a "*prose poetique, sans rithme et sans rime* and who realized his dream as few men of any speech have done. De Quincey sought for the same ideal, Guy de Maupassant lived only for the airy phantom, Ivan Tourgueneff caught a momentary glimpse of her, but always she has been the evanescent vision, the dearest fantasy of the arch-dreamers. And too often the fleeting Beauty has led her pursuers to the doorway of the dead with the scented smoke-wreaths of the dream-stick curling about her hair.

It is a dangerous thing to play with the dream-stick. And yet, as Douglas MacLeod says in "The Masterpiece," the solemn warnings of its votaries attract instead of repell the novice —and Douglas MacLeod should know. It is a curious tale—"The Masterpiece." The letters of the young newspaper man who experimented with opium and wrote the book "That Would Live Forever" are an intimate study of the soul.

The story will appear in THE CANADA WEST with an illustration by the author.

MR. CALLAWAY TALKS

JUST because we feel that the CANADA WEST belongs to the people of the wheat provinces more than it does to us, we are going to print Mr. W. R. Callaway's letter of July twenty-second. You know Mr. Callaway is general passenger agent of the Soo Line, and, like most railroad men, doesn't indulge in superlatives outside of his advertising matter.

"I want to compliment you on the July number of the CANADA WEST Magazine. 'A Paternal Corporation' commenced in this number is certainly good matter, also Spencer's 'The Mecca of the Stock Raiser.' You are certainly making the magazine a winner."

Mr. Callaway's "you" means *you*, remember.

CANADA IN THE NATIONAL

BOSTON is generally known as a peaceable city, principally devoted to Ibsen and health foods, but it has at least one live, up-to-date, three-color magazine called *The National*, of which Mr. Joe Chapple is editor. *The National* is on all the news-stands, and on *The National's* August cover is Canada—Canada so that all men may see—Canada of the present and future. Nearly twenty years ago when Kipling was a cub reporter on the *Allahabad Pioneer* he wrote:

Then we took the lances out an' then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two,
Ridin', ridin', ridin', ridin', ridin' two an' two,
All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.

There is the same stirring march on the cover of the magazine, but it is the peaceful march of the settler, with a woman by his stirrup and a child tugging at her skirts. The design is by M. B. Aleshire, who has done so many covers for THE CANADA WEST MAGAZINE. It is the poetry of the vanishing frontier.

Inside the magazine is the prose—

ninety pages of it, and numberless photographs of cities, railroads, mills and forests to back up the letterpress. It is the greatest piece of solid Canadian "boost" that ever came out in a magazine. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand regular subscribers received that August number, and learned more of the Dominion than they ever knew before. How many thousand bought the magazine from the news-stands and saw the articles in their next neighbor's copy cannot be figured out. Mr. Chapple has done more for Canada than can be estimated in cold dollars and cents.

SOME GOOD THINGS IN STORE

WE have already told you about Miss Grace Benson's little story of the Irish Setter and his love for his lame master—this and "The Tenderfoot" we have been compelled to hold over. But you will enjoy them all the more for the delay.

HOW TO GET A HOMESTEAD

ANYONE who has ever seen the colonist trains depart from the cities of the Middle West for the prairie provinces will never forget the bronzed and bearded men who wait patiently at the station grilles among their nondescript boxes and bundles, men with the light of the go-fever smouldering in their eyes, men who move without haste or hesitancy and arrive in spite of all obstacles. To such men Canada has much to give, and Mr. Allan Frake has caught the very spirit of the pioneer in his article on "How to Get a Homestead" which appears in this issue. "Old Mac" is the stuff pioneers are made of, and his advice to "Billy" contains just the facts that the prospective settler is most anxious to know.

How to get traveling rates, whose guidance to seek in the North, what to do to gain experience, how to take out a homestead, what is to be done when you have it—these are the things that Mr. Frake brings out accurately in his story, so that the settler hardly needs any further counsel. Any restless young fellow who is eager to "follow the Gleam" wherever it may lead, to whom the long road over the skyline calls, should read Mr Frake's story.

CANADA IN FICTION

JUST after the August number of THE CANADA WEST was out, a letter came to our desk from Mr. H. W. Brodie, assistant general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from which we quote:

"I was very much interested in some of the stories in this month's magazine. I think the one about the New Mexico chap was mighty fine."

We had not answered Mr. Brodie's letter when the mail brought another from Mr. William Pearson, of Winnipeg, who said:

"I was particularly struck with Harriman's short article. The way he silhouettes the dry, dusty country of New Mexico and then the Edmonton country is certainly wonderful. I was also very much taken with Cy Warman's story, 'The Heart of a Heathen.' Altogether I always have a feeling of pleasurable anticipation when I go across the street to buy my copy of THE CANADA WEST.

Fiction is the most popular means of reaching the people as a whole—witness the vast number of "all-story" magazines that crowd the news-stands. People read fiction after working hours when they are too tired to wade through a serious facts-and-figures article.

Who has made Canada famous? Ask anyone to name the writers on Canada, and ten to one he will say, "Dr. Drummond, Cy Warman, Stewart Edward White, Ralph Connor, C.G.D. Roberts, Gilbert Parker," and stop It is the

> Singers of songs on all men's lips,
> Tellers of tales in all men's ears.

who draw the memories of men after them when the statisticians and crop-report-makers are forgotten; the men who see the glory and the dream of a land, who make that land remembered by the succeeding generations.

Mr. Harriman's work in fiction, with Canada for his setting, will be worth waiting for, and we shall look with interest for his new stories.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS
AND CHEESE
FS

THE REPLY SPORTING

It happened in a Sunday-school. None of the children had studied their lessons apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyway.

"Now Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dunno," giggled Willie.

"Bobbie, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?"

"You can search me," responded Bobbie airily.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" demanded the teacher with asperity.

"Please'm, I never," whimpered Tommy

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the teacher, and turning to the new boy, she asked: "Johnny, who swallowed Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?"

HOW THEY RAN

In a recent suit a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth in a house in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs ran in your house."

The German looked dazed for a moment. "How do dey run?" he repeated.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," explained the witness after deep thought, "ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."

HAD A STEP-MOTHER

It was out in Manitoba, and about a week after school opened, a little Swede boy came sheepishly in to school.

"What's your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

The boy twisted his fingers.

"Yonny Olsen," he murmured.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not know how old ay bane."

"Well, when were you born," persisted the school-ma'am.

The youngster looked up as if sure of his ground at last. "Ay not born at all; ay got step-mutter."

SAD

By George J. Dunlap

Their meeting it was sudden,
  Their meeting it was sad,
She sacrificed her sweet young life,
  'Twas all the life she had.

She sleeps beneath the daisies fair,
  In peace she's resting now;
Oh, there's always something doing
  When the freight train meets the
    cow.

THE REASON WHY

"The reason why my feet are big,"
  Said Jane, "if you must know,
"Is 'cause I plant them firmly,
"And so, of course, they grow.
"It also does them good, I s'pose,
"To be so very near the hose."

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. II. Contents for ~~November~~ October, 1907 No. 6.

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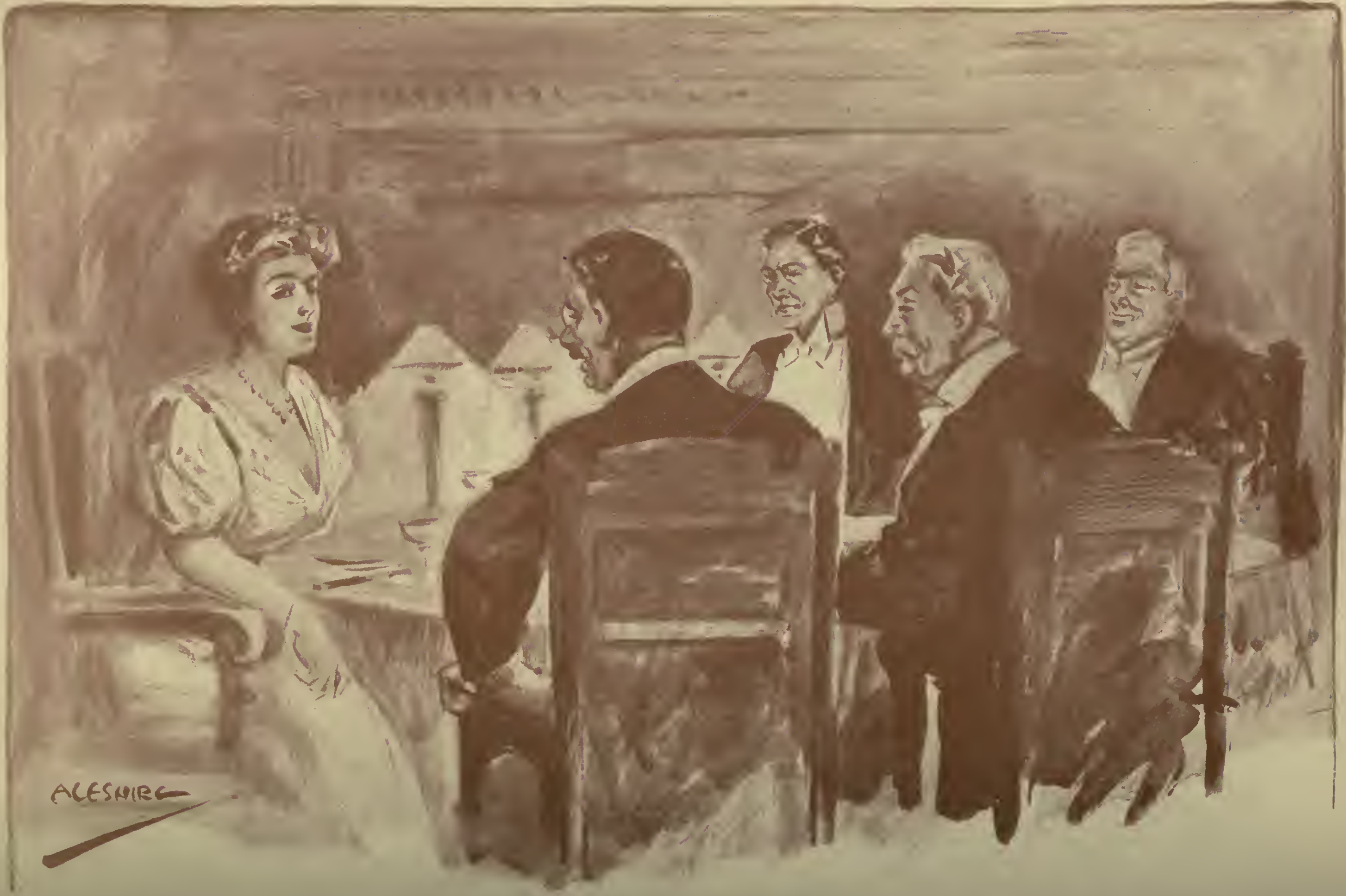


She knew her power, proved her charm

The Furnace—See Page 687

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1907

VOL. II.
NO. 6

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Paper 4

Fort William—where the wheat goes down to the ships

THERE is a wonderful suggestiveness in names, and "Canadian Pacific Railway," "Kaministiquia River," and "Lake Superior" are certainly names to conjure with. The railway, the iron link binding the Dominion together, Kaministiquia—the "river of gathered waters and many mouths"—Superior, the last and largest of the great system of lakes connecting the Atlantic seaboard with the interior of the great Dominion!

Standing on a bright day on the top of elevator "D", one hundred and seventy feet above the level of the river bank, and following the grand sweep of river and coast, the conviction strikes home that this great water front belongs, not to the Canadian Pacific Railway, not to Fort William or Port Arthur, not to Ontario, new or old, but to the great Dominion of Canada; and is at once the interest and glory of every man in the east who manufactures a reaper, a yard of cotton, a ball of binder twine, a wheelbarrow or a steam plow, and of every man in the west who raises a bushel of grain or who has to buy a ton of coal. To Fort William belongs more especially the water front of the Kaministiquia, which is navigable for boats of eighteen foot draft for eight or ten miles or half way to the famous Kakabeka falls.

On the fifth of August, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, it was the good fortune of the writer to see Fort William from the deck of the old steamer "City of Owen Sound" and at that time it hardly differed from the picture at the close of this article which shows the condition of the fort in eighteen hundred and seventy. The quaint old block house was vastly suggestive of Ballantyne's stories of the Hudson's Bay Company and looked properly

A MILL AND ONE OF THE MANY ELEVATORS

romantic. Now, there is not a vestige of the old fort remaining.

In eighteen hundred eighty-two it was a trading post, with all the hoary traditions of the fur trade clinging about it. To-day it is the most modern of terminal cities with over fifty railway tracks within its limits, huge elevators, great coal and oil docks and enormous freight sheds. All day long the air is full of the shriek of whistles, the ringing of engine bells, the creak and strain of lifting cranes and the whirr of electricity. The romance of fur trading is no more, the greater romance of modern development is in the making; and no fairy tale was ever more entrancing than the open page of Fort William's growing time. A month could be spent on the docks, and every hour would bring a new experience.

The Fort William of to-day is a city of fifteen years growth, and its selection by the Canadian Pacific Railway as their terminal port for inland navigation was only an endorsement of the judgment of the intrepid Du Shut who, under French Dominion, built the first post for trading on the present site of Fort William as early as 1669. Robertal endorsed Shut in seventeen hundred and seventeen, and LaVerandrye also used it as a base of supplies, when he made his first trip to the Red River in seventeen hundred thirty-one. From that day to the present it has been regarded, and rightly, as one of the greatest of the strategetical points for trade on the American continent. The Hudson's Bay Company valued highly its broad plateau running back from the river, when as many as three thousand trappers with their families assembled there at the time of the spring round-up of furs. In nineteen hundred and seven the energetic railway man feels confident that heaven designed that plateau for the convenient laying out of a network of tracks that look like a Chinese puzzle to all but the initiated. From the mouth of the Kaministiquia up past West Fort William, a distance of over seven miles, this high level land runs back from the river for more than a mile, giving ample space on the water front for railway tracks and docks as well as for the business and residential portion of the city, though the latter will, no doubt, in time extend up into the grand encircling hills.

Fort William has all the essentials of

a great manufacturing city, and many industries have already sprung up, for with ten thousand horse power from the lovely Kakabeka falls for the cheap operation of machinery, and with tremendous supplies of raw material close at hand, Fort William has much to offer the manufacturer looking for a location.

New Ontario, which is directly tributary to Fort William, can boast of one hundred thousand acres of iron ore deposits equal in quality to those of the Missaba range that has made Duluth famous for the shipment of pig iron. In addition to iron there are gold, silver, zinc and copper ores in abundance, sand suitable for the making of the finest grades of glass, splendid pottery and brick clays, while for the lumberman there is at least thirty million acres of tamarac and birch forests and one million acres of pine, which is now of such rapidly increasing value.

If any young Canadian, east or west, or any young American, doubts the greatness of the Dominion, or fails to grasp the possibilities of her growing commerce, let him spend his next vacation at Fort William and three or four days among the elevators and the docks will turn him from a Doubting Thomas to a red hot enthusiast. "Seeing is believing" runs the old saw, and to stand on the docks at Fort William, with their eight thousand feet of water front, and watch the freight flow in and the wheat flow out, is to realize that here the promise of the future is so plainly written that any man may read it.

Perhaps in no one particular has the Canadian Pacific Railway shown a more paternal foresight than in the erection of elevators at Fort William, for when the foundations of elevator "A" were laid in eighteen hundred and eighty-four there were many miles of railway unbuilt between Fort William and Winnipeg and wheat raising in the Canadian west was even then but an experiment, and yet an elevator was undertaken that would hold one mil-

CHAMPION FOUR JUNIOR CREW AT FORT WILLIAM

KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

lion, two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat. The building was completed and actually carried a little of the wheat of the crop of eighteen hundred and eighty-five. It was a typical wooden metal clad elevator, such as in these days may be seen at any country station, but at the time it was completed it was regarded as a wonder, and many a wiseacre of those days desired to know "where the wheat was coming from to fill it?"

Though not so modern as its stately neighbors "B", "C", "D" and "E" elevator "A" has a record that many a more modern building might envy. It has never been on fire, has rarely, if ever, broken down at the critical moment, and can boast of loading one hundred and seventy thousand bushels of wheat in four and one half hours.

Elevator "B" was originally the same type as "A" but, being destroyed by fire a few years ago, was replaced by the most modern type of steel bin elevator. "C" and "E" are wooden, metal clad buildings, but elevators "D", situated nearly a mile from elevator "A", was the first tank elevator to be erected at a Canadian Lake Superior terminal, and is a little kingdom by itself. It has its own steam plant, electric light plant, fire system and water supply, and should all the the other elevators break down at once, and the central power system of the Canadian Pacific at Fort William go out of commission, elevator "D" would continue doing business at the old stand and give an excellent account of itself. It covers an immense area, being six hundred feet long from the railway tracks to the river end, as the tanks are of varying sizes, it presents a very odd appearance. It has a storage capacity of three million, five hundred thousand bushels. Being more especially constructed for winter storage "D" is not as rapid in its operation as some of the smaller houses but in a single month she has been known to unload from cars and load into vessels two million two hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels or sixteen thousand four hundred and seven bushels for every working hour of the month.

The Canadian Pacific has in its terminal elevators at Fort William storage for nearly ten million bushels of wheat. During the past twelve months there has been shipped outward from the head of the lakes seventy eight million, sixty-six thousand, three hundred and fifty one bushels of western grain. Of this amount fifty-three million three hundred and ninety-three thousand bushels were brought in, in Canadian Pacific cars and passed outwards through the same company's elevators, so that although the great railway is no longer the sole warehouseman for western wheat at the head of the Great Lakes it still does the lion's share of the business.

Next to the elevators the Canadian Pacific coal docks are among the most interesting points in Fort William. They are erected on historic ground, for on it formerly stood the old block house and other offices of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort as it was constituted in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine and eighteen hundred and seventy. The site is much nearer to the mouth of the river than either the elevators or the freight sheds. The actual water front occupied by the coal plant is two thousand feet by a depth of two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred feet. To these docks come nearly all the American anthracite coal used in the Canadian west, and all the soft coal used by the Canadian Pacific on their western divisions. The hard coal is stored in great sheds

SILVER LION ROCK, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

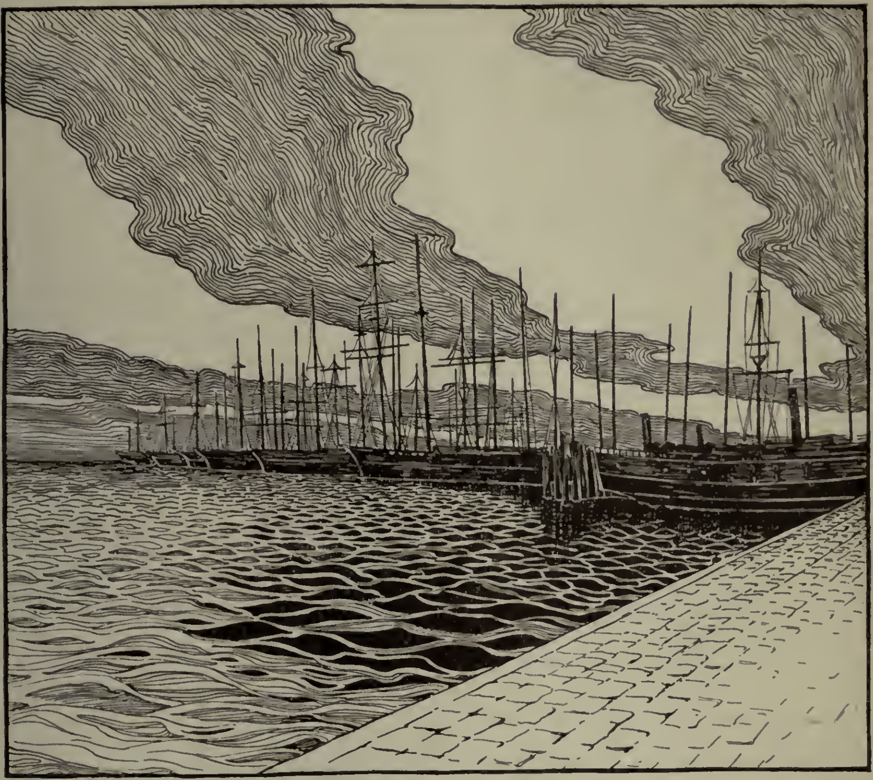
erected by the railway at the western end of the docks and these sheds are leased in sections to the various coal companies of Winnipeg. The capacity of these sheds is ninety-five thousand tons. They are filled and emptied at least three times during the season and when navigation closes they are always full to the roof. But even the hard coal is a small matter compared to the soft coal, for the coal bill is always the heaviest individual item of expense to a railway during any year and the coal consumed in the tremendous hauls of the Canadian west is enough to give even the most optimistic general manager bad dreams. The soft coal docks at Fort William are eleven hundred long by two hundred and seventy-five deep and have a capacity of two hundred thousand tons, though it is rarely that more than one hundred and sixty thousand tons are allowed to accumulate for fear of spontaneous combustion.

The extreme water front of the docks is occupied by tracks for loading cars, while immediately behind and above these are the frame works for supporting the towers and bridges. In machinery for unloading coal there are two prime requisites—speed in operation and the least possible breakage of coal. In putting in their coal plant the Canadian Pacific naturally gave much attention to these points, and to-day they have one of the most rapidly operated plants in America, the clams being able to sustain an operation of four trips or four tons per minute for a very considerable length of time, and all of them can make three trips per minute and keep it up throughout the entire unloading of a barge.

The Canadian Pacific freight sheds are also wonderful places, more especially those devoted to mixed freight. The sheds have a total length of eighteen hundred feet and are brilliantly lighted at night. The capacity of the exclusively freight sheds is six hundred cars and the tonnage that passed through them last year was close upon two million. A great deal of the freight handling is done at night and a truly weird picture it is that these freight sheds present, looking more like a scene from the Arabian Nights than twentieth century commerce. Not a little of both inward and outward freight is carried in the Canadian Pacific Railway company's own vessels as they have three large steamers running on the upper lakes, the Alberta, Athabasca and the Manitoba. These boats are splendidly fitted passenger steamers but carry freight as well.

So the great national railway has built upon the banks of the Kaministiquia at the head of Superior a city whose proudest boast is that through its portals the golden stream of western wheat flows in ever increasing volume downward to the waiting ships.

OLD FORT WILLIAM AS IT APPEARED IN 1870



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

I BARTER AT MY WHARVES WITH ALL THE WORLD

The Welcome of the Cities

Vancouver

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

ABOVE the Narrows sleep my lion-guards,
Rough-maned and silent, where my ships go down
In stately wise to meet the saphhire seas.
The long Pacific swells break softly here
Upon my jewelled beaches, and the breeze
Touches my children with a faint caress;
My streets end in blue vistas of the sound,
And o'er my people the snow-mountains brood.

They call me Liverpool among my mills;
I barter at my wharves with all the world.
Chinese and Indian, Japanese and Jain,
Silken and grave, pass in my market-place
Among the Saxons of my lotus-land,
And at my portals East and West are one.

Life on a Liner

By Cy Warman

Author of "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

EVERYBODY was happy—period.

The low waves washed the English coast and lapped the Liner that lay loading at Liverpool for Montreal. The freight, going aboard—the quick and the dead—was mixed; there were Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Scotch and a few cases of Rye. An enthusiastic young man, whose pure English and American accent proclaimed him a press agent for the Allan Line, was telling a young man from Michigan of the great advantages of the revolution that was being worked or would be worked by the introduction of the Turbine steamer.

Mrs. Pay-dirt, from Placerville, remarked that she would prefer the American line but she "had come this way in order to see Sir Montaigy on the bridge at midnight."

We had taken not more than two turns on the promenade deck, when the Italian Marquis, whom I had met in London, nudged me and gasped, "By Jove." I ought to explain here that the Marquis' mother was English. This English exclamation was called out by the appearance on the deck of a stately blonde—a most striking face and figure. She was the sort of woman to make men sit up and take notice. She reminded me of a sudden sunrise in the desert. I, being sensitive, was speechless. She was a dream. At this moment, a handsome American, whom I knew but slightly, advanced and lifted his hat to the lady, who gave him a hand, shaking high above the belt.

Now it seems a foolish thing, and it was a foolish thing, but instantly the little Marquis conceived a great hatred for the handsome Yankee.

We walked the deck.

Loving harmony and hating discord, I purposely introduced the American to the Mark. The atmosphere was icy.

When the Liner had backed, bowed to Britain and set her face to earth's Mainland, America, the passengers began to file on their several locations and stake their claims. When we were thirty minutes out, half the women and all the men knew there was a beautiful blonde aboard, but I alone knew that there would be a desperate struggle for the claim immediately adjoining the lady when she had selected her location. Unfortunately for the Mark and the American, Mrs. Pay-dirt bounded the beauty on the left and an uninteresting man from Michigan on the right.

We walked the deck.

At the table the Marquis sat at the Captain's right, the American at his left, with the writer supporting the Italian. I did what I could to help the tactful Captain mix the men at his right and left, but it seemed hopeless from the start. The handsome American monopolized the lady the first day out, save when the Mark was away, when he would invariably bring her over and suffer her to sift a little sunshine my way. Personally, I care no more for a beautiful woman than a cowboy does for his life, but I enjoyed having the handsome couple come over and visit with me. When the Mark came up I would excuse myself and walk with him, for he was an unruffled, charming little gentleman, handy with his English and his sword and absolutely without fear.

At times it seemed to me that the talk between the American and the lady was rough and choppy, and by the time we had reached mid-ocean there were frowns on her fair face. Once as we passed I heard her say scornfully, "What's two million? Ten would be slight compensation for the agony I endured." Then the American left her and walked alone.

The third day out the uninteresting man from Michigan grew seasick and instantly the Italian jumped his claim. After that, the fat man remained below and the Mark continued to do the assessment work. In time, the American catching the Mark off his guard, dropped into the seat beside the beauty. I saw the Mark emerge from the Captain's cabin, winged him and walked him away and around to the other side—separating as it were, the powder from the match. By this time the Mark was actually in love, desperately in love, with the woman, and he walked me back to where the handsome couple sat talking confidentially. The Mark paused in front of the American but the American did not see him. He hemmed, but the American was mute.

"I beg your pardon," the Mark began, "but you have my seat."

The American glanced up and smiled as he would smile on a child, then turned and resumed his conversation. The blonde blushed. She knew as I knew, that these men were smoking in the powder-house.

"I wish to speak with you," said the Mark, excitedly.

"Presently," answered the American.

The Mark turned on his heel and joined me.

We walked the deck.

Presently, the lady, fearing bloodshed, no doubt. left her seat, and as she disappeared the American faced the Mark.

"I demand an apology," said the Italian.

"From whom?"

"From you."

"For what?"

"For your action, for your look, for your insolence, for your walk and talk; I ought to say for being on this boat, in the same atmosphere, in the same world with gentlemen."

The American blew smoke out over the ocean and smiled, such a cutting, killing, sarcastic smile that the hot blood boiled in the scant breast of the little nobleman. As he appeared to be speechless, the American spoke.

"You make me tired."

"Will you fight?" hissed the Italian.

"You make me laugh," And he laughed aloud.

I put my hand gently on the shoulder of the Mark and felt his tense little body quiver under my touch. I stood up and covered the powder with the ample skirts of my raincoat.

The Mark whirled and faced the American.

"This lady is my friend; it has cost me great effort to endure your insolence."

"And she has cost me two million," said the American, with indifference.

"What do you mean, sir; I demand an explanation."

"Well," said the American, " as you are naturally a decent little chap I will explain. She's my grandmother."

"How dare you?" snapped the Mark.

And it seemed for a moment that he would fly into the face of the American in front of him.

"Now don't get gay, Spigetta, let me finish. This lady married my father's father and it cost me two million to pry them apart."

An Englishman's Diary

The Biography of an investigating trip from Edmonton to Port Arthur

DISCOVERED

By ARTHUR HAWKES

To read a diary is usually an insipid experience. A Cornishman said of women "Women be like pilchards when they be good they be only middlin'; and when they be bad they *BE* bad." He was wrong about women. As a rule diaries are like pilchards; but there are exceptions. What follows is the unpremeditated work of an English journalist with a party which recently toured Canada; and which from Edmonton to Port Arthur, travelled fifteen hundred milcs over the Canadian Northern system. The diary that follows was found in the Company's private car that accompanied theirs, and the writer has generously placed what he calls, his "crude impressions" at the disposal of the CANADA-WEST.—EDITOR.

EDMONTON, SATURDAY.—AUGUST 17, 10.30 P.M.—Remarkable place, this, though we saw it in pelting rain. Noble situation on high bluffs overlooking Saskatchewan. Plenty of trees, wide streets, electric light; and all that sort of thing. Fourteen banks, some of them very fine, built in stone and brick. Two daily newspapers. Met the Premier of Alberta—plain, downright chap, without any side—and saw old Hudson's Bay Fort, and site of new $1,500,000 Parliament building. Lots of talk about dollars. Over fifty Edmonton men have made $100,000 or more since the railway was definitely promised. Presbyterian site has appreciated so much that the whole will be sold, including building erected 1903, and two fine churches built elsewhere with the proceeds. Energetic Board of Trade here—own rooms, display of farm products, finely printed literature about immediate locality and Peace River country. Board dined us at Hotel—capital meal—and evening spent at club. Population of town only 15,000, but club would do credit to city of 100,000 people. Surprised us all. Western stories at club. Some of them pretty strong. We capped a few.

BATTLEFORD, SUNDAY NIGHT. Don't know which Battleford, for we are travelling from one to another on opposite banks of Saskatchewan across fine steel bridge. Queerest Sunday I ever spent. Heard nothing about piety but so much about prosperity that Attenborough said everybody was disgustingly worldly. Travelled from Edmonton by special train; finding ourselves while dressing, at first crossing Saskatchewan by bridge used for trains above and teams below. Passed many towns only two years old. We think they are villages.

Stopped at Vegreville to receive Mayor, Council and Board of Trade, who presented an address. McConkey suitably acknowledged. Quite a joke for us to be receiving addresses; no reporters present!! Mayors and Boards of Trade everywhere desperately anxious to impress their belief that they have the best land and finest prospects in the country. This greatly tickles Elliston. He does much political speaking in England, and weeps over dullness and lack of enterprise in rural districts there. Calls this a new world of hope and independence—certainly remarkable enthusiasm. The result, I suppose of men acquiring land for themselves and growing crops that make money.

Changed engines at one place—Vermillion, I think—and were at lunch when a hotel keeper, an English Giles, came regretting the Board of Trade had not turned up and asked us to lunch with him. Awfully decent of him. They are hospitable in this country and no mistake. At Lloydminster, a great crowd and miniature agricultural show on the platform. The center of the Barr Colony that came from England five years ago. Barr, they say, was a d—d fool. Barr has gone, and the rest have gone ahead and become leavened with a few Canadian ideas, farming methods and that sort of thing. Seven or eight Englishmen from the Colony rode with us to Battleford, delighted to pour their troubles and triumphs into our ears. Asked after cricket and politics at home, talked a great deal about crops, threshing, oxen, colts, shacks and things I could not understand. All of them like enthusiastic missioners. Their accent English enough. Their spirit transformed—must be product of crops and cattle they talk so much about.

Tonight we dined at Old Battleford, once capital of the country. Never saw a prettier, better supplied, more admirably served table. Too much speechifying, though. They made nearly all of us orate. We would have liked more stories of pre-railway times, and the rebellion, such as my neighbor told me about the Mayor, who had narrow escapes when the Indians were warpathing. But it was Sunday night; and the air of subdued restraint pervaded our happiness. Fellow who wrote, ''Sabbath well spent brings a week of content'' should have been with us today.

WARMAN, TUESDAY.—Waiting for Winnipeg Express. Been filling time trying to plow. All of us successful in making straight furrows crooked. Fine fun all the same, especially for the townspeople who watched. Soil here is black, without stones, and turns over like mellow cheese. Anyone could plow with a little practice, getting used to stiff arms and saying ''Gee'' and ''Haw'' to horses that don't listen carefully to what you say. Yesterday's journey was from North Battleford another extraordinary place but two years old, to Saskatchewan and then to Prince Albert, 90 miles north by special train; mostly through level prairie country, nearly all covered with wheat.

Saskatoon five years ago was nothing. Now five thousand people. Going to Prince Albert we stopped at Rosthern and met Mayor of town and Dominion and Saskatchewan M.P's. — I am getting used to the difference between Dominion and the provinces. Cromb, Scotch and statistical, asked a citizen the population of Rosthern. His answer was ''Eight elevators.'' Picked up Mr. Ens, M.P.P. Told us he never left Russia till fifteen years ago—most extraordinary, for he talks good English, and knows the country like a book. Another M.P.P. came on the train at Fielding in the morning—Mr. Langley, formerly of London. Calls himself a transformed Englishman. Original member of the Fabian Society. Was eight years learning to adapt himself to new conditions. Sorry I did not talk more with him, for Speers, the Government representative chaperoning us, says Langley is the best type of teachable Englishman. Stories we hear convince me Englishmen have much to learn in new country. Rawness not all on one side. At Prince Albert we went over a saw mill that manipulated big logs like nine pins, and cut them up like cucumbers. Didn't expect to find such timber hereabouts. Supposed this was all prairie country, producing only wheat and cattle. Mill employs six hundred men and transmits 15 carloads lumber daily over the Canadian Northern. Prince Albert, long straggling City, on south bank of Saskatchewan; wide-awake, with its own publicity man, looking for more industries. Inter alia, fine opening for pulp mills.

Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Bishop of Saskatchewan, hearing of our invasion invited us to Bishopsthorpe. All meekly obeyed. Met charming ladies, two, it was said, of Indian extraction. Another, a highly educated Englishman, waxed eloquent in praise of western life—could not live in England, you know; conventional restrictions, inimical to resourcefulness; and that sort of thing. Here at Warman, awaiting our train, I marvel at the traffic. Two lines cross the main line to Edmonton and the Regina-Prince Albert branch. All sidings are full of trains, passengers and goods, and the platforms crowded with people. Can't see where all the traffic comes from, for they are not carrying this year's wheat yet. Well dressed people too. No cowboys or revolvers or feathered

Party of British Journalists touring Canada, photographed on their arrival at Winnipeg, August 6th. It would be interesting to know which of them wrote the Diary of their trip from Edmonton to Port Arthur, which is reproduced in this number of CANADA-WEST. The Journalists represented some of the greatest newspapers published in the United Kingdom.

Indians. Archbishop, sitting on a soap box, reading newspaper, completes the respectability of the scene.

LATER.—Vonda has become an affectionate reminiscence with us. At four o'clock we had never heard of Vonda. At five we were cheering for Vonda as if she were the dearest girl in all the world. She is a town. Another two-year-old that talks with grown-up assurance. Met at station west of Vonda by Grant, M.P.P., and the town officials, bearing flags, and facts such as that the first season of 1905, Vonda shipped 100,000 bushels of wheat, the second she exported 500,000 bushels; and this year will sell 750,000—over one pound of wheat for every human being in the United Kingdom. Vonda is only a sample of places along the line. Extraordinary. The train was held five minutes for us to receive an address, inspect field crops, glance over a 400 acre field of wheat adjoining the townsite, express gratitude, cheer for them, salute the girls, get away; and tell the steward that the bunch of vegetables brought aboard were radishes and not beets, as he supposed.

RAINY RIVER, THURSDAY.—

No time for anything at Winnipeg, except bathe, write letters and have a quiet night. We would have slept better on the car. Would not have supposed a private car could become so homelike. From Vonda to Winnipeg nothing but excellent country—best country that ever lay out of doors, as a caller said. Visitors to car included one German, Haskamp, who brought 6,000 Germans to the land around Humboldt, and one Dane, Anderson, who introduced dairy methods that have given Denmark pre-eminence in the British market. Speaks English perfectly, though only six years out. First Mayor of Humboldt. Curious to find the skill that beats English dairying at home operating on the prairie and defying competition in Winnipeg, 400 miles away.

Dauphin struck me impressively. Opulent-looking farms on Portage Plains with planted trees around buildings show what open country north and west will become. West of Humboldt there is much park-land sprinkled with ponds very comforting to English eyes. We came to Rainy River to-day by special train, to see a great saw mill and methods of bringing logs down the river, sorting them. Went up stream in fleet launches, and down to see the steel swing bridge that unites Ontario and Minnesota. River banks dotted with farmsteads, with backgrounds of sylvan beauty. Moose and other big game abound in backwoods. Fine sport at supper given by Mayor. Longstaffe responded for "The King and his Empire." Elliston, being a barrister, says it is treasonable to pretend to speak for King. Longstaffe wants the imperial salary for representing the King. We have promised to look into the matter.

PORT ARTHUR, FRIDAY.—

No more education till Sunday, thank Heaven. They should have given us twice the time to cover half the distance. This morning there was a beauty in the sight of Kakabeka falls; and business in going around the waterside assets of this place. Rained and thundered while we sailed Thunder Bay. They told us the Canadian Northern terminal facilities here were not linked with Winnipeg until 1902, and that the railway's elevator holding 7,000,000 bushels of wheat, and its coal dock that will this season receive 5,000-000 tons of fuel, are only three years old. Blast furnaces smelting ore from Atikokan up the line, have only been going since July 17th. Turning out 100 tons of first-class pig daily, extending soon to produce 350 tons. These things should be verified or some reader will think we are exaggerators. Must have time to sort out impressions. Longstaffe thinks little of blast furnaces. "I don't bother with industries a month old," he says. All very well for a man who has spent thirty years in attendance on Grandmother of Parliaments; but if a million-dollar Smelting Company starts up on this lake and presently other industries are begun here to supply with iron and steel goods that tremendous country we have just left, who are going to profit, Canadians or Americans, or Britishers? Must ask more questions about that. Besides, I want to know what—.

From "The Crossing" to The City

By M. A. Munro

SUCCESS in Western Canada, perhaps more than anywhere else, depends rather on the individual than on the favorable or unfavorable auspices under which he may make his start, and it is with pardonable pride that Westerners point to scores of leading men in agricultural and mercantile circles as well as in public life, whose force of intellect and indomitable perseverance have lifted them from humble spheres to guide the destinies of our magnificent Western heritage.

The Canadian West is a country of vast extent, only sufficiently developed to reveal the immensity and possibilities of its potential wealth. Less than a short twenty-five years ago its white population could be numbered in four figures. Today immigration is pouring in at the rate of over a hundred thousand souls per annum. A huge stream of humanity fleeing from the grinding competition of the Old World and Eastern States and Provinces, seeking free or cheap lands and the wider the scope of a new field of labor.

Still the choice of a home is one of great moment to the prospective settler or investor and the advantages offered both as a residential and industrial center by Red Deer are undeniable and well worth investigating.

The town of Red Deer stands on the south bank of the Red Deer river and occupies an ideal townsite, surrounded by benches of land delightfully wooden with spruce and poplar, at the foot of which for a considerable distance, winds a serpentine creek, presenting through many a shady nook and winding walk delightful retreats for spring and summer enjoyment.

Standing as the town does, midway between Calgary and Edmonton, each being about 100 miles away, thus occupying a most advantageous position and possessing as it does great natural advantages, Red Deer is rapidly becoming an important railway center.

There are two large brickyards, three lumbering outfits, stone quarries, a large up-to-date flour mill and elevator. A second elevator handles grain of all kinds. The town also possesses the advantage of two telephone systems (long distance and local), electric lighting, a town water supply for domestic purposes with a pressure of 120 pounds on the hydrants for fire protection. There are six large general stores, carrying first class stocks, three large modern hotels fully licensed (the accommodation in which will compare with that given in towns three or four times the size of Red Deer), several unlicensed hotels and boarding houses, a government court house completed at a cost of some $25,000, two chartered banks, two up-to-date weekly newspaper offices, a hospital, government creamery, a six thousand dollar public school with five departments, five churches of the following denominations: Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Roman Catholic; government land office, a new and modern postoffice, opera house, skating rink, R.N.W.M.P. barracks, five doctors, two dentists and three law firms.

The early history of Red Deer centers around a small colony founded some three miles west from where the town now stands, a beautiful spot, where in years that have rolled by, traders journeyed from Calgary and across the mountains to Edmonton, made their first halt, fording the river at what was known as the "Red Deer Crossing." and replenishing their supplies at a trading station formerly owned by Mr. King, and bought by Mr. Gaetz in 1884.

In the fall of 1883 the Rev. Leo Gaetz whose health after thirteen years of too strenuous labors in the east, broke down, made the journey from London, Ont., to Calgary, thence as far north as Sturgeon Creek, and in his own words, was so "charmed with the country around the Red Deer crossing that I went back east and migrated in the spring of 1884 with my family to settle at this beautiful place."

Pioneers they truly were in the best sense of the word, only eight whites being located within a radius of 40 miles, and Mrs. Gaetz the only white woman, excepting the wives of the missionaries, some sixty miles away, within a radius of 100.

In canvas tents the earlier days were spent, till the first house was built, a pole shanty with mud roof. Mr. Gaetz whose eldest son, was at that time eighteen years of age, immediately secured two homesteads, gifts of the nation, on the site that the town of Red Deer now occupies, and as his other boys grew up, the family controlled over 1,100 acres, only 300 of which were purchased.

Dr. Gaetz, being well known in the east, made a journey to Ottawa in 1886, taking with him nine samples of grain, and vastly interested Sir John Carling, the then minister of agriculture. At that time pre-eminence was claimed by the south of Scotland for oats, and samples were being exhibited by Mr. Saunders, but the Red Deer samples easily outstripped them, weighing over 53 lbs. to the bushel. In 1889 Dr. Gaetz being again in Ottawa, was invited by Messrs. McKenzie and James Bros. to meet a delegation of iron founders from Birmingham, who were much impressed with his statements and the possibilities of Northern Alberta.

From extracts of Dr. Gaetz's evidence before the committee on agriculture and colonization, the following excerpt is interesting, when, he speaking of the Red Deer district, described it as "The garden of Alberta, a country pre-eminently suited to mixed farming. It has some peculiar features in this respect, and is a well wooded and well watered country . . So far as water is concerned, I am glad to think that the indications are that there will be no need to mention irrigation, at least in northern Alberta. . . . We have those magnificent water courses, mountain streams, and also creeks and springs. Even at a very high, rolling point on the prairie are flowing out of the sides of the hills and in the coulees, springs of water that remain open the year round. I have never known a solitary instance in that section of the country, where a man had to dig more than 20 to 30 feet to have at hand a well of the purest and best water . . . . It does not take any great skill to raise cattle, which at 28 to 30 months old will dress without an ounce of grain 650 to 700 pounds of beef, or if three-year-old, will dress 800 to 850 pounds. I am speaking of what I have seen, and am testifying to what I know by personal experience. In farming, even a novice like myself in average years can grow crops of grain—oats from 50 to 75 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 40 to 50 pounds to the bushel; wheat from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 62 to 64 pounds per bushel; black barley 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, weighing from 60 to 65 pounds to the bushel. We have grown 400 bushels of potatoes and 700 bushels of turnips to the acre. I may say that I have seen greater things than that there, but I am not taking what is phenomenal, under very exceptional and favorable circumstances, but what I believe the average farmer with average care and application can realize five years out of six. I have known yields of eighty-three bushels to the acre of Welcome oats, and I have seen 90 bushels per acre grown at Red Deer. . . . I have this to say in all truth and candor, I have closely examined into the matter, and I don't know a spot on earth, either south or north of the 49th parallel, where I would rather take my chance in the industry of mixed farming . . . . There are millions of acres of deep soil in the various sections of the Red Deer country that are entirely unoccupied."

By this time financial men were turning their attention to the possibilities of a railway line from Calgary to Edmonton, and the Gaetz family, pooling their interests, as wise and sensible men, gave half of their lands to the railway company, to make, with valuable concessions, an important station in the now flourishing and beautiful town of Red Deer in Northern Alberta.

For the purpose of mixed farming, no settler could do better than locate in central Alberta, and more particularly does this apply to the Red Deer country. This country may be described as a combination of prairie and foothill, where the beautiful valleys and rich level tracts are surrounded by rising hills which are crowned by poplar, willow and spruce. The soil of this tract is almost everywhere found to be a rich, dark loam, capable of producing the finest of grain and vegetables, together with rich native hay, grasses and fruits, everywhere abundance of the purest water is found, generally at a depth of from ten to thirty feet. There are also numerous natural springs flowing out of the hillsides. In most of the timber settlements there is plenty of timber for building and fencing, which the settler is allowed to procure at a nominal rate from the government lands. Lumber and bricks are also manufactured sufficient for all purposes. As regards hay, naturally the sloughs grow long, nutritious hay, which provides excellent winter fodder for horses and cattle. As settlement increases, however, this becomes scarcer and after a time it will be found to be more profitable for a farmer to grow some of the varieties of cultivated grasses which by experiments have been found to do remarkably well.

Red Deer has proved in the past, as it undoubtedly will in the future, to be one of the finest grain producing centers in western Canada. The fall fair each year brings wheat, oats, barley and rye, of many varieties and of a splendid quality, which good judges declare to be unsurpassed in any other grain country on earth. There have been years when an early frost would do some damage, at some points in the west, but Red Deer district has been fortunate in this respect and as more land is broken up, the soil as a whole becomes warmer, and as men are learning to adapt their system of farming to the requirements of the country, the fear of frost grows continually less. It is no uncommon thing to find grain yielding from 60 to 100 bushels per acre, and oats are constantly grown weighing between 40 and 50 lbs. to the bushel.

For dairying purposes the clear atmosphere, bright sunshine, rich pasture and cheap fodder, all combine to make this one of the most perfect of dairying countries.

There are two creameries established, which are the means of putting thousands of dollars into the pockets of the people. One is a private enterprise, the other being under government management. This district is destined to be one of the great dairying centers of Canada.

While not a general ranching country, beef cattle do remarkably well. It is advisable, as it is more profitable, to feed during a portion of the winter. At the end of three years the farmer finds each steer which has consumed this rough fodder during the winter, and enjoyed free pasture during the summer, worth from $35 to $40.

The beef market is regular and reliable, and many hundreds of cattle are shipped from Red Deer each season. Hogs, sheep and poultry do quite as well as cattle, are found to be equally profitable and are receiving a growing amount of attention.

Several beautiful lakes exist in the district, notably, Sylvan Lake, a few miles west, which has become famous as a summer camping ground, and where boating, bathing, fishing, can be enjoyed under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

In addition to the industrial possibilities of Red Deer, it would be indeed difficult to choose a more delightful spot, viewed as a residential center.

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one. Mr. Worth, through jealousy, gives Wytcherly orders to return to Chicago. Romaine undertakes the arrangements of the stag dinner to the New Yorkers. Jack Wytcherly returns to the city, sending back as a farewell a poem to Romaine, which Mrs. Eccleston recognizes as the original of the verses dedicated to Patrice by Professor Byram. By chance, Patrice discovers the Professor's plagiarism, exposes the trick, and discards him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE BARGAIN SHE DROVE.

"THE Turquoise is in sight." Mr. Worth took the field glasses from his eyes. "I know her by the way she has of footing it." He looked at his watch. "Six o'clock just—three hours till dinner. I'll tell you what, Romaine, everything is working like machinery running in oil."

Mrs. Eccleston was standing by his side upon the battlements of the East Tower.

Perhaps a complacency in his tone offended her, or she may have merely deemed it wise. At any rate she then and there gave a short reading from the "Primer of Etiquette," which by order she edited for his benefit.

"Above all else to-night avoid exposition. The mechanism of the dinner will scarcely interest your very unsophisticated guests, who expect to be pleased, not to be called upon to testify to your achievement and their own surprise. They are not countrymen or people to whom anything is new, and therefore your appeal must be to their taste—by the excellence of the food, the elegance of the service, the spritliness of the talk."

"Thanks," responded the meek and docile Mr. Worth. "I'll try not to forget; but I'm not sure that I exactly understand." Between proud complacency and modest trepidation the great merchant had been oscillating the whole afternoon.

She particularized: "Should your guests congratulate you upon the effect; accept their compliments with a sense of the honor done to you, but do not stultify yourself by supplementing

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their congratulations with your own."

"Just so," said Mr. Worth. "I mustn't even mention, if I understand you, that the crab meat is from California by special express, or where I got the Burgundy."

"They do such things," she admitted with disdain. "But I prefer that the price-list be omitted from the menu."

He conned the sense of this. Presently, "But the conversation is what I'm afraid of most," he confessed. "You must take charge of it, especially, Romaine, and look at me, if you see I'm going wrong."

"Trust the talk to take care of itself," she replied. "It will with three such practiced worldlings at your board. I am determined that nothing shall go wrong. The dinner is a symphony, and if a single discordant note is struck, I shall do no less than resent it bitterly."

"Good!" approved Mr. Worth. "If I only could get men like you to work for me, I'd pay them any salary. Your spirit would contribute thousands to my business, Romaine. You make an experienced business man feel that he is getting full value for his money and a little more. It is that which gives him satisfaction rare enough nowadays."

A moment later he remarked: "You talk to me just as I love to think my own daughter would have done, if she, as I intended, had been highly educated and thoroughly at home in the best society."

Mrs. Eccleston had now been three days at the Castle.

"High time, anyway, you were paying us a visit," Mr. Worth had declared. "And when we get the dinner off our hands, I think you had better stay until Mrs. Worth returns to town. With Patrice not here she needs your companionship, while I am unable to consult you as often as I would like, when you're at Idlenesse."

The dinner had literally been thrust upon her. "It's your funeral," the merchant had said humorously. "Do for it as you think best. But spare no expense—that is the one item I insist upon."

Mrs. Worth had not exhibited a particle of jealousy. On the contrary her urging had been unctious that "Romaine must take complete charge." She had argued: "You are so superior, dear; you understand everything that we don't. I can't be expected to rise to occasions such as this, when I'm the invalid I am. And as for Sterling, poor good man, you must always take into account the lack of advantages in his early life. Thank you for consenting, Romaine. I am so glad to surrender the keys to so competent a person for a time."

Mrs. Eccleston had promptly risen specially to the level of the opportunity, to paraphrase admiring Mr. Worth. Whereas already her woman's curiosity had been aroused by the names of the New Yorkers, now her imagination was engaged. So much of modern magic entered into the affair; such means, such richness of material were furnished her. A palace on an island in the lake, a high hall upon the summit of a tower, food brought from the four quarters of the continent, service barbarously prodigal—these factors were combined to make a banquet on the Roman scale, to set forth a Venetian feast. And her artistic faculty grew keen to inform the splendid opulence with elegance, to modify the millionaire magnificence by taste. It was a function that a gentlewoman of refined traditions could with pleasure undertake.

Association of herself with the dinner became so intimate that it seemed quite natural for Mr. Worth to say to her "You will insist upon seeing it through to the end, I'm sure; you wouldn't miss being present for a good deal, would you."

"There is nothing I should like so well," she replied. "If Mrs. Worth approves and can appear."

"Good! I've settled that in advance. She does."

How Mrs. Worth was brought to approve can be gathered from a conversation, which occurred about this time between herself and her lord.

"Harriett, in every respect you have conformed to my wishes, since Romaine has been with us. I wish to thank you and say how much I am pleased."

"Oh, I have pleased myself some, too; if you please. Indulging Romaine to the top of her bent isn't the least pleasing of diversions by any means."

"But I congratulate you upon your tact, which has induced Romaine to exert in behalf of my dinner her utmost efforts. And I feel confident I can rely upon you to persuade her to consent to be present on the night in question."

"You needn't worry; you couldn't keep Romaine from that dinner, unless you locked her up." A cackling little laugh attested the lady's mirth—"Why she's existed in a perfect glow of gratification ever since she came. The part you have given her to play corresponds precisely with her notion of the purpose for which she was born."

"The point," resumed Mr. Worth, "the point I wish to make is that at the last moment you are to fail to appear. A sudden little indisposition will account for that."

She shot at him a vicious glance; but he, as he was speaking, had politely turned his back.

"You understand?" he asked. He added casually: "it must happen at the very last minute, of course, after Romaine's mind has been set upon appearing and it will be hard for her to change. In fact, it will be better to let her get dressed."

Mrs. Worth lost hold on her discretion. "What you mean is that you are ashamed to let the New Yorkers see your wife. Why don't you say so then?" Wrath changed into wail: "O Sterling, you weren't ashamed of me once, you were glad enough to get me! I wish, I wish that I were dead."

"Come, come, no hysteria!" exclaimed her spouse impatiently. "Business, it's pure business I'm discussing with you now. I'm concerned with impressing the New Yorkers the most I'm able, and your convenient indisposition will further my scheme. Besides, it will greatly save your nerves."

But Mrs. Worth openly rebelled. She could not articulate, but her head shook furiously.

Her husband bent down to the bed, upon which she writhed. "Harriett, listen!" he said in a peculiar voice. When she was still: "You must manage exactly as I say. And above all other things you must not alarm Romaine. If you let her so much as suspect the evil in your mind, she will refuse, and you will have upset my whole arrangement. And I will exact the strictest account."

Unexpectedly she smiled, a smile maliciously sweet, from which she was unable to refrain. She shrewdly had discerned a compensation which was likely to accrue. "Whatever you wish, Sterling." Her master did not perceive that her meek submission was ironical. "A wife should render every assistance, I suppose; even in a case like this."

Word of the sudden indisposition of the hostess came to Mrs. Eccleston at the moment when the French maid, pronounced the toilette perfect and complete. But she did not realize the disappointment that might be the consequence for her, until she was hastening in the direction of Mrs. Worth's apartments.

The dinner was her own, her handiwork, as it were, and she had counted on guiding its destinies to a successful close. Besides she had set her heart on meeting these guests of Mr. Worth. She had heard old-fashioned gentlemen declare that the first gentlemen of New York were gentlemen of the class and in a sense native to England and to old Canada and she wished to discover whether this were true. She desired, moreover, to charm the easterners and thereby enchant Mr. Worth. In fact, now that her appearance at the table was threatened, nay was impossible, she perceived how indispensable a factor in her plan such appearance was. She must be present, in order to procure her lover's happiness and her own.

Mrs. Worth, who lay in bed, was suffering bodily, although her eyes were bright. Her husband, sitting by the bedside, apparently was much perturbed.

"I am so relieved to see you, Romaine, dear," quavered the invalid. "I feel so criminal. Sterling is dreadfully disappointed, poor good man, and I can imagine how put out you are."

Mrs. Eccleston made some inquiries, to which Mrs. Worth replied: "No, it's quite out of the question, I can't appear. I am simply no good, as they say. And Sterling feels so badly, Romaine, dear,—he is so good. Couldn't you manage without me, don't you think; couldn't you take my place?"

Mrs. Eccleston looked from the one to the other. "But that would be impossible—would it not?"

"I can't see the objection, I can't indeed," languidly protested Mrs. Worth. "You know you have a recognized position in our family, dear. We always say that you are almost like a daughter to us, or our niece. People I'm sure, generally understand that it is so. And standing in the relation that you do, is it not your duty to step into this emergency? Besides, you know how completely Mr. Worth has relied upon you, and how with his disadvantages he is dependent on you, Romaine. You ought to think of his predicament before you think of your own, the poor dear man."

Mr. Worth himself was reduced nearly to plaintiveness. "How can I be expected to get through by myself?" he queried. "I can't, that is the long and short of it, and it is not right to let me try. I am sure Romaine will not think of leaving me wholly in the lurch—it would be unlike her, Harriett."

Mrs. Eccleston was perplexed. "But these gentlemen are strangers," she observed. "The extenuating circumstances are unknown to them. What might they not think?"

"Sterling can arrange all that." Mrs. Worth was confident. "Not a man jack of them can think a thing. When he boards the yacht to welcome them, he can relate all about my attack and your relation to the family. Fie, I know you think I'm hopelessly middle-class, Romaine, and with my respectable scruples if I can't see anything to criticise, who will, I'd like to know?"

"Could you not," asked Mrs. Eccleston, after a pause, "could you not manage to appear for a short time?"

Husband and wife exchanged a glance.

"Even my feeble effort to persuade you to do your duty, Romaine, exhausts me," responded Mrs. Worth with a touch of asperity. "Sterling, dear, I think I must request you both to go, if you don't mind. And send O'Grady in at once."

Mr. Worth renewed his appeal after Mrs. Eccleston and he had left his wife's apartment. He urged her filial obligation so strongly upon her, that his favorite only with the greatest difficulty could have denied him.

"Would I indeed, be rendering you a service so invaluable?" she asked finally.

"So great," he answered, "that there will be no reward you cannot claim."

"I'll do it." She struck hands with him as if they both were men. "Be forewarned, however. My demand may be very large."

"Anything you wish, Romaine."

Victory sang in her heart. The king of bargainers she had vised in a bargain to her benefit, she believed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

WHAT SHE PAID.

The pictorial sense of Mrs. Eccleston was livelily aware of the effectiveness of the dinner scene.

The round table, its white linen decorated with a fair embroidery of flowers, lay like a low islet in the dimness of the room. The vast arched wooden ceiling, its timbers groined, its hollows wide, contained shadows deeply graduated like those of Rembrandt. The pale light in its circle played on gold and glass in gleams, revealed clearly hands in use above the cloth, showed starched bosoms and black lapels, but reflected faintly faces and heads not wholly emergent from surrounding shadow. The walls between the ceiling and the floor were open to the windless night, so that the guests ate and drank as gods platformed high above the fretted world.

In fancy, Mrs. Eccleston had com

pared the anticipated scene to feasts of Venice with their sumptuous joy. In fact, she found it Spanish, splendid, grandiose, engloomed.

She was at home. This was her place. She knew her power, proved her charm. For the first time in her life, thus late in years, she occupied a throne hers by right divine.

Those jaded worldlings of New York were pricked to interest at once. Their social sophistication divined her quality. Simplicity, elegance, intelligence, they recognized in her, while she, because intuitively they rendered her homage which was her due, let herself expand. Her manner, how it pleased them, it was so old and yet so new, composed of antique stateliness, of delicate familiarity, playful, imperious, candid, like a child and like a queen.

True sons of New York, where if woman is not purely worshipped, she is at least intelligently adored, they effusively succumbed.

Young Van Twiddle in an aside to Ashbury Ashham exclaimed: "Aspasia, by Jove! Out of Porkopolis at that!"

"She might be induced to emigrate to New York and us," Ashham rejoined.

"Wonder would she shake her fatherly old friend."

"We would bid high."

For her part Mrs. Eccleston received distinct impressions of the three men.

The great magnate, Mr. Braddock, attracted her, and she ascribed the fact to his personality, not to his money and its power. A thick-bodied, short-necked, large-headed man, his head continually was rolling from side to side like a careening ship above his huge rolled collar. He was mostly silent and gave grave attention to the food and wine. But she had heard and she learned it bluntly from his lips that he delighted in old pictures and delicate handicraft. In his favour also was her consciousness that when he rested his great dull eyes upon her, they appreciated what a rarity in womankind she was. She concluded, that, valeted beast though he might be, his perception of her value, even of her fineness, exceeded that of any other there.

Anticipatively she had been more curious of Asbury Ashham because of his social vogue and his success with women. He was perhaps the most notoriously fashionable man in New York, being indeed one of the two or three actual leaders of smart society. His attention, if only implied, was enough to turn the heads of nine women out of ten; but to Mrs. Eccleston he was found subordinate to the taciturn and gloomy-eyed financier. True, Mr. Ashham was a very elegant man, and he talked racily as well as much. His courtesy was flattering, but she resented its indefinable presumption somehow.

She told herself she did not admire the man. She set him down as shallow and materialistic, and she fancied that upon occasion he was base. He was no more than a finished and limited man of the world, actually destitute of ideals and lacking in imagination. But she was very sensible of the compliments his favor conferred, and was conscious that her failure to attract him would have disturbed her more than failure to attract Mr. Braddock.

The third gentleman, Mr. Horace Van Twiddle, was scarcely over twenty-five, but he was found in the company of the two veterans because he represented in his person one of the greatest and the oldest Knickerbocker fortunes. If they endured him, they respected his name, and it was not apparent that they found him in the least degree a bore.

He was much more modern in his type than even Mr. Ashham, who if the most accomplished worlding of his city, had no pretentions to aestheticism. Therefore, Van Twiddle, who from Mr. Ashham's point of view was still some shades crude, a little disdained his elder as a Philistine. But if the supercilious young dilettante could effect superiority to Asbury Ashham, it need not be told he was at no pains to conceal his recognition of his host's inferiority. To him Mr. Worth smelt abominably of trade, and trade was an offense, and an offense was a liberty for which the fifth holder of the Van Twiddle estate would make no allowance.

The dinner drawing to an end was unmistakably a success. Everything had moved to one harmonious issue and Mrs. Eccleston's fastidious sense of responsibility had not been offended by a single jangling note. Mr. Worth had maintained the proper conduct of his part of silence and assent. She had ruled, had won, and realized her triumph.

"When you come to New York, Mrs. Eccleston"—Mr. Braddock would from time to time essay, getting no further. "When we get you in New York," was the latest version of his desire.

"Oh, no, we will not make an effort, we will not give you the one and only time of your life!" Horace Van Twiddle declared in supplement.

"Yes, do come to New York, we entreat you," Mr. Ashham engagingly urged. Smiling: "It is seldom New York feels that she is the poorer by a want; but when she does, she feels the want excessively."

The adulation was enjoyed, while in her mind she said: "Ah, little he suspects, the man I love, how fine a lady it is who, to confer herself on him, risks she knows not what."

"When you come to New York," this time Mr. Braddock was able to conclude, "I'll have my yacht at your disposal in the river, madame."

As she inclined her head to catch the deliberate flow of the financier's continued speech, out of the tail of her eye she noticed Mr. Worth leaning to Asbury Ashham's ear, and some acute sudden sense of hers strained to distinguish the interchange that passed.

"No," said Mr. Worth, "my wife is up the lake just now. I don't expect her here at the castle for ten days."

"Ample leeway," responded Mr. Ashham. "I always insist Mrs. Ashham give me at least a week's notice of her return."

The words, much more the looks of mutual amused understanding, enlightened Mrs. Eccleston.

Vainly she strove to compel her thoughts to attach itself to Mr. Braddock and to the particulars of what he was proposing for her entertainment in New York. The particulars not alone by reason of their magnificence were sufficient to engage a woman's interest, she realized. But the sickening of her heart she could not overcome. It was a vast disgust she felt, and she even was ashamed for her shoulders and her arms exposed to what she exaggeratedly conceived to be the libidinous glances of the company.

Late at night Mr. Worth accompanied his guests aboard the yacht, which immediately weighed anchor and proceeded towards Grand Haven, where the special train awaited the three New Yorkers.

The gentlemen before dispersing to their respective staterooms, took a "night-cap" in the cabin.

Horace Van Twiddle—perhaps he was slightly fuddled—slapped the Chicago merchant on the shoulder. "By Jove, you're a bit of a sly dog yourself old boy."

The familiarity pleased Mr. Worth. He answered "the young blood" in kind: "Well, it's rather expected of me, isn't it? A man in my position is supposed to maintain—eh—his end."

Ashham chuckled. "No, we've learned Chicago's not so slow. At last you've got your provincial morals relegated to the scrap-heap, it appears."

"Give us time, give us a little time," grinned Mr. Worth, "and we may catch up in some things beside population with New York."

Mr. Braddock had already waddled off to bed.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

AN ECCENTRICITY OF THE FORMAL CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. Eccleston with characteristic magnanimity did not impute to Mr. Worth deliberate design. He had succumbed impulsively, she believed, to a temptation which assailed his vanity, when mere negative acquiescence in a construction natural enough to the minds of unqualified men of the world, sufficed as he perceived, to add a cubit to his stature in their eyes. He had yielded because of the facility with which the glory was to be had, and it was doubtful (such she considered his social obtuseness to be) whether a thought of what might be the cost to her, in name and standing, had occurred to him. Besides, as she was aware, it was a practice so common among men as to be scarcely censurable, to gain the credit by a smile, a conscious look, a silence, of having played the devil with a woman.

When her original burning resentment had died down, she was even able to perceive an irony at her own expense. The false position at the dinner table turned her hot and cold; yet she seriously was contemplating a possible expedient breaking with the law of marriage and taking French leave of convention. The inference those men had drawn caused her to suffer; but quite light-heartedly she was prepared to incur organized society's anathema.

She laughed painfully. If she meant to swallow a camel, a gnat should be no great strain.

She remembered that she had boasted to Wytcherly that she was strong. If she was, let her use then the advantage she had secured at a great price. The wrong which Mr. Worth had done her, delivered him into her hands, to use to forward the purpose she had at heart. Her opportunity was clear.

"We have vindicated Chicago, we have forced a recognition from New York." This large estimate of the function his dinner had fulfilled, delighted Mr. Worth. "Thanks to you, to you alone, Romaine."

Just off the yacht, he was hastening to his wife's apartments, when he encountered his favorite in the great hall of the Castle.

"On the way down they couldn't say enough," he informed her enthusiastically. "Their parting words were ones of congratulations on your account. You had made them converts to Western hospitality, they said, and what they demand now is to get you to New York. Asbury Ashham personally assured me that you were the fine lady of the past plus the free individuality of the West. Braddock, who never recommends or disparages in words, remarked that he didn't know whether your beauty or your manner deserved the more to be celebrated. As for young Van Twiddle, he swears that you put the Knickerbocker dames all in the shade."

If the report flattered Mrs. Eccleston, its delivery displeased her. "He walks about me," she reflected, "as though I were a new importation of rare silk, and he were delighted because the public clamoured for me by the bale."

She said: "Now that you have come home, I will go to Idlenesse. The accumulation that awaits me there is—is huge."

"Too bad, not right!" He seemed to blame himself. "A woman in ten thousand, as Ashham says you are, to be worried by small cares, by details of a house! I'd like to settle it, to see you living as you ought, as is your due."

She did not in the least suspect a dubious import to his words, and asked straightforwardly for the launch to take her to the cottage.

"No, I must have my hour first," he replied. "We must talk it over before we can go."

She smiled. "You are as bad about it as a debutante come home from a party."

"Just let me visit five minutes with Mrs. Worth, and I'll return," he said. "Go into the library—that's the place for a quiet, confidential little talk."

Within the library Mrs. Eccleston sat balanced on the edge of her chair, in intimation possibly of her desire that the conversation should not be prolonged. But the little man, striding to and fro before her, frequently rubbing his hands, was oblivious of every consideration outside his theme.

He was saying possibly for the fourth time: "They made me promise to send you to New York—they wouldn't let go, until I did. They plan to treat us royally—want to return my hospitality, they say, and to honour you. Braddock's yacht will be at your disposal, and Ashham's bent on entertaining you at his Long Island place, while Van Twiddle is on fire to show you what he terms the time of your life."

She did not attach serious possibility to the proposal, and consequently treated its various incidents imaginatively.

But Mr. Worth was not content. "Of course you can arrange to go," he urged. "You would not think of disappointing us. New York is at its best in the late fall and Europe's only just across the pond."

Did the glint of a suspicion appear in her regard?

He changed the method of approach. "You see I recognize your part in the success which I have scored. I'm aware I wouldn't cut much of a figure in their opinion if it were not for you. Braddock and Ashham would do business with me, dine me at their club, make it pleasant for me in New York; but they wouldn't get enthusiastic and make the fuss they do. It's all on your account, Romaine."

"I fancy that you underrate the influence of your money, Mr. Worth."

"No, you don't catch me doing that. Exactly how far money will carry, I can figure to the breadth of a hair. But what you have done, is to have obtained for me a prestige with the New Yorkers that as yet no Chicago money can buy."

The doubt, if not the suspicion, sprung suddenly in her mind, caused Mrs. Eccleston irritation, which her proud spirit ill could endure. "I wish to close accounts with him," she said to herself, "not to open up another."

Mr. Worth was saying: "I wish I knew how to balance my indebtedness to you."

"I will tell you," she announced. "Help me in the one way I care to be helped."

"That way?" Prudence dampened his tone.

She consulted his eye. "You will help me if I let you know?"

He hesitated. (Oh, the bargainer! she scorned him in her mind.) "What way is it? Let us see."

"You have sympathized at times with the predicament of my marriage." She was abrupt.

He looked relieved. "I have, Romaine. And done something to alleviate its conditions, I hope."

"I know," she said.

"I will do more. The arrangement for Mark to go out to Japan, has been completed, and I undertake to keep him there."

"But," she began.

"Yes," encouragingly.

With a little tragic gesture, "That suspends, it does not end, the intolerableness. What I demand is that he not only may not come back, but that he no longer have the right to come."

A startled look appeared in her patron's pale blue eyes.

"So only can I know peace," she said.

"But, my dear girl, my daughter, I may say my daughter, " counseled the shrewd Croesus, "be expedient, be wise. Take the substance, let the shadow go. Listen to me, I know the world—easy to get along with if you know how—hard to quarrel with on any terms. Let things rest. Mark shall not trouble you—I'll settle that. And just you go along the way you've been—you will have all you wish."

"But—it is his money," she excepted.

"Now, now, don't let that trouble you." coaxed Mr. Worth. He drew a neat, long, black leather-covered booklet from his breast. "Money need not figure in your plans at all—where it comes from you need not worry. I treat you just as I would my own daughter, were she similarly placed."

There flashed on Mrs. Eccleston the solution of her problem. She saw that Opportunity stood smiling at her elbow, solicitous to be engaged. Should she be squeamish—or should she be strong? Thousands she could have, for the asking, nay for the acceptance. With thousands in her hands she would be free—free to break her shackles, free to call her lover to her side, to choose with him the wideness of the world.

The temptation for the moment

gripped her soul. The next she felt it horrible. Free! In what? In love—free-love! The vile phrase hissed in her ear. The seduction of money! Having sold her good name, with the price she now would purchase lawless love.

Mr. Worth opened his cheque-book, and unstopped his fountain pen. "Come you needn't look so flustered, what shall I make it to your order? You owe something, perhaps; you want clothes; fine gowns such as will be admired in New York cost some; what shall the figure be? Ten or twenty thousand, as you please."

Already he had commenced to indite the cheque.

"No, no!" she forbade, her hand staying his pen. "Money!" she choked upon the word. "It isn't money; it's divorce I want." Her fingers gripped his with intensity.

"That—is a much larger order than I had contemplated," gasped Mr. Worth, superior to most surprises though he was.

"It is what I will have," she said, desperately firm. "It is that which you promised, when you promised." Upon her feet she dared him to deny her.

The little man dropped weakly back into a chair, which slid half a yard upon the polished floor. "But you can't—I won't—there is no way to pledge me blindly to participation in an immoral undertaking!" in consternation he expostulated. His whole offended respectable code shrilled at her: "I—when I promised—I had no suspicion you were capable of harbouring so horrible, so shocking, so subversive an idea?"

"Is it indeed so awful?" she smiled ironically.

"It is the social crime! An offense against public decency, against the sacred laws of God and man!"

He appealed to her. "Romaine, it is the last thing I would have believed of you. I can't credit it now. You would not fly in the face of society, would you, and bring dishonour on yourself and infinite sorrow on your dearest friends?"

"I have made up my mind to divorce, if that is what you mean," she enlightened him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Worth. It was the climax of expression for a man never guilty of an oath.

He got abruptly to his feet, and, thrusting his fists into the pockets of his diminutive trousers, he circled about Mrs. Eccleston.

"You can't mean it," he declared, his body doubling like a snappy jack-knife. "You don't realize the consequences, the talk, the scandal, the publicity!"

"There need be none, or a minimum of it," she responded coolly. "If you will arrange the matter, if you will help."

"My goodness, Romaine," he shrieked, "do you mean to involve me in this too?" The millionaire vendor of breakfast food positively was panic-stricken. "The divorce court! the yellow journals! They will drag me in; they will insist there's something behind it all. I will be pilloried for what I am incapable of doing—I, a good man, as my wife says."

His exigency was ludicrous, but its contemptibility alone was perceptible to Mrs. Eccleston.

He implored, denounced, and threatened. But her purpose remained. She insisted that she would have her divorce, and she had not waived her right to his aid.

"Haven't you a particle of regard for your own reputation, even if you have no respect for public opinion?" he demanded at the end of his resources.

"But little."

The indifference more than the defiance of her tone convinced Mr. Worth that nothing short of an extreme measure would avail.

"Not one cent of my money will go to get you a divorce or to support you afterwards," he let her know. "You are dependent on your husband's salary from now on. I made it pretty comfortable on your account."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

IN WHICH BOTH MR. AND MRS. WORTH RISE TO A HEIGHT.

Upon Mrs. Eccleston's departure her

patron hastened to his wife's apartments. His feet commonly sought that path, when perplexities other than those of business harassed his mind.

He was denied admission, since Mrs. Worth lay still asleep; but he was told he might return in two hours' time.

She was sitting up in bed, sipping her chocolate and opening her letters, when he at last was admitted.

Behold the powerful magnate and successful host seated in a little willow chair at the bedside, at a loss how to begin, nervous lest his wife should suspect too much, while she grinned slyly into her chocolate cup, enjoying her small satisfaction.

"Decidedly everything has come out to suit you, Sterling dear," she commented. "And the best is you deserve it all, you are so good."

Mr. Worth smiled his acceptance somewhat wanly.

"And so Romaine proved everything and more than you expected?" pursued Mrs. Worth. "You could be proud of her."

"She helped me with the New Yorkers specially."

"All men admire her."

"They couldn't say enough to me in praise of her."

"Of course she did her very best to capture them."

"She captured them; of that there is no doubt."

"And they didn't think it strange?"

"How strange! What is it you mean?"

"Why, her presence alone with men."

"Oh, I attended to that beforehand, as you advised."

Mrs. Worth smiled as if she were aware of many pleasing things, to which it was better not to allude. She limited what she might have said to: "Romaine did go a little far, almost to the point of indiscretion, to please you. But I can see she has managed to do that, to please you egregiously, and that of course was what she cared about."

Mr. Worth flushed a little. "Well," he depreciated, "Romaine, I guess, owes me something. I have done a good deal for her first and last, a good deal for her, and for her husband too."

"I should think you had," confirmed his helpmate promptly.

"And I felt I was entitled to permit her to put herself out a little for my benefit, if she wanted to, to let her run some small risk, perhaps, in order to insure proper entertainment for my guests."

"I am sure that whatever you did, you did it with the very best intentions. You are such a good man, Sterling."

"No one who knows me, or for that matter who knows Romaine, could attribute any evil to our relationship." A pause after which he added almost pompously: "Evil cannot be expected where evil does not exist."

"Of course not," she supported him. "But the New Yorkers—they are men of the world and—New Yorkers are all cynical. They can't believe how good you are—I wonder what they thought of it."

A triumphant gleam crossed Mr. Worth's grave countenance, but not so speedily as to be undetected by his wife's black eyes. "I don't know, Harriett, I can't say. Perhaps we ought not to inquire," he said hastily. After reflection: "I cannot see that I should be held responsible for the coarse speculations of corrupt minds."

Mrs. Worth had become complacent to the degree of self congratulation.

"But," presently resumed her husband, "what I came to see you about was a really serious matter."

"And it?" complied Mrs. Worth.

"It is that Romaine wants to get a divorce," he blurted forth.

"Does she?" Mrs. Worth affected surprise. "Though I confess that I have been expecting some such thing, as I have a shrewd suspicion what she wants it for."

But Mr. Worth had not yet told his tale. "And she wants me to use my influence to facilitate her getting the divorce. She asked me this morning."

"Whatever induced her to suppose you would?" marveled Mrs. Worth.

"She has no idea of practical considerations. She wants it and like a child asks her best friends to get it for her." Mr. Worth half offered an excuse.

"Oh, she's not so simple, Romaine isn't. But I hope you refused."

"I did emphatically; but her mind is set upon it, I am afraid she will go ahead on her own account."

"Let her, then, if she is so lost to all propriety."

"I used every argument to induce her to change her resolution."

"And you did not succeed? Of course you didn't, since she's bound and determined she'll marry that Wytcherly man." Mrs. Worth enlightened her dull husband with a pitying smile.

He was astounded, forced to deny the information's truth. "That can't be true! I can't, I won't believe it! You're wrong, Harriett!"

"I'm sure of it," she said serenely. "You remember, when you came back from Chicago the last time, I told you there was something between them, but you wouldn't listen."

"If that is so,"—he was half convinced, still skeptical—"how long has it been going on? And how was it that Patrice, when she was here, failed to notice anything?"

"Here is her letter this morning"—Mrs. Worth raised the sheets—"in which she writes how worried she is, and you know Patrice adores Romaine. Read it for yourself."

The paper shook in his hands, and as he read he grew white around the mouth. His wife was turned from watching him by the entrance of a servant, who communicated with her.

"I can't believe it," reiterated the perplexed man.

"I'll help you, Sterling," said Mrs. Worth not unkindly. "You will feel better to be made certain in your mind. Suppose you slip behind the screen and just sit there. Agnes, Romaine's maid, has just come with a nosegay and a note for me—I suppose it is her troubled conscience that makes Romaine so very attentive and nice."

Mr. Worth complied and had scarcely taken his station under cover of the screen before Agnes entered. While her loud sweet voice inquired for the lady's health, her eyes studied the ceiling, as was to be expected of her.

"Your mistress, how is she today?" asked Mrs. Worth.

"Yes ma'am, Mrs. Eccleston's quite well, thank you kindly, yes ma'am. But she's feeling lonely a mite, I guess."

"She misses Mr. Wytcherly of course, he was such a constant caller." Mrs. Worth was sympathetic.

"Yes ma'am, she does. And I miss him too—he was so polite to hired girls, yes ma'am." Agnes blushed like a dark peony.

"He saw you were a lady, Agnes." Mrs. Worth laid flattery on in trowels, a process reserved by Beaconsfield for royalty.

"Yes, ma'am," glowed the grateful girl. "And sometimes he sends me kind messages in his letters, yes ma'am." The fact confirmed her ladyhood's estate.

"How sweet of him! And he writes often of course?" suggested Mrs. Worth.

"Yes ma'am, I should say so. A letter comes most every day, and two at a time sometimes. If she didn't get her letter nearly regular, I wouldn't know what to do with Mrs. Eccleston." Agnes was agreeably conscious that she was living in the midst of romance.

"Agnes," asked Mrs. Worth, taking another tack, "have you yet made up your mind to go home with me next week?"

"Yes ma'am, I guess so. But I promised Mrs. Eccleston to stay with her to Thanksgiving, if she stays up here till then. Yes ma'am."

"Whatever do you mean? Your mistress isn't thinking of remaining through the fall, is she?"

"Yes ma'am, I guess so. We've been fixing things up snug at the cottage, and William's going to get lots of wood to burn."

"Aren't you dreaming, child? What should she wish to do it for?"

"Yes ma'am. But Mr. Wytcherly hopes to come back in November and put up at the lighthouse, and there's going to be lively times, I guess."

"I am amazed at you, Agnes. What you tell me is scandalous—there's no other term for it. And a good girl like you to be able to stand there without a blush!"

"Yes ma'am. But I can't see what's the matter"—meekly. "And anyway, what she does is right enough for me, yes ma'am"—stoutly.

"Are you entirely destitute of moral sense?" gasped Mrs. Worth. "Perhaps, Agnes, it's your Indian blood."

Agnes felt convicted of great guilt. But suddenly she looked relieved. "O law! they don't mean no harm. Haven't I watched 'em heaps of times? They're as happy and as innocent as a couple of loving kittens, yes ma'am."

Agnes gone, Mrs. Worth beamed triumphantly upon her husband. "I suppose your last doubts are settled now," she observed.

Mr. Worth, in fact, had left his doubts behind the screen. He brought forth in their stead a high resolve reflected nobly in his face.

"Harriet," he said solemnly, "our duty is clear. We must save Romaine—it is appointed us to do." The man was perfectly sincere.

"Not mine!" snapped Mrs. Worth. "I'll have nothing to do with saving her."

"Harriet!" warned Mr. Worth, but for once his threat fell on unheeding ears.

His wife defied him. "I am a good woman," she asserted, "and I will have nothing to do with a woman who is not good."

Mr. Worth knew himself thwarted. What could he do or say? The defence which she put forward was a moral principle.

Mrs. Worth perceived her strength. "I have stood ready at all times to do almost anything you required. But here I draw the line. I never even will receive Romaine in my house again. I may be old-fashioned, and if I am, I intend to remain so in a few things still. A pure woman cannot be forced to recognize an impure one."

Mr. Worth had listened with respect. The principles enunciated he did not venture to dispute; he merely questioned whether in this instance they applied. "But I am confident that at the worst Romaine has been guilty of nothing more serious than an indiscretion."

Mrs. Worth let herself go, since she knew that from the nature of the case impunity would be given her. "You are so good that you are gullible, Sterling dear. But no one but yourself would believe that a woman who allows herself to be considered what those New Yorkers considered Romaine, is as spotless as the snow."

His lips moved silently in protest, that was all. Mrs. Worth for her part grew emboldened. "And I am not so much convinced of your white innocence. You were a participant in her shame. You let them think, you helped them think, you did nothing to stop them thinking, that you too were a gentleman, a man of the world, a very devil of a fellow, instead of what you are, a little old, scared counter-jumper trying to lift yourself out of your class."

She flouted him. And he endured the excoriation with bowed head. He answered never a word, since it was of the quality of his hypocrisy to recognize the rectitude of Mrs. Worth's position and to be stricken dumb.

It also was in the nature of the man to regard his endurance as a species of martyrdom, as a suffering in the cause of the benevolence he had determined it to be his duty to perform. After a space he said: "Think as it seems best to you, Harriett, and I'll think my way. I believe I have a duty towards Romaine, and I mean to discharge it to the best of my ability. Let me warn you not to interfere through any mistaken jealousy."

"Jealousy!" she scoffed. "Jealousy! Dear me, I'm not jealous—how could I be about you? I know you, Sterling—you're so good. You wanted a little glory you were not entitled to; but pooh, you haven't got it in you to commit a red-blooded sin."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

THE BARGAIN SHE SECURED.

No secret serpent of lust stirred among the dry leaves of Mr. Worth's desires. His exemption in this regard furnished him with much self-congratulation. The characteristic sin of any one of us we estimate as venal in comparison with the characteristic sin of our neighbor. While to our characteristic virtue we accord a value many times as great as the value we allow to the virtue of our friend. From a gross sin of the body Mr. Worth would have shrunk; but to secure a fancied prestige, to which he was not entitled by actual commission of evil, he was able smugly to compound with his conscience.

His innermost thought, by which he justified himself, was pure concerning Mrs. Eccleston. But his actual purity of mind enhanced the horror he conceived of physical intimacy between a woman honoured by himself, and one whom he was unable to forget was his salaried man. Furthermore, he was prompted to prevent the consummation of the crime or to redeem her from the consequences of its commission, by the subtle supposition that in some way the good deed might count as an atonement, if an atonement were required, for the damage which circumstances had occasioned her good name.

He went to Idlenesse with this design.

So affected was his aspect by the nobility of his zeal for the salvation of his favourite that his appearance in her sitting-room recalled to her mind a characterization by Wytcherly: "J. Sterling Worth is a little red-eyed ferret, who imagines he plays the part of sheep-dog to mankind."

"How do you feel this morning, Romaine?" he inquired. "I need not tell you, I suppose, how greatly you succeeded in grieving your old friend yesterday. But I at least am thankful that no one else heard you, for I can make allowances that others would not. I beg of you, however, whatever your sorrow, never to speak disrespectfully again of marriage. The institution is the Gibraltar for women."

"I made no harangue against marriage," Mrs. Eccleston, objecting to the part assigned to her in his moralizing specially declared. "I honour marriage. But marriage as a venerable institution is one thing; my personal predicament is another. The cause is abstract; my case is concrete."

"Romaine, it causes me a shock to hear you talk in that strain."

"Inform me, pray, in what strain I am to speak of a disreputable estate?"

"I would prefer to have you speak sensibly, soberly, always. This is a practical world—some means of adjustment, some compromise can be arranged."

"Compromise? I've been compromising and have been compromised all my married life. I want no compromise."

"Romaine, Romaine, think what you are saying."

"Think! I have been thinking my best years away. Isn't it about time that I lived?"

He had come upon her in an hour when the whole bitterness of her lot oppressed her spirit, when she felt the injustice of the scheme of things. Since he had intruded, since he thrust upon her the tuppenny wisdom of his tradesman's mind, why not expose to him the worst of the travail she had undergone?

"Think!" she reiterated. "Once I carried my prayer-book and knelt in church because I thought. I prayed benightedly for help to endure my marriage. I thought that I had schooled myself to the whole shameful lesson of the duty of women to sacrifice their pride; and too their own self-respect if required, for the pleasure of their owners and the conservation of society. I posed in my own thought as an heroic martyr, a long-suffering saint, and I supposed that my abasement prevented my husband from being at least worse than he was. I wished for children to bind me more indissolubly to my lawful lord. Thought! oh, I thought of duties, obligations, sacred honour, until I was nearly crazed for thought."

"Awful!" moaned Mr. Worth. "What you say is awful."

"What I have lived is awful—that is what you mean." Her will forced this amendment, as it were, upon the admonitory little man.

He looked as if he were scared a trifle, and then he shook his head in mild but determined repudiation of her view.

And immediately she was seized with an apprehension of the incongruity of her confessing to such a man as he the tragedy she had kept unuttered until now. She laughed outright at herself and him. In her new perception he figured precisely what he was, for what by any spiritual or intellectual standard he was adjudged, a dapper clerk, with a clerk's intelligence raised to the ninth power, with a clerk's ideas, ambition, rectitudes.

She walked over to the window, to escape the nauseating contemplation of the liliputian creature. But neither was she solaced by the prospect there. "Ah, the hostility!" she complained. "It is universal, both without and within? The lake moils sullenly, the sky menaces. The wind rushes from the north across leagues of desolation, wrinkling the drab waters, stripping the boughs."

She turned her back to Nature, preferring Mr. Worth. He sat huddled in his seat, his mind fumbling with a large human problem not to be disposed of by dry-goods' arithmetic. He started, when she spoke.

"Yes, this is my prison, my house of degradation. Here I am to stay, here await in the patient manner of women when my lord, the brute, comes home. And soon I shall be old, as is a way with women, and a little after that I shall be dead."

"Are you gone crazy, Romaine?" The question was involuntary. Mr. Worth was so profoundly shocked.

"Do you wonder I find it intolerable?" was her irrelevant demand.

He looked up and he looked down, and his lips moved in vain.

"I understand," he managed at last—"I've been informed—that you want the divorce in order to marry another man."

"Is the desire reprehensible?" she smiled.

"It is dishonourable," he retorted. "It is worse, it is a legal crime."

"But a spiritual emancipation," she declared, "an ennobling of my faculties."

Mr. Worth expostulated, concluding: "If you persist, willfully persist, you will assuredly become a lost woman, Romaine."

"I think it finer to become a lost woman than to remain a polluted one," she answered.

He was pained by the plainness of her speech. "There is no necessity for such wild talk."

"Talk," she echoed. "I do not talk. I mean to act. I want happiness and I mean to take it. I can only get happiness by taking it, boldly, firmly. I mean to have the man I love."

The reckless passion in her face, the flame in her eyes, the superb imperious menace of the woman, affected Mr. Worth like a shock of electricity.

"The man you love," faintly he repeated.

"Yes," she answered, her whole rebellious womanhood aroused. "Tell me, is a woman not to have another chance? Is she bound forever to the mistake of her foolish youth? Is the measure of her mind, her soul, her possibilities, determined by the plus and minus of the man who beguiled, or entrapped, or conquered her, when her life was unformed, and her ignorance immense?—What chance had I? What chance has any girl? Is the instinct of goodness infallible? Does the fact of innocence safeguard anyone? Am I to be punished my whole life through because I blundered when I was a fool, because I was a fool when I was too simple to be wise? No, I say outright that such a code is too stupid to hold my loyalty."

Mr. Worth, his elbows on his knees, his white head shaking, articulated with difficulty: "What you say, Romaine, amounts to revolution, to subversion of society."

"It amounts to my individual freedom," she retorted.

"You beg the question—you cannot dismiss your obligations to society in a breath." A note of appeal coloured his tone, the truth being that he was impressed more than was comfortable to his dogmatism.

But she cavalierly disposed of the plea. "I do not consider them; the obligation to my own soul is superior."

He sighed disconsolately. "It seems

impossible to help you, Romaine."

She promptly contradicted. "If you will, you can help. If you feel for me as you say you do, help me to help the man I love. He is constrained, prevented from essaying the great flight that he with his wings might make. I am the woman whom he needs. I can bring him into his own." Her rich voice swelled in tenderness. "God knows it is not for my own sake alone; it is for him, for him, before myself."

Mr. Worth, perhaps struck by an idea, looked up keenly for a moment. Satisfied of her sincerity, he looked down. She waited, her lovely, entreating face, her persuading eyes—

"My plain duty as your oldest friend, almost your father," he presently announced in a dry, pragmatic tone, "is at all hazards to prevent you from rushing into an irretrievable disaster. You are to be kept from destroying your life, from bankrupting your good name."

"You presume, Mr. Worth."

"Solely for your good, my dear."

He met her regard to emphasize the determination of his stand; but she made him quail. For by some instantaneous change she was wholly the great lady, whose presence somehow forced him to inquire whether he could be a gentleman. Napoleon, it is said, in the first moment of his meeting Queen Louise knew himself a parvenu.

"I—I supposed," he hesitated, "that I had earned the right to advise you as it seemed best."

"Earned!" She withered him. "I confer rights—of grace. They are never earned from me."

Confused, he put forward what to his mind was the obvious justification: "I believe it can be truthfully said that I have done a good deal for you, and for your husband as well."

As lightning flashed her scorn. "Oh you Puritans, you Jews! Do your minds never loosen from the money in a thing? You taint your generosities, your prayers to your God, with remembering it. Our friendship, that too was passed across a bargain-counter!"

Under this abuse his look grew mean and pinched. He snarled resentfully: "Maybe you are too superior, as my wife says, too superior to hear sense. But if you are, your young man isn't. I'll settle with him."

He got upon his feet, looking for his hat. He had shed his pretentions; he seemed just an ageing clerk, but one whose mind had been challenged in its accuracy, whose determination was aroused. In searching for his hat he turned his back, and, having found it, turned to the way out with no word or indication of farewell.

She stopped him. "What is it you will do?"

"Do!" he exclaimed in moral melodrama. "Do? No man in my employment can share in an immoral act, an outrage upon society! No clerk of mine or salaried man can wreck a home and involve a married woman without settling his account with me!"

"That means you will deprive him of his livelihood and turn him into the street?" She barred his passage.

"It means I'll force him to drop the infamy you contemplate," he shrilled.

"But he doesn't know of it," she argued. "I intended not to tell him until I had brought everything about."

"That makes no difference. I'll take him in hand."

"But you would not consent to be unjust?"

"He takes my money, doesn't he? Then he must dance to my tune, I guess. I will hold him responsible for whatever you do."

She flamed. "Try it—try to coerce him! He'd fling your money in your face; he'd—" Suddenly she trembled for the injury she might have worked her lover.

Mr. Worth raised his eyes from the depths of his hat to let her see the glint in them. "I know exactly where to apply the pressure upon Wytcherly. He has his brother's widow and four children to support."

"I—I did not know of that," she faltered.

"No, there are many things of which you do not know, Romaine," he observed paternally. "For one, you do not know or you forget I am always your best friend. I am working now solely for your good. And if I neglected to avail myself of every means to thwart your mad will, I should be reprehensible, extremely so indeed."

It was on her lips to answer him as he deserved, to confound him with the charge that he had used her reputation to feed his vanity; but she could not put into speech her own shame. She could not traffick.

And so the king of bargainers had his way. He always found it easy to be hard at the crucial moment, to insist, and usually he found that the second party to the contract did not possess that power.

That night upon consideration Mrs. Eccleston wrote Mr. Worth a note, in which she stated that she had given up her purpose of securing a divorce.

(*To be continued*)

The Shower

By Dorothy Green

THE gray rain, the silver rain, is sweeping down the valley,
Her misty robes are trailing as across the fields she goes.
The grass bends low before her, the young grain whispers lightly
And the drops are falling, falling, from each nodding crimson rose.
Beneath the bending elm-trees the shadows darkly gather;
A strange green light is filtered through the wet and glistening leaves;
The air is filled with murmurs, the rush of falling water,
And whispering of fitful gusts about the pouring eaves.

A clear light, a golden light is flooding all the valley,
The clouds have parted in the west, the sun has broken through,
Each ripple on the river wears a shining crest of silver,
And every little wayside pool is flashing clear and blue.
The grass is turned to cloth-of-gold, thick strewn with gleaming jewels;
The trees are lifting up their heads, new-clothed in palest green,
A light wind wanders idly by and stirs the dripping branches,
The earth is bathed in glory, the air a radiant sheen.

The blue hills, the cloudy hills that rise across the valley
Caressed with showers of spring-time, half-veiled in shimmering mist,
Their nearer slopes are emerald, their far peaks dim and purple,
With gleams of rose and crimson where the lingering rays have kissed.
Oh, wardens of my childhood, oh, ancient friends abiding,
Serene and strong you lift your heads above the quickened plain,
And as your summits softly fade against the far horizon,
You breathe a benediction on the blessing of the rain.

The Hillmen

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the September WORLD TO-DAY Magazine.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the streets where men gather
Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the slayer may slay him—
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon he must lay him—
His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never betray him—
His Sea that his being fulfils?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise Hillmen desire their Hills.
—Rudyard Kipling.

THE wheat had hardly begun to yellow on the prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta as I went westward in the long, eighteen-hour-sunshine midsummer days, over the steel rails that shimmered in the hot air of the afternoons. Long and level and green the fields stretched away to the horizon; red and new the box-cars were backed up on the sidings by the big elevators, with the flats that carried new threshers and binders to harvest the fall crop of wheat; placidly the generic Canadian farmer leaned back and pulled at his pipe, while his crop finished its growth unassisted; and I in the sleeping-car looked out through the lengthening shadows of twilight, hoping to see the blue haze of the distant mountains, and feel their cool air, before darkness fell.

With the morning it came. The scent of the spruces was in my nostrils, the sound of falling water in my ears, where the Yoho Valley trail comes down to the railway and for a moment sets the mountain-lover's heart knocking against his palate. The ripening crops of the Middle West were left behind me, and I drew the cool air of the mountains into my lungs with a keen savour of remembrance. After breakfast I sat on the bottom step of the sleeping car and dangled contented feet over thousand-foot canyons while thousand-foot bluffs nearly scratched the paint off the other side of the train. Across the valley white water brooks chased their tales down gigantic skids of rust-colored rock, and the Kicking Horse River rioted loudly over its boulders to the sea.

But the big sign on the Yoho Valley trail set me dreaming in spite of business engagements and crop figures, as the limited slid slowly by, tempting me with glimpses of the trail. It called to me, that rough track leading past Emerald Lake by moraine and brook and wood path to where I knew the camp-fires were burning between Wapta and the Vice-President on the shore of tiny Summit Lake. I knew how it looked—fifty white tents thrown into bold relief against the green and brown of the forest—Ping-Pong, the Chinese cook, by his fire, and more than eighty sturdy men and plucky women camped there among the everlasting hills. I could hear the laughter and smell the trout broiling; I could see the trail up the Vice-President looming dimly above the tree-line, and never in my life did I desire more earnestly to throw away my fountain pen and go a-gipsying.

But on the down grade the limited was putting away forty miles to the hour on her way to Vancouver, and in the "Liverpool of the Pacific" I shook my shoulders and settled into the collar again. Not until I was again in

Chicago—not for six thousand miles and many days did I think of the Yoho Valley trail and the camp of the Alpine Club among the spruces,—not until John Doe—it would never do to be too personal in the matter of names with a man as big as John Doe—shouldered his way through the rattle and rush of State Street and dominated my hearth in the cool of a long September evening.

John Doe belongs to the Alpine Club of Canada, that society of mountain-climbers that was organized in Winnipeg one March day of last year, and made its inaugural camp beside the Yoho glacier on the day when my limited train went remorselessly past towards the busy beaches of Vancouver. And between leisurely puffs of his brown pipe, he told me something of the new club and the first official climbs to the top of Mount Vice-President, ten thousand feet above the sea.

To begin with, it was the largest gathering of mountaineers on record—that camp of over eighty people on the great saddleback between the Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley, eleven miles north of Field—and from John's account, I judge one of the merriest ones. Some fifty people qualified for membership in the society by climbing the Vice-President during the week of camp, and many more have done so this year at Temple Mountain, that rears its shaggy head above Paradise Valley, near Laggan.

But a week's outing in the mountains or records of climbing are not the only purposes of the Canadian mountaineers. Perhaps the reasons are principally three: the proclamation of the beautiful Canadian Rockies to those who do not know what lies at their very doors; the scientific investigation of numerous conditions which are not covered by the Typographical Survey, and which the Survey cannot specialize upon; and the improvement of the trails through the two great areas of the mountain national parks.

The Canadian Rockies have not been "summer-touristed" to any great extent. Few people realize that in the long chain of mountains that runs from the Arctic Circle to the Sierra Madre across the continent, the Canadian Rockies, the Selkirk, Gold and Coast ranges are the jewels. Few people know that the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn are no lovelier than the Sir Donald or the Mount Stephen. Few people have discovered that Laggan and Field may mean as much to the lover of the great hills, as Mount Cenis or Chamounix.

The study of glacial action is another subject which has not been taken up exhaustively, and among the first steps in the club's history was the marking of the walls inclosing the Wapta glacier at the northern end of the Yoho Valley. Accurate measurements may thus be made of this vast flow of ice in succeeding years, rendering a scientific service similar to that given by the markings of the Illecillewaet Glacier which has receded seven hundred feet since 1887, ranging from sixteen feet in the cold summer of 1898 to sixty-four feet in 1899.

The scientific section of the club's activities will also pay much attention to the flora, fauna, geology, photographing and description of the mountains. Both the Rockies and the Selkirks offer an especially rich field for the investigator, and prizes will be given for work along these lines.

Practically, there is a great deal to be done in the way of building trails, bridging gaps, guarding against forest fires, and so forth, in the mountains, and the club is planning to do as much of this sort of work as possible.

There is a strong national spirit among the members. Canadians are essentially patriotic. But they are also a tolerant and a free-handed folk, and the membership of the club is open to all lovers of the great hills, whether they are called Schmidt or O'Brien or Groseilliers or just plain Perkins.

Continuous membership is required, unlike the American Alpine Club. Two years is allowed for graduation into active membership by climbing, either at the summer camp or elsewhere, to a point ten thousand feet above sea-level. About fifty made

THE ROCKIES AND THE SELKIRKS OFFER AN ESPECIALLY RICH FIELD FOR THE INVESTIGATOR the ascent last year. Besides association members, people interested in the idea and wishing to help financially; and honorary members, among whom are several Americans, Professor Fay of Tufts College, and Mr. Curtis, ex-president of the Appalachian Club, being included; there are the active members and those who are still novices which makes a club of no small size and influence. United States, British and foreign Alpinists have taken the lead in work on the Canadian Rockies heretofore, but the organization of this native society should stand for a new era in Canadian mountaineering.

The inaugural camp lasted for a week, and John Doe's gray eyes twinkled as he spoke of those seven days. From the four-thirty morning calls—and four-thirty in the mountains is a very life-like imitation of winter —to the last song and final red-eye ember of camp-fire before the tent at night, the days of that week were happy days. There were the changing lights flashing from peak to distant peak; the shimmer of sunlight on snow; the glimpse of the great green glacier, the free air astir to windward, electric, stinging, like wine; the unreal world of moonlight and diamond stars; the jagged purple of the storm at sunset. There was the magic rainbow, though nobody ever found the pot of gold that lay where the end of the arch rested on the mountain trail. There was the endless sea of the everlasting hills, the scent of the pines, the breath of the year-long snow-fields, the twinkling drop of mountain streams the familiar face of the high country that calls the mountain-born back, though he be never so far over seas, and holds him all his days.

There were the incidents of the camp, the marvellous meals prepared by Ping-Pong, cheery Mongolian, and the marvellous appetites that ate those meals; there were the stories of the guides and old climbers with a string of daring ascents to their credit; there were the songs, the laughter, the ''stunts'' around the camp-fire; the strenuous objections of John Doe's pet particular chum at being hauled out of his blankets in the frosty dawning; the unimportant bits of talk and deed that make a camp hilarious for days. And always above the tents, above the distant tree-line, loomed the trail to the quadruple peaks, the official climb.

No easy climb it was, either. Almost every sort of work was required on its jagged edges, and no little amount of nerve and strength and self-control was tested that week. Five-thirty saw the climbing party lined up in full regimentals, ready to follow the broad shoulders of Edward Fuez, the guide, over anything and everything. An hour through moss-carpeted woods, past stretches of purple and white heather, to the edge of the tree-line, and then the steep scarp of the peak, covered with boulders and rocks and rotten shale, alternating with cliffs and ledges that tried patience and wind sorely.

Steeper and steeper it grew until Edward unslung the coil of rope he carried over his shoulder and began making loops at ten-foot intervals, into which the climbers ducked, the rope sagging about their waists, the shale slipping under foot, and climbed steadily upward, seeing only the path ahead. Resting for a minute on one level rock John Doe had peered over the edge into a thousand foot drop to Emerald Glacier where a group of climbing campers looked like soot-flecks on the icy field.

Northwest over gravel moraines and snow-fields the path clambered to other and narrower ledges. Pinnacle after pinnacle was surmounted, ledge after ledge crossed, up to the highest peak, and there on the roof of the world the tie-ribs of earth lay spread before the adventurers for fifty miles in every direction. Northward lay the green streak of the racing Yoho River; and beyond, range after range sloped away to the skyline where the continental watershed divided the little streams that go to make up the Peace, the Athabasca, the Saskatchewan and the Columbia Rivers. Eastward lay the Yoho Valley with its tumbling water-falls and its canyon depths;

PHOTO BY SUMNER MATTESON

THE FAMILIAR FACE OF THE HIGH COUNTRY THAT CALLS THE MOUNTAIN-BORN BACK southward the minster spires of the Cathedral Peaks, westward the stately head of Sir Donald stood in majestic silhouette above his kingdom of the Selkirk range.

There was little said. Words are too infinitesimal. The shopgirl describes her lady friend's new hat as "perfectly grand" and unfortunately no one has invented a different language to take the place of her vocabulary. The guide sealed up the parties' names in a heavy jar, and then the shadows began to deepen in the valleys. Going down is fortunately allowed by gravity to be easier than going up, and the party dug in their heels and minded Edward Fuez with an implicit obedience that was at times absurdly respectful.

"Yes, it was lovely," admitted John Doe, who is a poet as well as a climber, "but we were remarkably glad to see the tree-line ahead of us,and the wooded trail to camp. Poetry isn't in the same class with potatoes, nor scenery with broiled trout, along about six o'clock after a twelve-hour climb."

"Going back next year?" asked I, watching the glow of his pipe-bowl in the dusk of the dying fire. It reddened as I spoke, and the big man stirred in his chair.

"Yes, I'm going back," he answered. "In fact, I think I'll go out before the season's opened and make permanent camp. You know, when you've once been there you catch the fever, and no other place is quite the same. I feel more at home among those great, silent, lonely peaks than anywhere else I've ever been."

He turned a half-ashamed, half-inquiring glance upon me, and in his eyes the vision of the far-distant snow-caps rose. I nodded without speech, and after a little silence, we talked of other things.

The second annual camp of the Alpine Club opened July fourth of this year and closed on the eleventh. Over one hundred and fifty members were in attendance, of whom one hundred and twenty made one or more ascents. Of these, sixty-seven were graduates; that is to say, they qualified for active membership in the club. Besides climbing on six mountains—Aberdeen, Temple, Pinnacle, Eiffel Tower, Fay and Victoria—there was provided a stiff two days' excursion to Lake O'Hara, lying on the south side of Mount Victoria, the round trip including a traverse of Abbott's Pass and five other high snow passes, as well as half a dozen easier trips. Mount Temple, 11,626 feet above the sea, and Mount Aberdeen, 10,300 feet above the sea, were the official mountains.

President Wheeler was greatly pleased with the climbing done last year from Yoho Camp, and still better satisfied with this year's record. The ascents increased in speed, the climbers showed less fatigue, and the work done was more continuous and more strenuous. The quickest ascent made was on the Saturday after camp, E. O. Wheeler and C. B. Sissons climbing Aberdeen in two hours and twenty-nine minutes, remaining on the summit twenty minutes, and descending in thirty-six minutes, some two thousand feet of the descent being made by glissade.

The annual meeting was held around the camp-fire, when reports were presented and the President's address delivered. The club unanimously resolved to erect a $3,000.00 club house at Banff, where a curator will be put in charge.

Altogether, the club has been an unqualified success. The most optimistic dreams of eighteen months ago have been more than realized. The club's membership promises to exceed a thousand before long, and mountain-lovers all over the world will come to Canada to climb the snowpeaks of their domain.

Yes, John Doe was there. It was not long afterward that I met him at Laggan, while my train took on its mountain engine for the long climb.

"Well, how's life?" said I casually.

The big fellow smiled, and suddenly I realized in him the serene granite repose of the mountains he loved.

"Life's—life," he answered gravely, and I needed to ask no more.

It is a Hindu proverb, but none the less true in the West than at the foot of the Khyber Pass, "*Who goes to the Hills goes to his mother.*"

The Irish Setter's Story

By Grace L. Benson

DUNCAN Stewart leaned on his Winchester beside the buggy, gravely watching young Clavering crossing the stubble field.

"What a pity! What a pity!" said the elder man softly to himself, wincing at the dig of the young man's crutch in the earth. "And such a lad, too!"

Clavering glanced up and hallooed gaily across the field, "What luck?"

"Good!" called back Stewart. "What's yours?"

"Fine—fourteen. Going back now?"

"Ay—it's coming sundown."

Clavering limped up to the wagon and climbed in carefully, laying his birds in the long back of the rig, and giving a word of command to Bill, his handsome Irish setter, who forthwith leaped up behind and settled his russet length among the day's bag and the guns. Juno, Stewart's dog, was already there, picking the burrs out of her coat, and in a moment the team was raising the dust of the home road.

They drove in silence for a little while. Finally Stewart broke the silence.

"How did you happen to lose your leg, Clavering?"

A weary smile flitted over the young man's face, and it was a moment before he answered.

"It's an old story—and a common one," he said at last. "Even Bill might answer that, and yet it's not worth telling."

* * * * * *

Bill picked up his ears at the mention of his name, and Juno awoke from her nap.

"Lovely night, isn't it?" she remarked. "Reminds me of coon-hunting down on the Mississippi when I was a puppy. Ever been in Arkansas?"

"No," answered Bill. "My Master and I have lived mostly in England, and although we have traveled, we have never been in Arkansas."

"Traveled!" sniffed Juno. "With that game leg?"

There was a snap from Bill and a yelp from Juno.

"I'll teach you to speak disrespectfully of Frederic Stephen Clavering, even if you are lady!" said Bill, and Juno subsided.

"What have you done, anyway?" asked Bill, after a little silence.

"I began by traveling with a dog-show," answered Juno. "I wore a blue collar and jumped through a string of hoops while the band played. Then I stole the manager's beef-steak one morning when we were doing the country circuit, and was sold. After that I was a watch-dog, and did nothing but play with my little mistress, Miss Rachel. Besides, there were lots of scraps if I took pains to lie near the kitchen door and looked hungry. But I have not found the world always a bed of roses, I must say."

"H'm! I suppose you made your own bed," remarked Bill curtly.

"I was very proud of being a watch-dog," went on Juno undisturbed. "I barked and barked, and waited for thieves."

Bill could not repress a smile as he buried his muzzle in his glossy side.

"Many come?" he inquired.

"No, and finally people said I was a nuisance, so I was sold to this old chap." Juno nodded her head toward the old man on the front seat. "He's a good master but he thinks he knows everything. Say, he handled me rough at first. I got mad one day and tried to bite him, but you ought to have seen him give me the glassy eye. He whipped out of his pocket a leather strap with tacks or something in it—

oh, worse than tacks it felt!—and put it around my neck. Then he sent me out in the field and wouldn't call me back. I saw a fine bird coming my way and tried to clinch it, but gracious! something yanked a rope that hurt dreadfully."

Bill looked disgusted.

"And you aren't ashamed to tell that you had to wear one of those things! That's a disgrace."

"Well, it felt worse than that. There were lots of other things I hated to get used to, but finally I did, and now I like hunting as well as any dog."

Again Bill smiled behind his foreleg, but said nothing.

"What about you?" asked Juno, after a few moments' silence. "We've a good hour's drive ahead of us. Suppose you tell me how your master came to lose his leg, as he wouldn't tell my master. And before you begin, won't you move over a little? The burrs in my coat are making me uncomfortable."

"I was born on the Manor Farm" began Bill, "and they say I was a very handsome puppy. My Master was only a boy then, and many were the good rides and tramps and swims we have had together. Oh, those were good days, and good shooting any day we liked to go, and a great wood-fire in the Hall at night. My Master was a strong, brave, handsome lad then, and everybody loved him,"

"He's a cripple now," remarked Juno.

"He wasn't then, and he could ride Black Bess with the boldest of them. I was his special pet, and when he taught me to retrieve, I did my best, as befitted a dog of my ancestry. I often showed him where the birds were hiding, and together we would wade among the tall, sweet grasses, waiting until they took wing.

"One day we flushed a covey of birds, and although it was out of season, my Master shot one. It fell on the far side of a barley field, and without laying down his gun, my Master hurried across the rough field to get it. Somehow he tripped, caught the gun in a barley shock, and the second barrel went off, lodging the charge in his leg.

"I was only a puppy, and I thought he had shot another bird. I searched and searched, but couldn't find it, and at last I came back to where my Master was lying. Even then I couldn't understand, and kept nosing him and trying to get him to show me where the bird was, but finally I lay down beside him and only whined when he moaned.

"Just when I felt as if I must get up and bark, an old farmer came across the field and saw my Master lying on the ground.

"'Hullo! hullo! what's this? what's the trouble here?' he said in a big, gruff, crusty voice, and I got ready to growl if he came nearer.

"But he was kind, in spite of his rough voice, and when he saw my Master was hurt, he hurried away for a farm-wagon, and took us both to his house, my Master lying flat in the rig, and I followed behind with my ears and tail drooping as far as I could get them, for I felt sure my Master and I would never go on the Long Trail again.

"Poor Master! It was days and days that I lived in the farmer's barnyard with the hens and chickens and cattle. Every day I would go and whine at the door, but they never would let me in. At last the farmer's wife came and called me in.

"My Master was lying in bed and when I jumped up, he put his face down against my coat and I licked the back of his neck.

"'Billy, we're done for,' he said. 'We're just about three-quarters of ourselves. We're going hopping through life on a crutch the rest of our natural life, thanks to a tuppence ha' penny country doctor. The joke's on us, old fellow, and—you'll have to smile for me, boy, for I can't.'

"He broke off with a queer, gurgling sound, and I crept close to him. Just then the farmer's wife came in and saw me on the white quilt. I was ordered out, and when I next saw my Master, he was limping on his crutch to the depot.

"'We'll go back, Billy,' he said. 'We'll have another look at the old place down in Devonshire, and then we'll go away. Canada for us, Bill. Come on, boy!'

"We went back to the fields where we had spent so many sunny days together, and my Master threw himself down among the ferns.

" 'It's there,' he said. 'Red roofs, gardens, woodlands and all, and I'll never see them again. Oh God! what use am I now? Why, even the tiny mosses and stones at my feet are fresh and perfect, while I—I'm worse than useless now. I'm envious even of that little rabbit scampering along the hedgerow there.

" 'Bill, do you remember how we used to stand here last year and watch the sun setting across the hills? If we could only go home to-night to the Hall—. Eh, well! it's no use dreaming. We'll go away and not bother them with a poor lamester.'

"I longed to be able to speak for just one little minute, but all I could do was to wag my tail and lick my Master's hand. Yet he bent down and patted my head.

" 'Good dog!' he said. 'You and I understand each other.'

"So we came away in the twilight, and we have never gone back. But I'd rather be my Master's dog than live in King Edward's own kennels."

* * * * * *

The dogs were both silent, and the men on the buggy-seat were silent too.

The Scotchman broke the stillness gravely. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" he said quietly, and the young man nodded as he picked up his crutch and slowly climbed down.

When October Comes

By Dorothy Green

GOLD, rich gold, and the faint, autumnal sunlight
Sifted through a web of cloud and tangled 'mid the trees;
Half the branches stripped and gray, half laden still with treasures,
Spoils the wandering wind may catch and carry where they please.

Dimly traced the shadows lie across the leafy roadside
Where the idle breezes with the rustling carpet play.
Earth is steeped in warm content and drowsing in the sunshine
When October holds the world beneath her gentle sway.

Dreams, vague dreams, how they beckon to our fancy!
Some of them remembrances, the others—who can say?
What is it within our hearts that answers to the summons?
What the call of magic power that leads our thoughts astray?

Sweet as only dreams can be, yet touched with wistful longing
Ghosts of autumns vanished, how they rise to haunt the brain,
Some as clear as yesterday and some too faint for telling
When October comes to us with Memory in her train.

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

Wild Geese

By R. W. Dunlop

THE saying "cute as a fox" runs at large, but he who knows the wild geese feels the inadequacy of the expression. To say "cute as a goose" would sound paradoxical in the face of that other proverbial expression, "silly as a goose," but it would be nearer the truth than either the first or the second phrase. Of all our wild birds and animals, the goose is the "cutest," and the most knowing. He has an eye like the eagle's that surveys miles of area from the gallery of the air. As he soars along above the earth, he takes in everything minutely, and seldom makes a mistake if man's strategy is not at work. Almost the only way to bag a goose is by the use of strategy, or an expert use of the long-range rifle.

In flight they proceed in regular order. The old gander, hero of many migrations, and expert navigator of the air from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, forms the apex of the V. Following him in pairs, which spread farther apart from front to rear, come the flock in two lines converging at the leader. Where he goes, they will follow, keeping an unvarying distance apart and never breaking the inverted V formation—barring accidents such as guns. When fired upon obliquely from the front, they rise instantly to safer air, form again, and sail along, keeping the great pace serenely.

We see them in our country in April, passing in magnificent angles up the north wind to their summer homes among the lonely lakes and mountains. Occasionally they alight for food upon our wide, exposed fields, but they are too wary to settle down near any cover which might conceal an enemy. While the flock feed, guard is kept by a sentinel. He occupies the most advantageous position for observing the surrounding country, and watches for danger signs. If he sees the top of your cap protruding from a grass-clump, or over the edge of a stone, he gives the alarm, and you may then go home gooseless.

The period of spring migration lasts about two weeks. No more geese are seen till late in autumn. Cold, windy weather comes, a little snow falls, and you think it is time for the geese. But the wind swings around to the south and the weather warms again. Still you keep watching the northern sky, still listening for the well-remembered "Honk! honk! honk!" in the early mornings. Morning after morning you pick up your milk-pail with a sigh, and turn towards the barn without a sight of the journeyers.

One night you awake about three o'clock, and hear the wind howling down from the white wastes of the north, and swishing the snow against your window. You rise, moved by some indefinable instinct, and look out at the threatening weather and the ring about the moon. Through the open sash you lean, and as you do so you hear a faint "Honk! honk! honk!" Against the dim paleness of the moon you catch a glimpse of an irregular triangle, its apex pointed towards Texas. The geese are going south.

In the gray of the morning you awake to find the sky clear and a light snow on the ground. The earth is frozen in spots, but the sloughs are open, save for a fringe of ice at their edges. The wind is from the north and has a smell of snow in it. It is goose time.

Up from the northern horizon they come floating in battalions, and fade away in the southern blue. Morning and evening their ragged strings trail themselves across the cold blue sky. During the day they feed, and if they discover good grounds near a large slough in a secluded locality, they will make a temporary camp and establish themselves for perhaps two weeks, or until the weather forces them to move on. It is during this period that the hunter cleans his gun, and starts out to try his fortune.

An experienced sportsman will study carefully the habits of the flock—their line of flight, feeding grounds, and night water. Then he will select the most desirable place in which to dig his pits. These will be either near the slough, on which they spend the night; or near the field of stubble where they feed in the morning. They will rise from the water immediately after daybreak, and make for the stubble. Before alighting, they will encircle the field many times, seeking for signs of danger. If none are seen, they will come down in irregular squads, and proceed warily to breakfast.

Goose-pits are holes dug in the ground in which man may be concealed from the eye of his quarry. They must be deep enough and large enough to permit of the movements necessary to a shot. But whatever else they may or might be, they must be entirely invisible from above. This necessitates careful covering with grass and bushes, all the excavated earth, and the consequent cavity. But there must of course be a loop-hole of observation.

It sometimes occurs that the geese will come to the field in thousands, but will persistently refuse to come near the pits. To eliminate this chance of failure, the hunter must provide a flock of tin geese—decoys—near the pits. When the living flock flutter near, he calls in imitation of a goose. They are completely deceived, and alight among their supposed brethren in perfect confidence, whereupon the hunter promptly gives them both barrels. The noise frightens them, and they hurriedly rise into the air in disorder. Again the hunter fires. They are confused, and seeing the tin decoys standing in apparent safety and comfort below, they alight once more at the coaxing honk! honk! of the concealed hunter. At last in sheer desperation, they fly away, and the hunter collects the bag. The game is over for that day.

There are five distinct varieties of geese found in this country. The largest is the Canada gray goose, or honker, as it is frequently called. This goose weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds. The Hutchin's goose is a smaller bird, very similar in markings to the honker, but a swifter flier than its cousin. Besides these two gray varieties, we have the snow goose, white-fronted goose and blue goose, which go under a host of different names among the gunners. Being pure white, a flock resembles a snow-drift at a little distance and a large gathering of them forms a beautiful sight when on the wing.

However, scientific analysis does not disturb the hunter greatly, and when Thanksgiving comes around, still less do they matter. Honker, brant, or white goose comes smoking in, a most delicious brown on the platter, and the only analysis that is of value is that of "Light meat, or dark, Mary?"

* * *

Where the Spokane Flyer Lights

By Garnet C. E. Eubank

THE Spokane Flyer drills a hole through the days and another through the nights between the Twin Cities of Minnesota and the city of Spokane faster than any train ever did it before and faster than any other train is likely to do it for some time to come. You give your grips to the porter at St. Paul or Minneapolis, climb into the palatial sleepers, have dinner in the sumptuous dining car, retire for the night in the long, wide, high berths, spend a night of restful slumber, and next morning find yourself tearing through the rich agricultural background that supports the city of Moose Jaw. A few hours more of magnificent speed and the fascination of fast motion ends for twenty minutes at Moose Jaw, the largest city in Saskatchewan. In fact it must end here for this is the central divisional point on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Calgary, as well as the terminus of the Soo Line, over which you have just hurried. No trains fly through Moose Jaw now, for the days of its water-tank and windmill history, though only a few years back, have given way to as great a burst of municipal progress as has been Western Canada's pride to see.

Moose Jaw has a spine of steel, not a single strip but interwoven strands with all their consequent strength. Here the C. P. R. pushes through its main line east and west. The Soo Lines come in from St. Paul. The Saskatchewan-Edmonton line gets its starting point for the Moose Jaw elbow, a branch of which will go to Saskatoon. Here too a net work of tracks give yardage room for a round-house of twenty-eight stalls as well as a general machine and repair shop.

Rushing westward the Spokane Flyer finds its way by Dunmore Junction to the Crow's Nest Pass and thence over the mountains to the populous cities of the coast.

In the days of the stage coach very little territory was laid tribute to any center of population, the means of transportation being far too slow and unsteady, but in these present times of special trains, tremendous speed brings districts in a radius of hundreds of miles in close touch with the larger cities, and so the Spokane Flyer, the Trans-Canada, the Imperial Limited and the Over-Seas Mail are all widening the commercial influence of Moose Jaw and every day increasing its prestige as a distributing and manufacturing point in a larger and still larger area. The railways have made Moose Jaw great and they are going to make it greater. Not only have they developed its natural potentialities but brought new ones as cogent as can be.

Moose Jaw is assuredly a great center for mixed farming. In addition to grain growing, the lands surrounding the city are going to be supplemented in their aggregate product by the stock raised on the grazing and ranching area between the city and the international boundary. These will total eight million acres all subordinate to Moose Jaw.

Some idea of the city's progressiveness may be obtained from the fact that in 1902 the assessment was hardly nine hundred thousand dollars whereas this year it has passed the six million mark.

The Dominion Census, taken June 24th, 1906, placed the population of Moose Jaw at 6250—increase in five

OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY, the unique new magazine, published at Chicago, and devoted to the cause of bringing opportunity seekers in touch with opportunities all over the world, has formulated an admirable plan for "covering" Western Canada. This plan will be carried on under the direction of Mr. Garnett C. Eubank, who, at the suggestion of the Western Canadian Immigration Association, has been appointed editor for Canada, and whose duty it will be to present facts and figures on Canadian development to the readers of the publication. The plan includes an extended trip through the prairie provinces and British Columbia by Mr. Eubank. OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY is equipped with superb facilities for accomplishing its mission. It is possessed of an art department unexcelled in the United States, and its editorial staff numbers among its personnel some of the best known newspaper and magazine writers of America. Mr. Eubank, who has been assigned to the Canadian field, was formerly editor of "The American Business Man."—The Editor.

years of 4692. The population increased over 1000 last year and is now estimated at 7500. The city owns its waterworks and electric light plants. Here are found D. McLean's flour mills, capacity, 250 barrels daily; W. White's brick yard, capacity, 2,000,000 per year; five chartered banks; one private bank; two daily and one semi-weekly newspapers; six churches; all lines of business represented; good hotels; telephone system; eight miles of water mains and sewerage.

The corporation is now sinking a test well. 2000 feet for natural gas. There are rich desposits of clay located 25 miles south. One deposit is fire-brick clay, quantities of which have been brought in by wagon and manufactured here; the quality is first class. Another deposit is pottery clay of a superior quality. Experts have tested this clay and pronounce it most suitable for sewer pipes and delf. A railway from Moose Jaw to these clay deposits, and men with capital to develop the same, are required to establish industries, the products of which are to-day in great demand, and, as settlement fncreases the demand will continually grow.

There are five hotels at present in Moose Jaw and another large one under construction. The C.P.R. has plans prepared for the erection immediately, of a new $175,000 hostelry for the convenience of tourists and the general traveling public.

Moose Jaw offers the best location in Western Canada for an abattoir, a meat packing industry, and the industries practically associated therewith—a soap factory and a tannery. Soon these great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta will have a population of millions, where now they have hundreds of thousands. To supply their wants there must be industries established by men of experience, brains and capital. The tillers of the soil, the pioneers of the greatest industry in Canada—agriculture—are showing the way to manufacturers. They are demonstrating the possibilities of Western Canada by results, and they are speaking in a language that cannot be misunderstood, such as: We produce the wealth; we must have supplies, manufacturing industries must come to us.

Into the New Places

By A. F.

THE march of the immigrants is this year assuming very much the aspect of an exodus into the regions beyond. Settlement has for many years confined itself largely to the country adjacent to the railways, and, although it has of necessity reached farther back as the lands have been taken up, the construction of new roads has followed so quickly that the settlers have seemed to be taking up chiefly the central and more convenient territory. Now, however, there is a marked movement into the hinterland, and numbers of newly-arrived settlers are going into the districts that a few years ago were looked upon as impossible.

Notable among these new districts are the Peace River country and the tract of land lying along the proposed route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway toward the Yellowhead. The former is destined to become very shortly one of the banner farming districts of Canada. It will be remembered that a report made a few years ago upon the agricultural resources of the Peace country by the younger Macoun was skeptical and discouraging, but the results recorded by bona-fide settlers who have kept on experimenting discount the accuracy of that report and tend rather to show that the country has almost infinite possibilities for future development. To further examine its resources and possibilities the Dominion Government has commissioned F. Lawrence, the farthest-north farmer in Canada, to conduct a series of experiments in agriculture and horticulture at his farm at Fort Vermilion, seven hundred miles north of Edmonton. Last year's crop of wheat at Fort Vermilion, it may be said, totaled something more than 20,000 bushels from a thousand acres.

Into this new farmers' northland are going men who want to see for themselves and who have been lured by men already there, to whom the Peace River country is the best of the West. Their numbers are not yet great, but enough have gone and are going to indicate a well-defined movement. It is, and will be for some years, the most truly pioneer colonization in Canada, but richness of soil and geniality of climate will make the conditions very endurable until such time as the railway comes. And that time will not be long delayed, if present indications are to be credited. One Canadian railway has a northern extension mapped out from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, a distance of one hundred miles, and a new project is now being financed for a road running eastward and north to Fort McMurray.

Less adventurous, perhaps, are the settlers moving out to the western farm lands between Edmonton and the Rockies. These are going in the sure and certain hope of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is to follow as soon as its roadbed can be built and its tracks laid. There is good country this side of the foothills, and numerous little prairie towns are already springing up along the line of the road that is to be. The Pembina district, for example, will need to be put down at once on the maps of settled Canada, for scores of prospective farmers are moving thither and taking up homesteads. In a year or two they will be shipping out good wheat by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The immigrant of the average type is not, however, a man always of a single purpose, and sometimes his motives are mixed. There have been some prospective settlers who have moved out toward the new west this spring, traveling along the Edmonton trail with a wagon load or two of household effects and a few head of cattle, whose minds were filled, if the truth were told, not altogether with dreams or rich and fruitful farm lands, but with dreams also of yellow gold. For the report went out some time ago that gold had been found in the Yellowhead, and again in the Onemica River country, and the lure of the gold shared with the lure of the wheat lands. The reports were indefinite and the men who believed them most were most particular to keep their secret hopes and intentions to themselves. They quietly outfitted and struck toward the Yellowhead, presumably to go a-farming, but also in fact, to get near enough that in cases of actual gold strikes they might share in the luck that would fall to the first-comers. They will make, it may be hoped, good farmers, for the gold stories originated in somebody's imagination.

In the northern regions of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the real hinterland of the West, there will be surveyed this summer, in readiness for the settlers who will come next year, ten million acres of land. Lines were laid on an equal area last summer, and even when this season's work is done there will still remain in the West a total land area unsurveyed, but fit for settlement, equal to the entire area already surveyed. There is room for the people yet.

* * *

In the Service of the Company

By J. P. Turner

LYING is a tropical accomplishment. It is easy to get miraculous yarns anywhere in the South Seas—penny plain and twopence coloured. Any beach-comber will spin them for you by the hour.

But up in the Far North, on the edge of the Arctic,Barrens, lying is not so popular. One of the reasons why Canada has had so little trouble with her Indians is the truth and square-dealing of her men.

And yet for tales that stir the blood, give me an old northern post on a winter night, the fire roaring in the wide chimney, the stately cat sleeping beside the hearth, and one of the old-time factors remembering the chronicles of long ago.

It is a place to stir the imagination—the old log fort, built in the days of Prince Rupert's Land maybe, the fire-light flickering on the rough beams, the ancient steelyards hanging in the corner, the peltries on the floor, the huge home-made chair where the factor has so long sat enthroned to take tribute from his subjects—a place where one forgets cities and civilization, and becomes responsive to the Great White North, never changing, brooding, irresistible, content with her vast loneliness, resentful of all invasion, wonderful.

In such a fort I listened to a strange story, one that would be consigned to the limbo of fiction by most men, and yet one which I am convinced is true. You will smile as you read it, perhaps, and yet if you had heard Malcolm Stewart—the name will do as well as another—if you had listened to him while the snow whistled down the stone chimney, you too would have believed. And this is the tale.

A good many years ago while the arm of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company was yet the ruling power in the forest realms of Canada, there was a small post far to the north on the southern edge of the great Barrens. Here under the supervision of a stout-hearted son of old Scotland existed a little handful of white men and the ever present cluster of half-breed and Indian adherents.

Life in the log fort was a lonely sort of existence, cut off from the world of men during the long year, with the one exception of the provision supply-train's arrival. Yet the traders were self-adapted to meet all the vicissitudes of the north, and took life lightly. In the long dark nights, beneath the mysterious splendors of the Aurora Borealis, surrounded by the endless leagues of frozen solitude, many weird tales were told and many strange superstitions crept into their lonely lives.

Towards the end of an unusually long and uneventful winter, in which the amount of peltries received fell considerably below the average, the Scotch factor found himself in the hiterto unknown position of being forced to send out men to trade among the Indians and Eskimos, instead of merely waiting for them to come with their winter catches.

Among others who were known to be within reach was an isolated village of Dog Rib Indians, who were said to be encamped some two hundred miles away, awaiting the north-coming of the caribou herds. Concluding that they would have considerable to trade, the factor decided to dispatch a party of three white men and two Indians with dog teams and sleighs to find the Dog Ribs and procure what pelts they had to offer. To make the loads lighter, only enough food was taken for the journey north, the party relying upon the Indian village to supply them for the return journey.

The little party started away one cold bright morning in March, and after nearly a week's travel, with their food supply exhausted, they came upon the location of the Dog Rib village. Snow had fallen heavily during the week, and all traces of the camp were obliterated except for a few tepee poles upright in the smooth whiteness. For reasons best known to themselves, the Dog Ribs had vacated their village, and the snow had entirely filled up their tracks.

To attempt to follow was useless. Provisions were exhausted, and to proceed further was only to increase the danger of starvation. No alternative lay open to them other than the dash for the Company's post, two hundred miles away across the snowy wastes. Perhaps they might meet with a stray caribou or other game on the way. If the worst came to the worst, there yet remained the dogs, but men will suffer and endure much rather than resort to killing their huskies. There was nothing else to do.

A strong brew of the little remaining tea was consumed, and with stern faces and belts pulled tight, the little company of adventurers took up the homeward trail. For men without food or rest, the first day's march showed the metal of the travellers, for before halt was made at nightfall for a few hours of hunger-visioned sleep, the distance was reduced by forty miles.

Long before daylight spread above the snow-wrapt solitudes, the men were again on the move. A second brew of weak tea from the tea-leaves of the day before helped to revive their stiffened limbs to action, and without counting the probable cost, serene in the hope of accomplishing the impossible, yet gradually weakening from want of food, they swung lamely off for the second day's march.

Mid-day dragged around and saw them pressing on, the Indians leading, the white men taking turn about with the sleighs. Towards sundown one man played out and was forced to trust to the weary dogs. The rest struggled on mechanically, and when the little group huddled about their cheerless fire at nightfall, thirty miles additional lay behind.

The third day was but a repetition of the second. Weak, footsore and famished, they struggled on. In vain they watched for signs of deer or any creature that might afford a meal, but nothing was seen. The Indians and one white man led the way, while the straining dogs brought on the other two, one raving incoherently in delirium. That day but fifteen weary miles were made. More than half the journey remained before.

Among the stunted growths of a water-course they made their fire that night, and the Indians cast hungry glances at the dogs, that lurked with savage, sinister eyes beyond the circle of the fire's glow. Instinctively they shunned the men, and the wolf blood in their shaggy bodies slowly gained the mastery. More than once they set to fighting among themselves, and the Indians prepared to kill one of the huskies.

Suddenly the fire seemed to leap into new life. Ashes and burning brands were scattered upon the snow. The logs up-ended, tumbled back, and fell apart. The white man sprang up and stared wild-eyed; one of the Indians fell back, muttering. Only one man was unmoved. Knife in hand he crept towards the possessed fire while his comrades watched him, wondering if the cold and hunger had driven him the way of his white comrade. The logs reared up again, and the Indian leaped into the flames. A brief struggle followed in which the fire and the Indian seemed as one, and from which hungry yells and hoarse rumbling growls were emitted. Then to the astonishment of all, the Indian emerged from the logs of the almost extinguished fire, dragging the carcass of a big black bear. Fate had ruled that in all that great wilderness the third night's fire should be made above the sleeping animal buried in the snow.

Nonsense, you say? Perhaps. Where the Street Inspection Commission is the final authority, one finds it easy to smile a superior smile and discount such a tale. But there were men about that camp-fire under the Northern Lights who ate and thanked God for the miracle.

Women of Winnipeg

By Edward Angus

THE west wind that wimpled the wild grass of old,
God's gift to the wild things that peopled the plain,
Is sighing and singing o'er oceans of gold,
And I too am sighing to see them again.
To westward the mountains; to eastward the woods;
And wonderful Winnipeg—there with the goods!

O women of Winnipeg, sunny and sweet,
I wonder how soon I shall see you again!
Brown hair, and hair that's like ripening wheat,
And "atmosphere" fresh as the breath of the plain,
As bright as the morning bespangled with dew,
O women of Winnipeg—I'm all for you!

Fair dames whose brave husbands stand ready to die,
With no greater glory than death for your sake;
Fair damsels whose worshippers languishing lie,
All nursing their hearts that you ruthlessly break,
Undervalued, mismeasured and misunderstood,
O women of Winnipeg—all to the good!

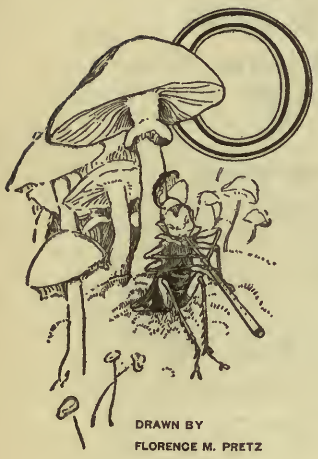
We smile when you smile and we weep when you weep,
You sweep every chord in a sensitive soul,
You cost us some heart-aches; you lose us some sleep;
Etcetra, etcetra—yet on the whole
We love you, half human and wholly divine,
O women of Winnipeg—surely for mine!

The monk-man who knows not and never can know,
Who knows not he knows not, will never know why
We muse-courting mortals should sing to you so,
Why brave men are willing to do and to die
For love of you; and will not stop to inquire.
O women of Winnipeg—*under the wire!*

Mr. Cricket and His Flute

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"


DRAWN BY
FLORENCE M. PRETZ

Of course you know that the fairies come up and dance in their fairy rings every moonlight night. Of course! Everybody knows that, except the people who don't have eyes for fairies, and they don't count.

Well, they have to have a band to play for them, and maybe you wouldn't believe me if I told you that that fat, black, old Mr. Cricket was one of the band, would you?

You would? Really? Well, then, I'll tell you the story about him.

Once-upon-a-time he was a slim little elf in a red coat and green cap, and he used to sit on a moss-cushion and whistle on a grass-flute. And all the fairies loved to have him play for them to dance by.

There were Billiken and the Nasturtium-Girl, of course, and Twillikens and Buff, and Tip-toe, and Fiddlekins and Toots and Pug and Queet, and all the Sweet-pea children, and dozens and dozens more. When the moon came up, big and yellow from the other side of the world through the grasses, the fairies all gathered from star-swing and earth-palace and flower-chamber for a hands-all-around dance.

Billiken had the end of the chain, and began the fairy-song:

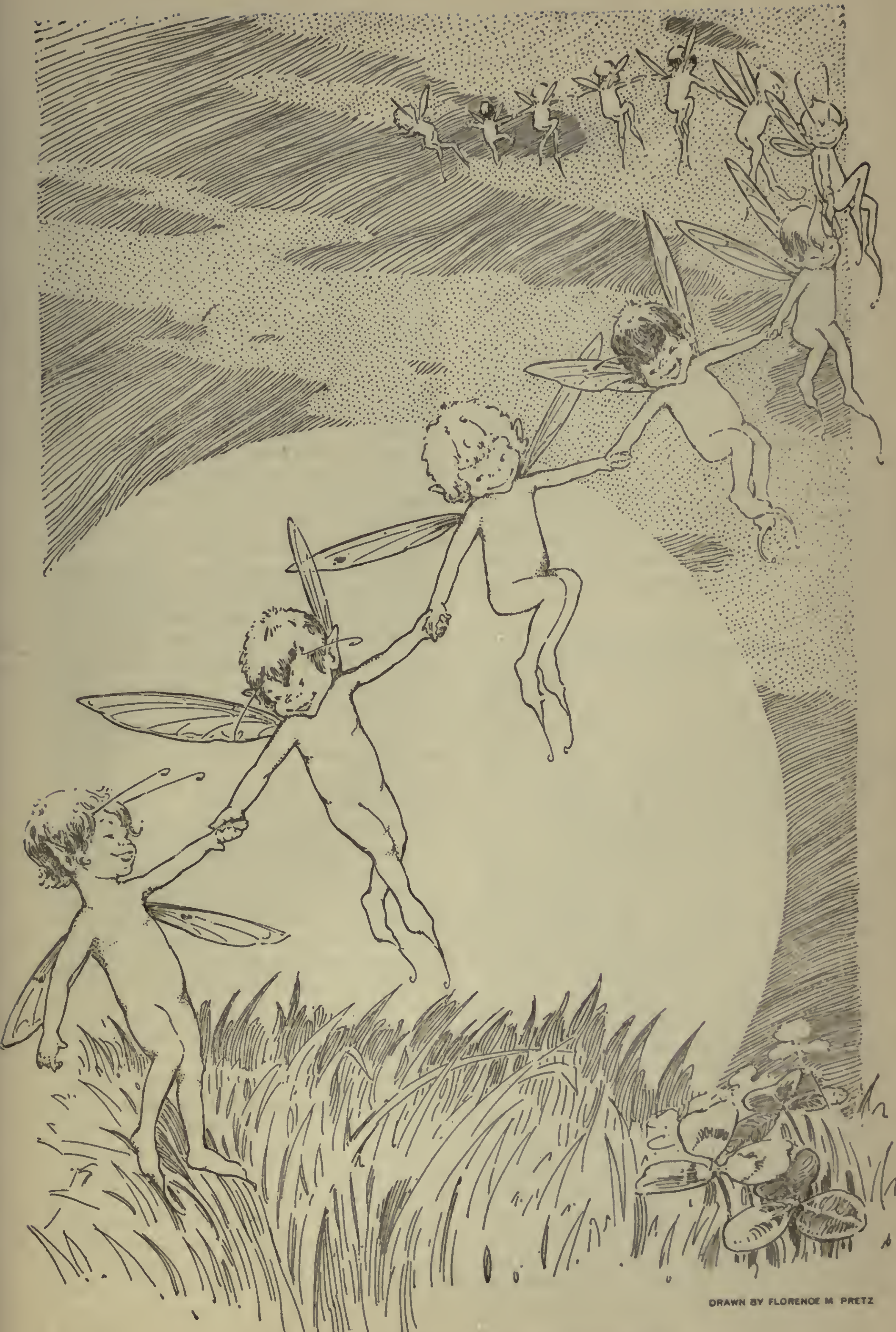
Oh Moon,
Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
We're all ready,
An' the wind walks steady,
Oh Moon,
Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

And Mr. Cricket whistled the accompaniment, as he sat under his toadstool, while the rest of the band joined in. Oh, they had merry times on moonlight nights when they had their dances!

But by and by he began to get old, and being out nights made him have rheumatism, for he was not like the fairies that eat nothing but dew and honey and live forever.

So the King put his flute on his shoulders forever so he wouldn't have to carry it in his rheumaticky old hands. And the Queen gave him a warm black coat to keep him dry and cosy from the dew.

And Mr. Cricket played in the band ever after, so when you hear him tuning up about sleepy-time, you'll know the fairies are going to dance.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

THE FAIRIES GATHERED FOR A HANDS-ALL-AROUND DANCE

The Tenderfoot

By Francis Dickie

VERY slowly the Tenderfoot rose from his unfamiliar bunk and moved out through the bunk-house door towards the long porch of the hacienda, where the copper bowl of the full moon rose threateningly above the level darkness of the prairie

"Homesick, ain't he? Poor critter!" remarked young Jim Halloway to his chum, looking after the new man, and watching his cigar-end glow and fade in the darkness. "Not much wonder in this hell-hot country. He's from Canada."

"They most always is, the first day. Guess we've all been homesick," responded the other boy. "I'll take three—aces preferred."

The poker game went on, and the bunk-house thought no more of the tall figure sitting on the steps, fighting off the first terrible pangs of homesickness.

The chill of evening had fallen. In the marshes the frogs croaked a dreary melody, and were answered from the ravine by the hollow, booming call of the great horned owl. The Tenderfoot felt his heart pounding against his ribs in muffled throbs that hurt like blows.

"Blanche!" he muttered harshly. "Blanche! Blanche! Blanche!" and with the word, rose savagely to his feet, and gripped his fingers together, while the mocking call of the great owl answered his cry.

The girl seated behind him at the dusky window trying to get a breath of cool air watched him thoughtfully. Aileen Doran had been with her father only a few months, and found the silent, stalwart cowboys of constant interest. Fresh from an Eastern college, the new surroundings were strange to her. The silence, the freedom, the appalling space of this vast, lonely country filled her with oppression and desire. She felt utterly alone, and the lonely figure of the Tenderfoot filled her with sympathy.

The men had been silent and aloof, always courteous when addressed, but never offering a common topic of conversation. Perhaps it was only because she was the owner's daughter. If she had known their secret worship of her, perhaps she might have spoken more easily with them, but as it was, she knew nothing of them.

She was a woman whom men might well serve, tall, queenly, with mobile features and deep gray twilight eyes. About her smooth forehead curled tiny ringlets which had escaped from the heavy mass of her wonderful hair. Red, yet not red, it was an indefinable color that drew the eyes of men after her, and lay in great masses, crowning her stately head with a tiara that a queen might have envied.

Her dusky eyes were full of loneliness and longing as she gazed out into the night, and saw the motionless figure of the Tenderfoot silhouetted against the lighted sky. If she could help him—. She rose, and went out into the porch. The wind touched the casement where she had been leaning and shook out the light hangings. It brushed the cheek of the Tenderfoot with soft fingers, and he turned to meet it.

There in the moonlight she stood, her white dress gleaming, her hand half extended, her delicate face lifted to the silver glory, an elfin vision that brought the Tenderfoot's heart up into his throat with a sob.

They stood motionless, transfixed, for what seemed like an hour. The Tenderfoot stiffened every muscle of his body, and the girl stood with wide eyes, seeing, feeling, divining she knew not what. Then the man spoke from a parched throat—

"Blanche? It isn't true? I'm dreaming? Blanche, for God's sake, say it is not you. Good God, haven't you made life bitter enough for me?"

Aileen Doran caught her breath. So this was what he had been dreaming there in the darkness. And she had come to help him—what cruelty! She put out her hands with an impulsive gesture.

"Forgive me," she said in her low, vibrant voice, "Forgive me for causing you this bitterness. I am not Blanche—may I not make amends for reminding you of her? No! No! you will only remember her the more. You must not see me again."

She had spoken quickly, almost passionately, without choosing her words. The Tenderfoot listened to the music of her voice, and shook his head.

"No, please do not think so," he answered. "I shall not want to forget you. The plains and the saddle will help me to forget Blanche, but I shall remember you always."

She stood silent, looking at him gravely.

"Always and always," he repeated, putting out his hand, and she took it solemnly, without a word.

"It is strange we should speak so—utter strangers," he said musingly. "Do you believe in predestination?"

Aileen Doran looked up at him with a change of mood that mirrored itself in her face like a breeze stirring a quiet sea.

"Perhaps!" she countered. "Who knows?" and with a rustle of silken skirts she was gone, leaving him with her enigmatical answer ringing in his ears.

The moon had risen far up the sky, and the prairie was silent, bathed in the silver flood of light from skyline to skyline. The Tenderfoot turned away with a musing smile on his lips. Silently and happily he entered the bunkhouse, and threw himself on the bed.

* * *

Months had gone by, swiftly and uncounted on the ranch. The Tenderfoot's body had ceased to ache after long hours in the saddle, and the cowboys felt a kind of respectful friendliness towards their silent, busy comrade with his gentleman's speech, and his reserve. Like all their race, they asked no questions, nor sought to break in upon his solitude.

It had been hot for weeks. Day after day the same fierce sun rose over the plains and night after night set in a golden blaze of feathery clouds. The water was drying up, the grass withering, and the cattle growing restless. Occasionally the Tenderfoot saw a tall figure in the saddle, a sombrero pulled over her eyes, riding far across the prairie, but she was never near enough to exchange a word.

One sultry evening the Tenderfoot rode night watch, always moving, always circling the herd. The cattle were unusually restless, and to an old hand the signs would have been ominous, but the watcher was oblivious. In the distance twinkled the fire where his mates lay sleeping. On three sides the level prairie stretched away for miles. On the fourth was a deep, rocky gully, with steep precipices and a savage river plunging down among rocks at the bottom. On the horizon lightning flashed intermittently, and the Tenderfoot hoped for a shower.

Suddenly a blinding flash lit up the prairie, and a crashing peal of thunder broke upon the air. With a wild bellow the herd leaped to its feet. A thousand horns flashed in the half-light, and mingling with the thunder-peal rose the terrible roar of thousands of frightened cattle. The Tenderfoot knew the meaning of that horrible cry, and dug spurs into his horse He was nearly abreast of the leaders in the mad stampede, and in the camp the other cowboys were saddling up frantically, while fainter and fainter became the thud of thousands of flying feet.

Into the Tenderfoot's head flashed the terrible thought that the cattle were headed straight for the gully. If they were not turned thousands of them would go over the cliff. The ravine was scarcely a mile away. Quick action must be taken. He galloped on beside the leaders, shouting and waving his arms, but to no purpose in that mad babel. The long cruel whip lashed out across them, and the leading cattle veered a trifle. The Tenderfoot emptied his revolver into the leaders, and the herd swayed again. Once more the bullets sang, and the main body of the herd wheeled to the edge of safety. He had accomplished it. The herd was saved. But a small bunch of young bulls had not turned, and before the Tenderfoot knew it, they were upon him, closing around him, and bearing him down towards the dangerous gully.

Yet there was a chance for life. With difficulty he pulled himself out of the saddle, but the cattle were wedged in a close-packed mass, and he lit upon swaying backs. He staggered to his feet, and with awkward falling leaps and bounds, tried to gain the outer edge of the herd. The time was too short. With a terrible noise the leaders were leaping into space at the edge of the cliff.

Into his mind came the memory of that moonlit night, and Aileen Doran's last words. "Do you believe in predestination?" he heard himself saying, and smiled at her answer, "Perhaps, Who knows?" There was still a chance, for he was close to the outer edge. Predestination wasn't going to make any difference. He made one more leap for the rear of the herd—and went over the edge with the last steers with a shuddering crash.

* * *

Dawn was just breaking over the silent plains when a party of cowboys marched wearily into the hacienda, and laid a limp, battered figure on the white bed. Carefully, almost reverently, they drew the coverlet over him, and went quietly out to the bunk-house, leaving him alone with the doctor and Aileen.

For a century of pain the two worked over the Tenderfoot, hoping against hope, snatching every little advantage, coaxing the ill-used body to breathe, were it ever so faintly, and hardly daring to look into each other's eyes lest either should read a 'No' there.

It was growing dusk one evening when the Tenderfoot slowly drifted back to consciousness. Vaguely he stared before him, trying to realize that he was again in the world. At the foot of the bed sat Aileen, looking down upon him with an infinite tenderness in her eyes.

That gaze woke new life in his veins, and he stirred.

"Aileen!" he whispered feebly, and softly, without a word, she rose, and knelt beside him.

"You've come back," she murmured.

He put up his arms weakly, and drew her face down to his.

"I've come back, darling—to you," he muttered brokenly. "Is it true, Aileen? Do you love me—can you love me? Will you come with me—home?"

With a tired little sigh she leaned her stately head on his shoulder.

"Anywhere, dear," she answered. "To the end of the world with you—or for you."

"We'll go North again, Aileen," be whispered brokenly. "I've been dreaming of the pine woods and the great fields of wheat until it seemed as if I should go mad. And you—you know?"

The hot wind of the plains blew in at the window and tossed the thin curtains. She rose impatiently at the touch of it, and stretched out her arms to the north.

"Ah, the cool North!" she said aloud. "The cool North! This wind burns me—burns me! Oh, dear heart of mine, we will go," and with a low cry, she knelt beside him, her lips on his.

The doctor, who had finished his cigar and come to look at his patient, quietly shut the door again and tiptoed away, leaving them alone in the twilight.

A Canadian Irrigation System

By Ernest Cawcroft

THEY are casting things in a large mould out in Western Canada. That circle which seems to bound every prairie covers a large area of mother earth, and the men of the newer clime are inspired by the width of their horizon to make their concrete plans upon the same extensive basis. They are looking into the future with a confidence born of twenty-five wheat bushels to an acre, in Southern Alberta. And, then, they share the optimism of spirit which prompts railroad magnates to build their highways of steel through the wilderness; indeed, in this modern day they are content to extend their line from somewhere in the East to a harbor of the West, knowing that the land-thirst of the race will stimulate a Westward migration destined to create settlements and towns in the intermediate interior.

An adequate map of the Dominion must always be a recent edition. The migration of peoples and the growth of settlements are so rapid that one cannot depend upon the present deficiencies of the geography with which he crammed for the college entrance examinations. But taking a recent map of the Dominion, follow the line of the Canadian Pacific westward from Winnipeg to Calgary, that typical English city, two thousand miles from the Atlantic and eight hundred miles from the waters of the Pacific. Remember, too, that Calgary is one of the pivots of the Agricultural Empire. Running easterly from Calgary, your finger will trace a large area, one hundred and fifty miles in length and with an average width of forty miles, situated between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers. The western boundary of this Southern Alberta block of prairie is thirty-four hundred feet above sea-level, and it slopes easterly to a level of twenty-three hundred feet above the high-tide of the Atlantic

This strip of land between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers includes an area of three million acres. When the Calgary irrigation project is completed the system of main and secondary canals will supply water for a larger strip of agricultural country than any other similar enterprise on earth. It is within the decade that the historian of the day commended the initiative and administrative ability displayed by Lord Cromer in constructing those gigantic Nile dams, which combined to furnish water power and irrigation to the lands adjacent to the historic river. And while the general public is interested in the many irrigation projects in the Western States of the Republic, no one of which or any three combined include so many acres, or are beset with as many engineering difficulties as have characterized the progress of the Calgary enterprise towards completion. The fact remains, however, that the general public has not comprehended the magnitude of the Southern Alberta project. The reason for this must be credited to the fact that the attention of the public has been absorbed by the over-night changes in the administrative heads of the Panama canal; and in a busy speculation as to whether the trend of financial affairs will permit the State of New York to sell bonds sufficient to continue the work on the one hundred million Erie barge canal. Overshadowed by domestic projects, it is only within the last six months that the Calgary enterprise has commenced to assume a position as one of the seven wonders of the world. Were we living in any ordinary decade; were the Erie and Panama canals completed, or not within the conception of dreamers, we should turn to the Calgary project as one of the enterprises destined to assure the record of this generation as one of the most remarkable of the new century.

Down in New Mexico, there in the valley of the Rio Grande, able engineers, backed by the millions of the Untied States Government, are creating an irrigation system designed to provide water for two hundred and fifty thousand acres. That system is the subject of extended Governmental reports, many magazine articles and a host of special pictures. What shall we say then—how shall we present the magnitude and effect—of this Calgary project, which involves twelve times as large an area of agricultural land and which is in the very heart of the granary of the British Empire?

These three million acres, with a regulated rainfall, so to speak, comprise a state as large as Connecticut and a strip of territory as extensive as many of the well known islands of the West Indies. Divided into the conventional one hundred and sixty acre Canadian farms, the completion of this enterprise implies the colonization of twenty thousand farmers, together with their families. In other words, the Calgary project will provide homes and a bountiful livelihood for one hundred thousand people at the least calculation. Estimating twenty bushels to the acre, which is admitted low, this area of assured fertility will produce sixty million bushels of wheat from year to year. This is half the size of the prospective wheat crop throughout Canada during the coming fall. What wonder, therefore, that men regard this center between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers, and pivoting on Calgary, as one of the future seats of the Empire.

A more detailed examination of the enterprise will show the larger view of Canadian men of affairs and their faith in the future development of their portion of the Dominion at least.

Human disappointment, common greed, an ambition to provide against the unexpected pranks of nature, not unlike many other beneficial enterprises, were the stimulating factors in the development of this plan for an irrigation system. Those who were early acquainted with Canadian possibilities realized that Southern Alberta was destined to become one of the pantries of the British Empire. The land was fertile, the occasional rigors of winter climate were fanned into warmth by the "Chinook winds" of the Pacific ocean and every element combined to fulfil the hopes of the ambitious settlers. Nothing but the dry seasons of 1892-3 prompted men to think that it was possible to improve upon the handiwork of nature in Southern Alberta. The experiences of those years proved to many that the men who assured a permanent, though artificial, rainfall on the fertile fields of Alberta, were on the way to fame and fortune. This does not warrant the assumption that the summers are unusually dry, or that the region is to be shunned by those who intend to cultivate non-irrigated lands; but simply that a certain value, both in pocket and peace of mind, attaches to the lands of a farmer, who knows that whatever may be the rainfall he may produce twenty-five bushels to the acre during successive seasons.

The first thing to seek when completing plans for an irrigation system is an unfailing source of water supply; and the promoters of the Calgary enterprise found that in the Bow River. The Bow is not subject to the possible Alberta dry season. Taking its rise in the heights of the Canadian Rockies, the ever-freezing and ever-melting glaciers of the Continental Backbone afford a continued supply of water from year to year. An exceedingly warm season means that a greater portion of the glacier will melt into wheat-water and a mild, moderate season implies that the freezing glacier is automatically storing more water for the dry seasons ahead.

It is under these auspicious natural conditions that the three million acre tract was selected. For convenience of construction and subsequent colonization, the territory was divided into Western, Central and Eastern sections. The Western division primarily engaged the attention of the engineers; and to-day as a completed enterprise, as the area in which thousands of Americans are settling, the detailed nature of the project is worthy of attention. The continued work on the other two sections is simply a repetition in design and engineering difficulties of the problems that demanded solution in the construction of the Western division.

The completion of the plan for providing irrigation on every prospective farm included in the Western division of one million acres, necessitated the construction of a main canal. That waterway heads in the Bow River two miles east of Calgary and it extends seventeen miles. One hundred and twenty feet at the water line in width, tapering to sixty feet at the bottom, it seems like a veritable channel of commerce, rather than a waterspout of Southern Alberta. This main canal terminates in a natural reservoir which has a length of three miles, a width of one-half mile and a depth of forty feet. This seventeen-mile canal is the key to the sucessful operation of the system. Extending from that channel are secondary canals sixty feet in width at the waterline and half that distance across at the dirt line. Under ordinary circumstances the completion of the several secondary canals would end the enterprise in so far as a Government or holding corporation was concerned. But in this instance it has been the ambition of the backers of the enterprise to take the irrigating water to the door of every farm and in that they have succeeded. Connected with these secondary canals are a series of ditches whose total length of eight hundred miles furnish the avenue for distributing the Bow River water over every one of the million acres in the plot. Having thus placed the water at the very doorway of the farm, the farmer is in a position to regulate his supply and determine the needs of the season, through the construction of small sluices.

The completion of the main division involved the construction of one thousand miles of main and secondary canals, exclusive of the laterals for each prospective farm. Two and one-half million cubic yards of dirt were excavated in the construction of the seventeen-mile canal and the combined excavation represented nine million cubic yards of material. There were grades to find and make; there were small-sized Culebra cuts to attack and diminish; there were streams to be controlled and turned about; and that the one million-acre tract is open to settlers this year reflects credit upon the men who risked two million dollars in an unknown field; upon those captains of industry who met engineering difficulties by orderng more and larger steam shovels, and upon all who combined their energies to make the "dirt fly," despite the pessimistic prophecies of the members of the All-Sit Club, who early foresee the defeat of every enterprise during their morning solution of the problems of the age as they chatter under the stimulating warmth of the grocery store coal fire.

But the excavation of nine million cubic yards of earth, though nine times the size of the pile taken out of Culebra during any month at the present rate of operations, was not the only problem requiring solution. There were intakes and head-gates necessitating careful construction and mechanical adjustment; there were heavy timbers to be placed at every point on the main and secondary canals where underwater pressure was probable; and the grades were arranged with such nicety that when two of the twenty head-gates were opened on the first day, though there is but one inch difference between the level of the intake and the end of the seventeen mile canal, the water of the Bow reached the terminus in forty-six hours. This is indeed a compliment to the men who were responsible for the adjustment of the mechanical arrangements to the grading features of the irrigation system.

Americans who are earnestly concerned in the efforts of President Roosevelt to conserve the nation's title to the public domain will be interested in the concrete precedent afforded by the Calgary irrigation system. It is a fundamental law of the Dominion that all river water is the property of the Crown, and that the use or diversion of lakes or streams is a violation of the statute unless approved by the proper officials after formal application. This in effect serves the double purpose of preventing the private invasion of public rights, or properties, and it protects the individual by the strong arm of the Government once he has been accorded water rights. The man or company desiring to secure water privileges by patent for irrigation purposes must formally state in the application the definite area to be irrigated, the amount of water needed and the time within which the system will be completed. These water rights "run with the land" as the lawyers are in the habit of saying; and it is after a formal public hearing that such rights are granted, and thereafter the Dominion accords those privileges the same protection this is extended to contracts under the constitutional provision of the United States prohibiting any State from impairing the obligations of contracts. It does, in addition, force the holder of the water patent to construct the irrigation system within the near future, rather than allowing the holder to await the incoming population during a speculative period of the distant future. Look, then, at the practical aspects of the law as applied to the Calgary system—observe, indeed, the precedent afforded the legislators of this country; the promoters of the Calgary system have been granted the right in perpetuity to use two thousand cubic feet of water per second out of the Bow River. That means that the Government will forever prevent others from exercising privileges anywhere adjacent to the stream likely to diminsh the required supply of water; it implies that the farmers who take acreage with water rights attached cannot be deprived of their privileges by adverse holders and that nothing can interfere with the artificial rainfall except nature. Nature is kind in this region, and even when the glaciers are melting more slowly up in the Rockies, the source of the Bow, that river has never gauged less than three thousand cubic feet a second. Thus at the lowest point on the governmental records, the Bow afforded one thousand cubic feet of water per second more than is needed for the irrigation of the three million acres.

The steam shovels and the engineers have now been turned to an attack upon the difficulties to be encountered in the construction of the Eastern and Central portions of the system. It is estimated that the completed system will involve the excavation of twenty-five million cubic yards of earth. When the three million acres have been placed under irrigation three thousand miles of main and secondary canals will have been constructed involving an expenditure between five and six millions of dollars. In the extent of this plan, the nature of the constructive operations and the beneficial effects accruing upon the completion of the work, the Calgary irrigation system is manifestly one of the gigantically interesting projects of the country.

There in a land of unbounded resources; there on that table land where wheat, alfalfa, hops and every kind of mixed farming is possible, and on those prairies and beside those rivers and canals where the cattle, the horses and the sheep of Alberta develop those singular elements of strength and quality which win the admiration of the markets of the East; who can measure the ultimate extent of the benefits accruing from an irrigation system which will aid nature in adding to the bountiful harvests provided for man?

Here and there on the Western division, the houses and barns of incoming Yankees, Germans and men of all nations, foretell the coming decade when a veritable agricultural State will enjoy the benefits of the Calgary irrigattion system.

* * *

Trails of the Prairie

By Walpole Murdoch

TO those accustomed to a country possessed of a rough surface, with many rocks, abrupt hills, frequent swamps and other obstacles to easy traveling that exist more particularly in new districts, the roads of the prairie region must cause surprise and admiration on account of their vast length and perfect smoothness. Excepting during a very wet time there is no difficulty in moving heavy loads for hundreds of miles over pathways where no money or time has been spent on improvements.

On these prairie roads, smoothed only by the wheels of the wagons, travelers will sometimes drive their horses sixty or seventy miles in a single day without considering that an injustice has been practiced on the animals, although the horses may think differently. The absence of steep hills and general freedom from obstacles on the prairie roads, lead men to use means of conveyance and locomotion such as would be impracticable in almost any other than a prairie country and even houses on wheels have ceased to be a novelty. Settlers moving from one point to another, bridge builders, surveyors, and others, like the snails, often take their houses with them, sometimes in the form of tents upon wheels, and sometimes the cabins are made of thin boards.

The fine roads of the prairies also permit the use of traction engines that not only travel from one point to another to drive the threshing machinery, but besides this haul after them separators and heavily loaded waggons. When land hunters or explorers find it necessary to move to great distances the prairie roads form pleasant pathways on which to journey, for besides being smooth and dry there is in summer abundance of the finest pasturage for horses and cattle on either side over a wide extent of the country.

As there are trails everywhere from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains and from the Missouri River to the Polar Sea, it is an easy matter to travel during the summer, and in autumn excursions on the prairie are delightful for then game abounds. There are deer and partridges in the groves, with sometimes a bear; there are wolves on the plains, ducks and geese on the ponds, fish in the rivers and grouse everywhere. Hunter, settler, mover, farmer and gypsy all take to the prairie trails.

HOMES
BY
HOLMAN
HUGH G. HOLMAN ARCHITECT
WINNIPEG

THE era of purely utilitarian and inartistic house-building is past. The narrow, ugly hall, and flight of steep stairs that met the visitor in the houses of our childhood is taboo. The inconvenient arrangement that made house-keeping an endless and thankless labor has given place to modern fittings that save steps for mistress and maid. The scroll-saw ornamentation is evanished, and a period of sensible and simple house-building has succeeded the old construction.

The residence illustrated in the accompanying cut has been designed to meet the requirements of people whose tastes are artistic and correct, but whose means are moderate. For beauty of exterior design and convenience of interior arrangement, it should especially appeal to the housewife who takes pride in the beauty of her home. It has been designed especially to meet her needs and preferences. It requires but a small amount of study to demonstrate its successful solution of the problem which confronts so large a percentage of our population.

It will be at once evident upon looking at the ground floor plan that it is laid out with every convenience pertaining to modern housekeeping, and that it is consequently unusually easy to care for. The rooms are large, well-lighted, and airy, and are so arranged that they may be used singly or *en suite*.

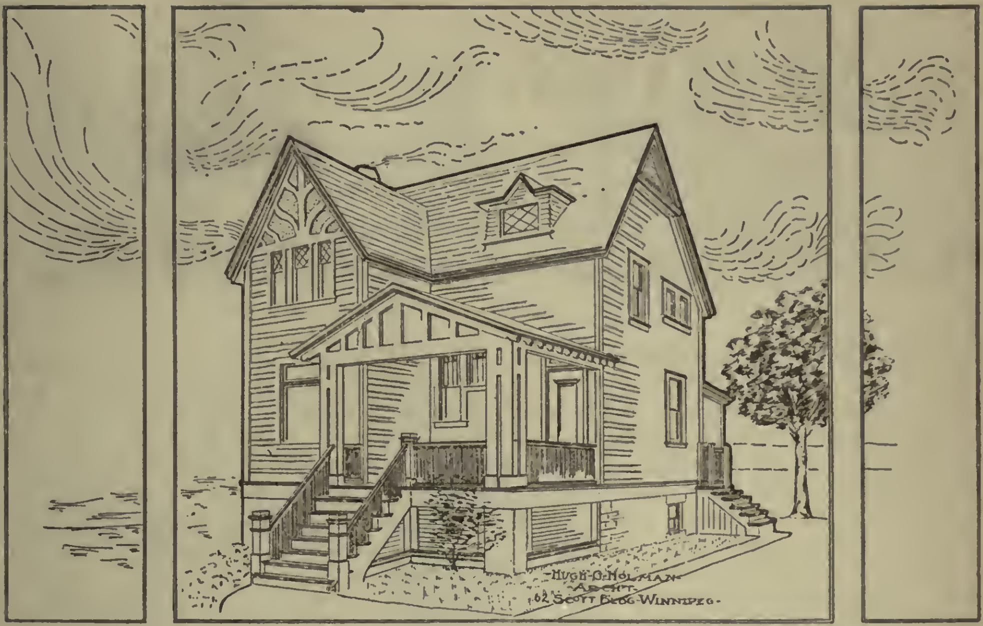
The main entrance is through the vestibule into the large reception hall. This room is accessible to any room on the ground floor, making it easy to answer the door wherever the housekeeper may chance to be. The main stairs begin in this hall, and after a flight of six easy steps, are met at the landing by a series of steps from the kitchen, thus forming a combination stair which is especially convenient and gives complete privacy to the rear of the house.

The pantry is fitted up with all the modern appliances, such as cupboards, work-table, baking-board, tilting meal-bins, drawers, china-closet with sliding wicket at back to allow china to be placed in closet after being washed at the sink, and all other contrivances so dear to the housekeeper.

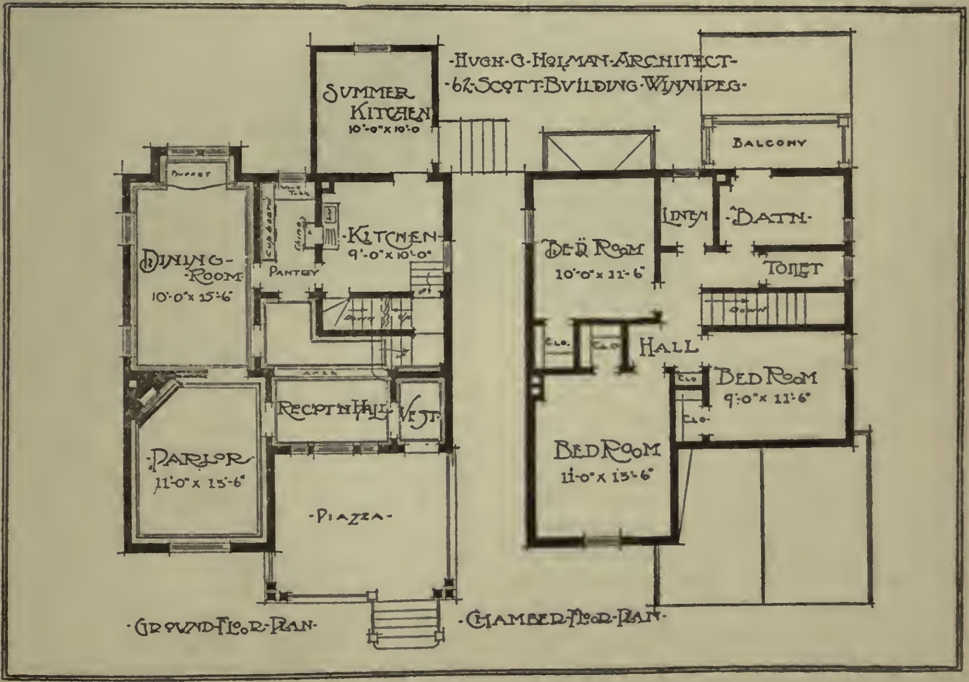
The special feature of the dining room is the buffet built into the wall. This is part of the house, and is included in the specification, and detailed by the architect in any style desired by the client or intending builder. This gives a very solid and artistic appearance to the dining-room which is very desirable.

The second floor has three large light, airy bedrooms with an abundance of closet room, and also a large linen closet or press. There is a small medicine closet in the hall, and it will be noted that the bathroom and the toilet are separate, which is a great convenience. There is also a balcony at the rear of the bathroom to allow the bed-linen to be aired over the railing in the morning.

The basement is fitted up in the most complete fashion with vegetable, fuel and fruit cellars, cistern, hot air furnace, concrete floor, ash-pit, etc., and is finished in every detail.


Hugh G. Holman Archt.
62 Scott Bldg. Winnipeg

A NEAT LOW-PRICED HOME


Hugh G. Holman Architect
62 Scott Building Winnipeg
Summer Kitchen 10'-0" x 10'-0
Buffet
Dining Room 10'-0" x 15'-6"
Pantry
Cupboard
Kitchen 9'-0" x 10'-0"
Recpt'n Hall
Vest.
Parlor 11'-0" x 15'-6"
Piazza
Ground Floor Plan
Balcony
Linen
Bath
Toilet
Bed Room 10'-0" x 11'-6"
Clo.
Clo.
Hall
Clo.
Bed Room 9'-0" x 11'-6"
Clo.
Bed Room 11'-0" x 13'-6"
Chamber Floor Plan

THE GROUND FLOOR PLAN

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

MISS CAMPBELL'S STORY NEXT MONTH

IN our September issue we told you that we would soon publish Miss Campbell's brilliant new story, "The Masterpiece." We have scheduled it for the November number, and we are already curious to know what you think of it—personally, we have seldom met a more convincing tale. It is a difficult piece of literary craft to handle a story in the form of letters, and Miss Campbell has made Douglas Macleod's letters to his chum tell one of the saddest and most common tragedies of the artist in words or paint or harmonies.

The boy's brilliant success, after half a dozen years of grinding in a treadmill of a little southern paper, the success that went to his head like wine, the success that he struggled so bitterly to repeat, and his ultimate victory and defeat are graphically, vividly told. Look for the story next month, and read it not merely as a piece of fiction, but as a bit of living humanity.

WHAT WE OWE AMERICAN MAGAZINES

AMERICAN magazines have done more real service to Canada than Canada can ever repay. Their correspondents have been sent through Western Canada, and articles on the Last West have appeared in such magazines as the Review of Reviews, Success, the Metropolitan Magazine, the World To-day, and a host of others.

To show our readers what these magazines have done for us, to preclude the possibility of any Canadians remaining ignorant of their work, we have reprinted in the Canada-West from time to time such articles as Edward E Higgins' "The Wheatlands of the Canadian West," from Success Magazine; Miss Agnes Dean Cameron's "The Empire of a Larger Hope," from the Metropolitan Magazine; "John Bull's Bread-basket" from the same publication; "The Northwest Trails," from the World To-day; Ernest Cawscroft's articles from the Business Man's Magazine, and numerous others.

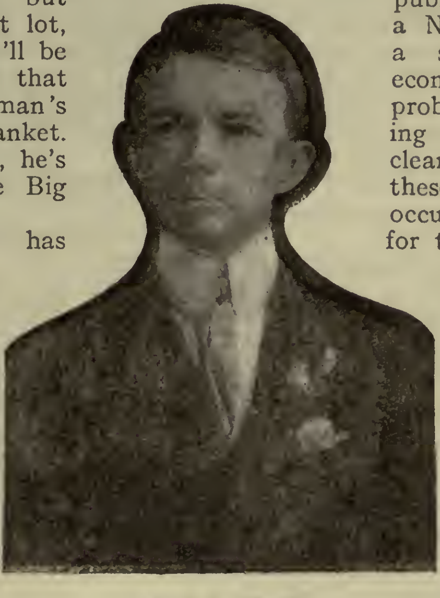
Fresh from the mile-a-minute development of their own West, these magazines have understood the significance of Canada's recent amazing progress, and have chronicled it from month to month in their columns. This means that many times this year thousands have learned about Canada, her people, her growth, her opportunities. The demand for information is constantly increasing; the number of Americans who come to take advantage of the opportunities suggested in these editorial columns is constantly increasing; and the magazines in supplying the existing demand for Canadian material constantly create a new demand for facts and fiction, statistics, poetry, crop reports, and romance, anything and everything about the Great Northwest.

Bought in the form of advertising space, the cost of these articles would mount up into the thousands—we had almost said millions. Bought in the form of advertising space and given over to direct advertising of Canada the pages would not carry one-third the value of these editorial articles. And for this publicity Canada pays nothing. To be sure these magazines have been given a few scattering advertisements by some of the boards of trade, private corporations and other Canadian institutions, but the whole amount of this advertising is not a tithe of the value of the copy turned out in the United States every thirty days.

"HOMES" BY HOLMAN

"AROUND a town a man's consid' able likely to have a home,'' remarks one of the engaging cow-boys of modern fiction. ''Maybe it ain 't nothin' but a barrel on a vacant lot, but all the same, he'll be likely to stay 'round that barrel. Out here a man's home's his saddle-blanket. First thing you know, he's moved it over the Big Divide."

Western Canada has never been as familiar with the saddle-blanket home as the Western States have been and are. More and more her people are giving up the blanket and the camp for handsome and permanent dwelling houses, as civilization pushes back the huskie and the mush-man.



HUGH G. HOLMAN

The CANADA-WEST recognizes this—recognizes that our subscribers are interested in real home-making, and it is to help them to work out their ideas that we have begun the new department which is appearing for the first time in this October issue under the title, ''Homes by Holman.''

Mr. Hugh G. Holman is one of Canada's leading architects, and his suggestions are the outcome of practical experience and careful study. His plan for a moderate-priced house, which is illustrated in this number, is most convenient and artistic. We believe it will be of interest to a large number of our readers who are thinking of building for themselves, and very possibly are not within reach of an experienced architect.

Mr. Holman will continue his plans and suggestions in subsequent numbers, solving various problems and meeting different conditions which may confront the prospective housebuilder. We hope that his work will be of service to the readers of the CANADA-WEST.

MR. CAWCROFT AND HIS WORK

MR. Ernest Cawcroft, whose article on the irrigation system we are publishing this month, is a New York lawyer with a strong bent towards economic and industrial problems. His legal training shows in his logcal, clear-cut, careful studies of these subjects, which have occupied much of his time for the last few years.

In 1905, soon after his admission to the bar, he went to Europe for the *Business Man's Magazine*, investigating commercial conditions there from the American view-point. In September of 1906 he went to Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies, later making a circuit of the United States and Canada, on commercial and political investigation. This spring he visited the West Indies and the Panama canal. He is a contributor to many of the American business magazines, such as *My Business Friend*, *Tom Watson's Magazine*, etc., and has been connected with numerous Eastern newspapers.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

WELL IN ADVANCE.

"I WOULD like to look at some household goods,'' said the tall brunette as she entered the big furniture shop. ''You see I expect to be married soon.''

''Ah, indeed,'' said the over-polite clerk; ''just step this way. We have special inducements for young couples just starting in housekeeping. When is the glad event to come off?''

''Well-er-the day hasn't been settled yet.''

''Oh, I see; the lucky young man has just proposed, and—''

''No, he hasn't proposed yet, but—''

''Ah, he is going to propose. How long has he been calling?''

''Well, he hasn't started calling yet, but—''

''What is the young man's name?''

''Really, I don't know at present, but mamma says she thinks some nice young man will start calling soon, so I wanted to be in time.''

WHAT IT SAYS

IF money talks
As some folks tell,
To most of us
It says "Farewell."

NOT STILL, NOR SMALL.

"WHEN you do something you know is wrong doesn't a still, small voice keep reminding you of it eternally?''

''A still, small voice!—I guess you never met my wife, did you?''

OTHERWISE.

A WORD to the wise is wasted.

A rolling stone gathers much experience.

A party and his money are soon fooled.

Modesty is the best policy.

A company is known by the men it keeps.

Discretion is the unpopular part of valor.

Time and tide could wait for no woman.

REMEMBER THIS.

NO AMOUNT of practice at leaping legal fences here will give you enough spring to clear the walls of the City there.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is the tack on the chair that keeps mortals from sitting down to rest too often.

HOW TO KILL A MAGAZINE.

DO NOT subscribe. Borrow your neighbor's paper. Be a sponge.

Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.

Never hand in a news item, and criticize everything in the paper. Be a coxcomb.

Tell your neighbor that he pays too much for the paper. Be a squeeze.

If you can't get a hum on your anatomy and help make the paper a success, be a corpse.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN
REGISTERED
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

CROWN
BRAND
CORN
SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

Cities and districts of Western Canada have been and are invited to use these columns in making known to the outside world the special inducements they have to offer to capital and labor. Communications to insure publication must be terse, true, and above all, practical. They will be published without cost, not as advertisements but as editorial information.—Editor.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

SHEHO, SASKATCHEWAN.

Sheho, which means "Prairie Chicken" in Cree, is situated about 350 miles northwest of Winnipeg at the end of the Yorkton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is sometimes referred to in song and story as "Track's End." While very little advertising is being done for this part of Saskatchewan, those who have had the privilege of looking over the different parts declare it to be fine "all-round" country. For many miles in all directions it is a mixture of timber, prairies, streams and lakes. Sheho is a thriving village, in the center of this district, draws trade from a long distance in all directions, and has good openings for a grist and feed mill, and for a newspaper.

GREAT FORTUNES

Have been made by buying shares in a

GOOD COAL MINE

In the first stages of development. We offer for a short time only shares of the

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMALGAMATED COAL CO.

15c **Per Share** **15c**

Par Value of Shares $1.00. Non-Assessable. No Personal Liability

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

Property—17.500 acres of Valuable Coal Lands in famous Nicola Valley, B. C.

Five Seams of Coal, from 5 ft. to 11 ft. thick, underlie this vast area. Estimated quantity of coal in these reserves is ONE BILLION FOUR HUNDRED MILLION TONS.

2,000 acres lie beside the Nicola Branch of the C.P.R. This property is to be immediately developed.

Coal will be shipped before Christmas, so the Company's Engineer states.

Stock will go up when production commences, and before that.

As production increases stock should go steadily higher, and eventually reach a high value.

This has been the experience of nearly all Western Coal Companies, whose stocks at first sold at only a few cents per share.

An investment for very great profits.

The Coal is there. It is proved by diamond drilling. It is a question of time and money only to start it coming out.

At the Company's Annual Meeting, in February, 1907, the Treasurer reported Cash in Bank, $33,794.70. Plenty of money with which to commence operations.

The Directors are all capable, substantial business men, able to carry the Company to success.

The President is :

R. L. Durham (Vice-President Merchant's National Bank, of Portland, Oregon).

Profits—Coal can be mined at $1.00 per ton profit. A production of 3,000 tons per day would produce $1,000,000 profits per annum, enough to pay 18c per share on the present amount of stock that has been issued, namely, 5,400,000 shares. These shares cost only 15c now. The company's aim is to produce 3,000 tons per day, as early as possible. In time the production should still further increase 1,000 shares when stock goes up to par value, will be worth $1,000. They cost only $150 NOW.

PROFIT IS $850, OR 566 2-3 PER CENT. ON THE INVESTMENT IN THE RISE IN THE STOCK ALONE. TO THIS MUST BE ADDED THE DIVIDENDS.

WE RECOMMEND THIS INVESTMENT. We believe it will make big money for the Stockholders.

DO NOT DELAY but send in your order AT ONCE, with remittance, and afterwards write us for full particulars.

STOCK IS RUNNING SHORT. It is a Great Opportunity —Don't miss it.

We will sell stock on the installment plan. Send 25 per cent. of price with order. You can pay balance in one, two and three months, if you wish. In this way a larger block can be secured.

N.B.—In some of our former advertisements an error occurred. The profits accruing through the rise of shares to par value was stated to be 1,133 per cent. It should have been only 566 2-3 per cent. This, however, should satisfy any reasonable person. We do not know where we could look for a more profitable investment at the present time.

Everyone can invest in at least one hundred shares of this Good Stock.
Four monthly payments of $3.75 secures them. Take more if you can.
Invest a portion of your spare cash and make money. Do it now.

Write or wire orders at our expense, or better, call and see us.

FRYER & CO.

INVESTMENT BROKERS

Write us for information and booklet called "COAL TALK."

Suite 315 D, Kennedy Bldg. OPPOSITE EATON'S Portage Ave., Winnipeg
PHONE 7010

Office open every evening from 7.30 to 9 o'clock (except Saturday)

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific,is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

DAUPHIN

Dauphin is situated 178 miles northwest of Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern Railway. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants and is growing rapidly. It offers inducements to furniture factories, pork packing establishments, wagon, buggy and carriage factories, sash and door factories and planing mills, paper mills, canneries, soap factories, biscuit and candy works, oatmeal mills, cheese factories and many minor industries of a remunerative nature. The Dauphin district is good farming land, as high as fifty-five bushels of wheat having been raised to the acre six miles from the town. It is also a railroad center, and the railroad yards are being extended.

FORT WILLIAM.

Opportunities for the manufacturer of stoves are especially ripe at Fort William. Stoves cannot be shipped by the lake and rail route to the west owing to the damage done in moving. Here steel and iron can be landed at the same cost and at times cheaper than at points on the lower lakes. Pig iron was last year put down at Fort William from Scotland at exactly the same price including freight charges as at Montreal. Coal too can be secured here for steam purposes as cheap as at Buffalo, viz., $3.75 per ton while unlimited power at a low rate is to be had from the Kakabeca Falls. Fort William is endeavoring at present to secure a shipbuilding concern. Both for building boats and repairing the damage occasionally done the fleet of lake steamers calling at this port there is an exceptionally fine opening. In any line where steel and iron comes into the manufacturing of goods there is an opening at Fort William. Everything points to this city at no distant future becoming the great manufacturing center of Western Canada. It has the finest natural harbor on the Great Lakes, the largest elevators in the world, is the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and is on the line of the Canadian Northern. Fort William's future is particularly bright and is attracting the attention of manufacturers both on this continent and across the water.

PINCHER CREEK

Pincher Creek is the distributing point for the great Crow's Nest Pass mining and lumbering district, and is growing so fact that they have to keep a speedometer on the city hall. There are openings for the manufacturer, who can secure coal two miles from town for his power; for the jobber, who does a trade with the mines or miners; for merchants of every sort; for land and real estate men; and for the farmer. There is an opening for another flour mill. The town has a population of over 1000, is one of the oldest towns in the province, and has all modern improvements. The tax rate is low the highest assessment being eight mills, and the school assessment five mills. The country is well watered and record crops of fall wheat are raised in the district. There is always a cash sale for hay, oats, and farm produce of every kind.

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CIR
SR
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NO

PHOTOCOPYING